3 Se

12

THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

—— MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT. ——
(HORAT.)

VOL. V.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. DILLY IN THE POULTRY.
M.DCC.XC.

12

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

NUMBER.

CXXVI. *WRITTEN on the last day of the year 1789. Short review of the remarkable events within the period of that year, with some elegiac lines applicable to its history and character* — Page 1

CXXVII. *The history of Ned Drowsy resumed* 8

CXXVIII. *The history concluded* — 18

CXXIX. *Letter from Simon Sapling, describing his own character, the incidents that befel him on the death of his father, his marriages, and the characters of both his wives* — 31

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

CXXX. *Walter Wormwood, an envious defamer, gives his own history in a letter to the Observer. Remarks thereupon, and a few lines on the passion of envy* — Page 41

CXXXI. *The character of a flatterer pourtrayed in the adventures of Billy Simper* — 52

CXXXII. *The adventures of Billy Simper concluded, and the flatterer reformed* 64

CXXXIII. *Observations on the various sorts of stile; examples adduced, and some hints submitted to young students* 75

CXXXIV. *Kit Cracker, a great dealer in the marvellous, describes himself and his adventures in a letter to the Observer* — 86

CXXXV. *Letters from various correspondents, particularly from Gorgon, a self-conceited painter of the deformed and terrible* — 96

CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

CXXXVI. *Sketches of various characters in a populous country town* — 105

CXXXVII. *The literary annals of Greece resumed, with an account of the new Comedy, and the several writers of that æra: Anecdotes of Menander* — — — 115

CXXXVIII. *Various fragments of Menander translated* — 125

CXXXIX. *Anecdotes of the poet Philemon, and a selection of his fragments* 136

CXL. *Anecdotes and fragments of Diphilus, of Apollodorus Gelous, of Philippidas and of Posidippus, writers of the new Comedy. General remarks upon the conclusion of the subject: The author defends himself against the charge of having attacked the moral doctrines of Socrates* — — — 145

CXLI. *Remarks upon Aristophanes's attack upon Socrates, in the Comedy of the Clouds. The introductory scenes of*

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

of that comedy translated, wherein the philosopher is exhibited on the stage — — Page 154

CXLII. *The history of Nicolas Pedrosa, and his escape from the Inquisition in Madrid* — — 181

CXLIII. *The history of Nicolas Pedrosa continued* — 193

CXLIV. *The history concluded* — 205

CXLV. *Serious meditations upon the character of an infidel. Quotation from Bonnet's Philosophical and Critical Enquiries concerning Christianity. Translation of 139th Psalm* 214

CXLVI. *General observations on the social character. Certain rules recommended for the improvement of our manners and habits in society. Example of an egotist, and the rebuke which he received* — 224

CXLVII. *Conversation in a Coffee-house, upon the Time past, compared with the Time present. The merits of the authors*

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

authors in each period candidly considered — Page 233

CXLVIII. *The Coffee-house debate on the aforesaid subject concluded* — 241

CXLIX. *On the topic of procrastination: A letter from Tom Tortoise: The supposed form of a deed of conveyance to be signed by To-day, for making over sundry engagements to its successor* 253

CL. *Remarks upon anger. The character of Tom Tinder delineated and contrasted with that of Major Manlove* — — 262

CLI. *The origin and progress of poetry* 273

CLII. *Upon the effects of jealousy exemplified in the occurrences that happened in the family of Sir Paul Testy* 283

CLIII. *The story of Adeliza and Leander. Conclusion of the work with a short address from the Author to his readers* — — 296

THE

CONTENTS.

THE OBSERVER.

N° CXXVI.

Jam te premit nox. HORAT.

I Am sitting down to begin the task of adding a new volume to these essays, when the last day of the year 1789 is within a few hours of its conclusion, and I shall bid farewell to this eventful period with a grateful mind for its having passed lightly over my head without any extraordinary perturbation or misfortune on my part suffered, gently leading me towards that destined and not far distant hour, when I, like it, shall be no more.

I have accompanied it through all those changes and successions of seasons, which in our

climate are ſo ſtrongly diſcriminated; have ſhared in the pleaſures and productions of each, and if any little idle jars or bickerings may occaſionally have ſtarted up betwixt us, as will ſometimes happen to the beſt of friends, I willingly conſign them to oblivion, and keep in mind only thoſe kind and good offices, which will pleaſe on reflection, and ſerve to endear the memory of the deceaſed.

All days in twelve months will not be days of ſunſhine; but I will ſay this for *my friend in his laſt moments*, that I cannot put my finger upon one in the ſame century, that hath given birth to more intereſting events, been a warmer advocate for the liberties and rights of mankind in general, or a kinder patron to this country in particular: I could name a day (if there was any need to point out what is ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on our hearts) a day of gratulation and thankſgiving, which will ever ſtand forth amongſt the whiteſt in our calendar.

Hic dies verè mihi feſtus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæſare terras. HORAT.

" This

" This is indeed a feſtal day,
" A day that heals my cares and pains,
" Drives death and danger far away,
" And tells me—Cæſar lives and reigns."

Though *my friend in his laſt moments* hath in this and other inſtances been ſo conſiderate of our happineſs, I am afraid he is not likely to leave our morals much better than he found them: I cannot ſay that in the courſe of my duty as an *Obſerver* any very ſtriking inſtance of amendment hath come under my notice; and though I have all the diſpoſition in life to ſpeak as favourably in my friend's behalf as truth will let me, I am bound to confeſs he was not apt to think ſo ſeriouſly of his latter end as I could have wiſhed: there was a levity in his conduct, which he took no pains to conceal; he did not ſeem to reflect upon the lapſe of time, how ſpeedily his *ſpring*, *ſummer*, and *autumn* would paſs away and the *winter* of his days come upon him; like *Wolſey* he was not aware how ſoon the *froſt, the killing froſt would nip his root:* he was however a gay convivial fellow, loved his bottle and his friend, paſſed his time peaceably amongſt us, and certainly merits the good word of every loyal ſubject in this kingdom.

As for his proceedings in other countries, it

is not here the reader muſt look for an account of them; politics have no place in theſe volumes; but it cannot be denied that he has made many widows and orphans in Europe, been an active agent for the court of death, and dipped his hands deep in Chriſtian and Mahometan blood. By the friends of freedom he will be celebrated to the lateſt time. He has begun a buſineſs, which, if followed up by his ſucceſſor with equal zeal, leſs ferocity and more diſcretion, may lead to wonderful revolutions: there are indeed ſome inſtances of cruelty, which bear hard upon his character; if ſeparately viewed, they admit of no palliation; in a general light, allowances may be made for that phrenſy, which ſeizes the mind, when impelled to great and arduous undertakings; when the wound is gangrened the inciſion muſt be deep, and if that is to be done by coarſe inſtruments and unſkilful hands, who can wonder if the gaſh more reſembles the ſtab of an aſſaſſin than the operation of a ſurgeon? An æra is now opened, awful, intereſting and ſo involved in myſtery, that the acuteſt ſpeculation cannot penetrate to the iſſue of it: In ſhort, *my friend in his laſt moments* hath put a vaſt machine in motion, and left a taſk to futurity, that will demand the ſtrongeſt hands

and

and ableſt heads to compleat: in the mean time I ſhall hope that my countrymen, who have all thoſe bleſſings by inheritance, which leſs-favoured nations are now ſtruggling to obtain by force, will ſo uſe their liberty, that the reſt of the world, who are not ſo happy, may think it an object worth contending for, and quote our peace and our proſperity as the beſt proofs exiſting of its real value.

Whilſt my thoughts have been thus employed in reflecting upon the laſt day of an ever-memorable year, I have compoſed a few elegiac lines to be thrown into the grave, which time is now opening to receive his reliques.

" The year's gay verdure, all its charms are gone,
" And now comes old December chill and drear,
" Dragging a darkling length of evening on,
" Whilſt all things droop, as Nature's death were near.

" Time flies amain with broad-expanded wings,
" Whence never yet a ſingle feather fell,
" But holds his ſpeed, and through the welkin rings
" Of all that breathe the inexorable knell.

" Oh! for a moment ſtop—a moment's ſpace
" For recollection mercy might concede,
" A little pauſe for man's unthinking race
" To ponder on that world, to which they ſpeed.

" But, 'tis in vain; old Time diſdains to reſt,
" And moment after moment flits along,
" Each with a ſting to pierce the idler's breaſt,
" And vindicate its predeceſſor's wrong.

" Though the new-dawning year in its advance
" With hope's gay promiſe may entrap the mind,
" Let memory give one retroſpective glance
" Through the bright period, which it leaves behind.

" Æra of mercies! my wrapt boſom ſprings
" To meet the tranſport recollection gives;
" Heaven's angel comes with healing on his wings;
" He ſhakes his plumes, my country's father lives.

" The joyful tidings o'er the diſtant round
" Of Britain's empire the four winds proclaim,
" Her ſun-burnt iſlands ſwell th' exulting ſound,
" And fartheſt Ganges echoes George's name.

" Period of bliſs! can any Britiſh muſe
" Bid thee farewell without a parting tear?
" Shall the hiſtorian's gratitude refuſe
" His brighteſt page to this recorded year?

" Thou Freedom's nurſing mother ſhalt be ſtil'd,
" The glories of its birth are all thine own,
" Upon thy breaſts hung th' Herculean child,
" And tyrants trembled at its baby frown.

" A ſanguine mantle the dread infant wore,
" Before it roll'd a ſtream of human blood;
" Smiling it ſtood, and, pointing to the ſhore,
" Beckon'd the nations from acroſs the flood.

" Then

" Then at that awful ſight, as with a ſpell,
" The everlaſting doors of death gave way,
" Prone to the duſt Oppreſſion's fortreſs fell,
" And reſcu'd captives hail'd the light of day.

" Meanwhile Ambition chac'd its fairy prize
" With moonſtruck madneſs down the Danube's ſtream,
" The Turkiſh creſcent glittering in its eyes,
" And loſt an empire to purſue a dream.

" The trampled ſerpent (Superſtition) wreath'd
" Her feſt'ring ſcales with anguiſh to and fro,
" Torpid ſhe lay, then darting forward ſheath'd
" Her deadly fangs in the unguarded foe.

" Oh Auſtria! why ſo prompt to venture forth,
" When fate now hurries thee to life's laſt goal?
" Thee too, thou crowned eagle of the north,
" Death's dart arreſts, though tow'ring to the pole.

" Down then, Ambition; drop into the grave!
" And by thy follies be this maxim ſhewn—
" 'Tis not the monarch's glory to enſlave
" His neighbour's empire, but to bleſs his own.

" Come then, ſweet Peace! in Britain fix thy reign,
" Bid Plenty ſmile, and Commerce croud her coaſt;
" And may this ever-bleſſed year remain
" Her king's, her people's and her muſe's boaſt."

N° CXXVII.

I Am under promiſe to reſume the hiſtory of my friend Ned Drowſy, from which I was obliged to break off in my laſt volume, N° 122. The events, which have ſince occurred, ſhall now be related.

The reader will perhaps recollect that the worthy Hebrew, who aſſumes the name of Abrahams, had juſt concluded the narrative of his adventures, and that the next morning was appointed for a conciliatory interview between Mrs. Goodiſon and her father. Ned, whoſe natural indolence had now began to give place to the moſt active of all paſſions, had been ſo much agitated by the events of the day, that we had no ſooner parted from honeſt Abrahams, than he began to comment upon the lucky incident of our rencontre with the old gentleman at the comedy; he ſeemed ſtrongly inclined to deal with deſtiny for ſome certain impulſes, which he remembered to have felt, when he was ſo earneſt to go to the play; and declared with much gravity, that he went thither fully prepoſſeſſed ſome good fortune would turn up: "Well, to "be ſure," ſaid he, "I ought to rejoice in the "happy

" happy turn affairs have now taken, and I do " rejoice; but it would have given me infinite " delight to have fulfilled the plan I had in de- " ſign for Mrs. Goodiſon's accommodation; " ſhe will now want no aſſiſtance from me; my " little cottage will never have the honour of re- " ceiving her; all thoſe ſchemes are at an end; " Conſtantia too will be a great fortune, ſhe " will have higher views in life, and think no " more of me; or, if ſhe did, it is not to be " ſuppoſed her grandfather, who ſo bitterly re- " ſented his daughter's match, will ſuffer her to " fall into the ſame offence." I muſt confeſs I thought ſo entirely with my friend Ned in the concluding part of theſe remarks, that I could only adviſe him to wait the event of time, and recommend himſelf in the mean while as well as he could to Mr. Somerville, the grandfather of Conſtantia. Art and education, it is true, had not contributed much to Ned's accompliſhments, but nature had done great things in his favour; to a perſon admirably, though not finically, formed, ſhe had given a moſt intereſting ſet of features, with ſuch a ſtriking character of benevolence and open honeſty, that he might be ſaid to carry his heart in his countenance: though there was a kind of laſſitude in his deportment,

the

the effect of habits long indulged, yet his ſenſibility was ever ready to ſtart forth upon the firſt call, and on thoſe occaſions no one would have regretted that he had not been trained in the ſchool of the graces; there was ſomething then diſplayed, which they cannot teach, and only nature in her happieſt moments can beſtow.

The next morning produced a letter from honeſt Abrahams, full of joy for the happy reconciliation now eſtabliſhed, and inviting us to celebrate the day with Mrs. Somerville and the ladies at his houſe. This was an anxious criſis for my friend Ned; and I perceived his mind in ſuch a ſtate of agitation, that I thought fit to ſtay with him for the reſt of the forenoon: he began to form a variety of conjectures as to the reception he was likely to meet from the old gentleman, with no leſs a variety of plans for his own behaviour, and even of ſpeeches with which he was to uſher in his firſt addreſſes; ſometimes he ſunk into melancholy and deſpair, at other times he would ſnatch a gleam of hope, and talk himſelf into tranſports; he was now, for the firſt time in his life, ſtudiouſly contriving how to ſet off his perſon to the beſt advantage; his hair was faſhionably dreſt, and a handſome new ſuit was tried on, during which he ſurveyed himſelf in the

glaſs,

glaſs with ſome attention, and, as I thought, not entirely without a ſecret ſatisfaction, which, indeed, I have ſeen other gentlemen beſtow upon their perſons in a much greater degree, with much leſs reaſon for their excuſe.

When he was compleatly equipt, and the time approached for our going, "Alas!" he cried, "what does all this ſignify? I am but a "clown in better clothes. Why was my fa- "ther ſo neglectful of my education, or rather "why was I ſo negligent to avail myſelf of the "little he allowed me? What would I not give "to redeem the time I have thrown away! But "'tis in vain: I have neither wit to recommend "myſelf, nor addreſs to diſguiſe my want of it; "I have nothing to plead in my favour, but "common honour and honeſty; and what cares "that old hard-hearted fellow for qualities, "which could not reconcile him to his own "ſon-in-law? he will certainly look upon me "with contempt. As for Conſtantia, gratitude, "perhaps, might in time have diſpoſed her "heart towards me, and my zealous ſervices "might have induced her mother to overlook "my deficiencies, but there is an end of that "only chance I had for happineſs, and I am a "fool to thruſt myſelf into a ſociety, where I

"am

" am ſure to heap freſh fuel on my paſſion, and " freſh misfortunes on my head."

With theſe impreſſions, which I could only ſooth but not diſpel, Ned proceeded to the place of meeting with an aching heart and dejected countenance. We found the whole party aſſembled to receive us, and though my friend's embarraſſment diſabled him from uttering any one of the ready-made ſpeeches he had digeſted for the purpoſe, yet I ſaw nothing in Mr. Somerville's countenance or addreſs, that could augur otherwiſe than well for honeſt Ned; Mrs. Goodiſon was as gracious as poſſible, and Conſtantia's ſmile was benignity itſelf. Honeſt Abrahams, who has all the hoſpitality, as well as virtues of his forefathers the patriarchs, received us with open arms, and a face in which wide-mouthed joy grinned moſt delectably. It was with pleaſure I obſerved Mr. Somerville's grateful attentions towards him and his good dame; they had nothing of oſtentation or artifice in them, but ſeemed the genuine effuſions of his heart; they convinced me he was not a man innately moroſe, and that the reſentment, ſo long foſtered in his boſom, was effectually extirpated. Mrs. Abrahams, in her province, had exerted herſelf to very good purpoſe, and ſpread her board,

if

if not elegantly, yet abundantly: Abrahams, on his part, kept his wine and his tongue going with inceſſant gaiety and good-humour, and whilſt he took every opportunity of drawing forth Ned's honeſt heart and natural manners to the beſt advantage, I was happy in diſcovering that they did not eſcape the intuition of Somerville, and that he made faſter progreſs towards his good opinion, than if he had exhibited better breeding and leſs ſincerity of character.

In the courſe of the evening the old gentleman told us he had determined upon taking his daughter and Conſtantia into the country with him, where he flattered himſelf Mrs. Goodiſon would recover her health and ſpirits ſooner than in town, and at the ſame time gave us all in turn a preſſing invitation to his houſe. Abrahams and his wife excuſed themſelves on the ſcore of buſineſs; but Ned, who had no ſuch plea to make, nor any diſpoſition to invent one, thankfully accepted the propoſal.

The day ſucceeding, and ſome few others, were paſſed by Mrs. Goodiſon and Conſtantia at Mr. Somerville's in the neceſſary preparations and arrangements previous to their leaving London; during this time Ned's diffidence and their occupations did not admit of any interview, and

their departure was only announced to him by a note from the old gentleman, reminding him of his engagement: his ſpirits were by this time ſo much lowered from their late elevation, that he even doubted if he ſhould accept the invitation: love however took care to ſettle this point in his own favour, and Ned arrived at the place of his deſtination rather as a victim under the power of a hopeleſs paſſion, than as a modern fine gentleman with the aſſuming airs of a conqueror. The charms of the beautiful Conſtantia, which had drawn her indolent admirer ſo much out of his character and ſo far from his home, now heightened by the happy reverſe of her ſituation, and ſet off with all the aids of dreſs, dazzled him with their luſtre; and though her change of fortune and appearance was not calculated to diminiſh his paſſion, it ſeemed to forbid his hopes: in ſorrow, poverty and dependance ſhe had inſpired him with the generous ambition of reſcuing her from a ſituation ſo ill proportioned to her merits, and, though he had not actually made, he had very ſeriouſly meditated a propoſal of marriage: He ſaw her now in a far different point of view, and comparing her with himſelf, her beauty, fortune and accompliſhments with his own conſcious deficiencies, he ſunk into deſpair.

This was not unobſerved by Conſtantia, neither did ſhe want the penetration to diſcern the cauſe of it. When he had dragged on this wretched exiſtence for ſome days, he found the pain of it no longer ſupportable, and, aſhamed of wearing a face of woe in the houſe of happineſs, he took the hardy reſolution of bidding farewell to Conſtantia and his hopes for ever.

Whilſt he was meditating upon this painful ſubject one evening during a ſolitary walk, he was ſurprized to hear himſelf accoſted by the very perſon, from whoſe chains he had determined to break looſe; Conſtantia was unattended, the place was retired, the hour was ſolemn and her looks were ſoft and full of compaſſion. What cannot love effect? it inſpired him with reſolution to ſpeak; it did more, it ſupplied him with eloquence to expreſs his feelings.

Conſtantia in few words gave him to underſtand that ſhe rightly gueſſed the ſituation of his mind; this at once drew from him a confeſſion of his love and his deſpair—of the former he ſpoke little and with no diſplay; he neither ſought to recommend his paſſion, or excite her pity; of his own defects he ſpoke more at large, and dwelt much upon his want of education; he reproached himſelf for the habitual indolence of his

his diſpoſition, and then, for the firſt time, raiſing his eyes from the ground, he turned them on Conſtantia, and after a pauſe exclaimed, "Thank "Heaven! you are reſtored to a condition, "which no longer ſubjects you to the poſſible "ſacrifice I had once the audacity to hint at. "Conſcious as I am of my own unworthineſs "at all times to aſpire to ſuch a propoſal, let me "do myſelf the juſtice to declare that my heart "was open to you in the pureſt ſenſe; that to "have tendered an aſylum to your beloved mo-"ther, without enſnaring your heart by the ob-"ligation, would ſtill have been the pride of my "life, and I as truly abhorred to exact, as you "could diſdain to grant, an intereſted ſurrender "of your hand: and now, lovely Conſtantia, "when I am about to leave you in the boſom of "proſperity, if I do not ſeem to part from you "with all that unmixt felicity, which your good "fortune ought to inſpire, do not reproach me "for my unhappy weakneſs; but recollect for "once in your life, that your charms are irreſiſti-"ble, and my ſoul only too ſuſceptible of their "power and too far plunged into deſpair, to "admit of any happineſs hereafter."

At the concluſion of this ſpeech Ned again fixt his eyes on the ground; after a ſhort ſilence,

"I perceive,"

"I perceive," replied Conſtantia, "that my "obſervations of late were rightly formed, and "you have been torturing your mind with re-"flections very flattering to me, but not very "juſt towards yourſelf: believe me, Sir, your "opinion is as much too exalted in one caſe, as "it is too humble in the other. As for me, hav-"ing as yet ſeen little of the world but its mi-"ſeries, and being indebted to the benevolence "of human nature for ſupporting me under "them, I ſhall ever look to that principle as a "greater recommendation in the character of a "companion for life, than the moſt brilliant ta-"lents or moſt elegant accompliſhments: in "the quiet walks of life I ſhall expect to find "my enjoyments." Here Ned ſtarted from his reverie, a gleam of joy ruſhed upon his heart, by an involuntary motion he had graſped one of her hands; ſhe perceived the tumult her words had created, and extricating her hand from his—"Permit me," ſaid ſhe, "to qualify my reſpect "for a benevolent diſpoſition by remarking to "you, that without activity there can be no vir-"tue: I will explain myſelf more particularly; "I will ſpeak to you with the ſincerity of a "friend—You are bleſt with excellent natural "endowments, a good heart and a good under-

" ſtanding; you have nothing to do but to " ſhake off an indolent habit, and, having youth " at your command, to employ the one and cul- " tivate the other: the means of doing this it " would be preſumption in me to preſcribe, but " as my grandfather is a man well acquainted " with the world and fully qualified to give " advice, I ſhould earneſtly recommend to you " not to take a haſty departure before you have " conſulted him, and I may venture to promiſe " you will never repent of any confidence you " may repoſe in his friendſhip and diſcretion."

Here Conſtantia put an end to the conference and turned towards the houſe; Ned ſtood fixt in deep reflection, his mind ſometimes brightening with hope, ſometimes relapſing into deſpair: his final determination, however, was to obey Conſtantia's advice and ſeek an interview with Mr. Somerville.

N° CXXVIII.

THE next morning, as ſoon as Ned and Mr. Somerville met, the old gentleman took him into his library, and when he was ſeated,

" Sir,"

" Sir," ſaid he, " I ſhall ſave you ſome embar-
" raſſment if I begin our conference by telling
" you that I am well appriſed of your ſentiments
" towards my Conſtantia; I ſhall make the ſame
" haſte to put you out of ſuſpenſe by aſſuring
" you that I am not unfriendly to your wiſhes."

This was an opening of ſuch unexpected joy to Ned, that his ſpirits had nearly ſunk under the ſurprize; he ſtared wildly without power of utterance, ſcarce venturing to credit what he had heard; the blood ruſhed into his cheeks, and Somerville, ſeeing his diſorder, proceeded: " When I have ſaid this on my own part, un-
" derſtand, young gentleman, that I only engage
" not to obſtruct your ſucceſs, I do not, nay I
" cannot, undertake to enſure it: that muſt de-
" pend upon Conſtantia; permit me to add, it
" muſt depend upon yourſelf." Here Ned, unable to ſuppreſs his tranſports, eagerly demanded what there could be in his power to do, that might advance him in the good opinion and eſteem of Conſtantia; ſuch was his gratitude to the old gentleman for his kindneſs, that he could ſcarce refrain from throwing himſelf at his feet, and he implored him inſtantly to point out the happy means, which he would implicitly embrace, were they every ſo difficult, ever ſo dangerous.

"There will be neither hardſhip nor hazard," replied Mr. Somerville, "in what I ſhall adviſe. "Great things may be accompliſhed in a ſhort "time, where the diſpoſition is good and the "underſtanding apt: though your father neg- "lected your education, it is no reaſon you ſhould "neglect yourſelf; you muſt ſhake off your indo- "lence; and as the firſt ſtep neceſſary towards "your future comfort is to put yourſelf at eaſe "in point of fortune, you muſt make yourſelf "maſter of your own eſtate; that I ſuſpect can "only be done by extricating your affairs from "the hands they are in; but as this is a buſineſs, "that will require the aſſiſtance of an honeſt "and able agent, I ſhall recommend to you my "own lawyer, on whoſe integrity you may ſe- "curely rely; he will ſoon reduce your affairs "to ſuch a ſyſtem of regularity, that you will "find it an eaſy buſineſs, and when you diſcover "how many ſources of future happineſs it opens "to you, you will purſue it as an employment "of no leſs pleaſure than advantage."

To this good advice Ned promiſed the fulleſt and moſt unreſerved obedience; Mr. Somerville reſumed his ſubject and proceeded: "When "you have thus laid the foundation in œco- "nomy, what remains to be done will be a taſk

"of

" of pleaſure: this will conſiſt in furniſhing " your mind and enlarging your experience, in " ſhort, Sir, rubbing off the ruſt of indolence " and the prejudices of a narrow education; " now for this important undertaking I have a " friend in my eye, whoſe underſtanding, tem- " per, morals and manners qualify him to ren- " der you moſt eſſential ſervices: with this ami- " able and inſtructive companion I ſhould in " the firſt place recommend you to take a " tour through the moſt intereſting parts of " your own country, and hereafter, as occaſion " ſhall ſerve, you may, or you may not, extend " your travels into other countries: this is the " beſt counſel I have to give you, and I tender " it with all poſſible good wiſhes for your " ſucceſs."

A plan, propoſed with ſo much cordiality and holding forth ſuch a reward for the accompliſh- ment of its conditions, could not fail to be em- braced with ardour by the late deſpairing lover of Conſtantia. The worthy lawyer was pre- pared for the undertaking, and Ned was all im- patience to convince Mr. Somerville, that in- dolence was no longer his ruling defect. He gave inſtant orders for his journey, and then flew to Conſtantia, at whoſe feet he poured

forth the humble, yet ardent, acknowledgments of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love: it ſeemed as if love's arrow, like *Ithuriel*'s ſpear, poſſeſſed the magic powers of transformation with a touch: there was a ſpirit in his eyes, an energy in his motions, an illumination over his whole perſon, that gave his form and features a new caſt: Conſtantia ſaw the ſudden transformation with ſurprize, and as it evinced the flexibility of his nature and the influence of her own charms, ſhe ſaw it alſo with delight: "So ſoon!" was her only reply, when he announced his immediate departure, but thoſe words were uttered with ſuch a cadence and accompanied by ſuch a look, as to the eye and ear of love conveyed more meaning than volumes would contain, unaided by ſuch expreſſion—"Yes, adorable Conſtantia," he exclaimed, "I am now ſetting forth to give the earlieſt "proof in my power of a ready and alert obedi-"ence to the dictates of my beſt adviſer; theſe "few moments, which your condeſcenſion in-"dulges me with, are the only moments I ſhall "not rigidly devote to the immediate duties of "my taſk: Inſpired with the hope of returning "leſs unworthy of your attention, I chearfully "ſubmit to baniſh myſelf from your ſight for a "time, content to cheriſh in my heart the lovely

"image

"image there impreſt, and flattering myſelf I "have the ſanction of your good wiſhes for the "ſucceſs of my undertaking." Conſtantia aſſured him he had her good wiſhes for every happineſs in life, and, then yielding her hand to him, he tenderly preſſed it to his lips and departed.

It would be an unintereſting detail to enumerate the arrangements, which Ned by the inſtructions of his friendly and judicious agent adopted on his return to Poppy-hall. His affairs had indeed been much neglected, but they were not embarraſſed, ſo that they were eaſily put into ſuch order and regulation, as gave him full leiſure for purſuing other objects of a more animating nature: with this view he returned to his friend Mr. Somerville, and was again bleſt with the preſence of Conſtantia, to whom every day ſeemed to add new graces: he was welcomed by all parties in the moſt affectionate manner; Mr. Somerville, upon converſing with his lawyer, received a very flattering report of Ned's activity and attention, nor was he diſpleaſed to hear from the ſame authority, that his eſtate and property far exceeded any amount, which the unpretending owner himſelf had ever hinted at.

It was now the latter end of April, and Ned had allowed himſelf only a few days to prepare for

his tour, and to form an acquaintance with the amiable perſon, who at Mr. Somerville's requeſt had engaged to accompany him; their plan was to employ ſix months in this excurſion through England and part of Scotland, during which they were to viſit the chief towns and principal manufactories, and Mr. Somerville had further contrived to lay out their courſe, ſo as to fall in with the houſes of ſome of his friends by the way, where he had ſecured them a welcome in ſuch ſocieties, as promiſed no leſs profit than amuſement to a young perſon in the purſuit of experience. Meaſures had been taken to provide equipage, ſervants and all things requiſite for a travelling eſtabliſhment, amongſt which a few well-ſelected books were not forgotten, and, thus at length equipt, Ned with his companion, on the firſt morning of the month of May, having taken leave of Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodiſon, and received a tender adieu from his beloved Conſtantia, ſtept reluctantly into his chaiſe, and left the fineſt eyes in the creation to pay the tribute of a tear to the ſorrows of the ſcene.

From this period I had heard nothing of his proceedings till a few days ago, when I was favoured by him with the following letter, dated from the houſe of Mr. Somerville:

"Dear

" Dear Sir,

" I am just returned from a six months " tour, in the course of which I have visited " a variety of places and persons in company " with a gentleman, from whose pleasing society " I have reaped the highest enjoyment, and, if I " do not deceive myself, no small degree of pro- " fit and instruction.

" Before I sate out upon this excursion I had " the satisfaction of seeing my private affairs put " in such a train, and arranged upon so clear a " system, that I find myself in possession of a " fund of occupation for the rest of my days in " superintending the concerns of my estate, and " interesting myself in the welfare and prospe- " rity of every person, who depends upon me.

" When I returned to this charming place, " the reception I met with from Mr. Somerville " was as flattering as can be conceived; the " worthy mother of my beloved Constantia was " no less kind to me; but in what words can I " attempt to convey to you the impression I felt " on my heart, when I was welcomed with " smiles of approbation by the ever-adorable ob- " ject of my affection? What transport did it " give me, when I found her anxious to enquire " into every circumstance, that had occured in " the course of my travels! none were too mi-

" nute

" nute for her notice; ſhe ſeemed to take an
" intereſt in every thing that had happened to
" me, and our converſations were renewed time
" after time without wearineſs on her part, or
" any proſpect of exhauſting our ſubject.

" At this time I had no other expectation but
" of a ſecond excurſion with the conductor of
" the firſt, and as that gentleman was in fre-
" quent conference with Mr. Somerville, I took
" for granted they were concerting the plan of
" a foreign tour; and though my heart was
" every hour more and more fondly attached to
" Conſtantia, ſo that a ſeparation from her was
" painful to reflect on, yet I was reſolved at all
" events not to ſwerve from my engagements
" with her grandfather, and therefore held my-
" ſelf in trembling expectation of another ſum-
" mons to go forth: delightfully as the hours
" paſſed away in her ſociety, I dreaded leſt any
" ſymptoms of ſelf-indulgence ſhould lower me
" in her opinion, or create ſuſpicions in Mr.
" Somerville and Mrs. Goodiſon that I was in
" any danger of relapſing into my former indo-
" lence: I therefore ſeized the firſt opportunity
" of explaining myſelf to thoſe reſpectable
" friends, when Conſtantia was not preſent,
" and, addreſſing myſelf to Mr. Somerville, aſ-
" ſured him that I was not diſpoſed to forget

" any

" any part of his good advice, nor ſo much my
" own enemy as to evade any one of thoſe con-
" ditions, to the performance of which he had
" annexed the hope of ſo tranſcendant a reward:
" conſcious that he could impoſe nothing upon
" me ſo hard to do, or ſo painful to ſuffer, which
" ſuch a prize would not infinitely overbalance,
" I had no other backwardneſs or apprehenſion
" as to his commands, but what ſprung from the
" conviction, that after all my efforts I muſt
" ever remain unworthy of Conſtantia.

" I ſhall never forget Mr. Somerville's reply,
" nor the action which accompanied it. My
" good friend, ſaid he, (leaning over the arm
" of the chair, and kindly taking me by the
" hand) it is more than enough for a man to
" have made one ſuch fatal error in his life as I
" have done, one ſuch unhappy ſacrifice to the
" falſe opinions of the world; but though I have
" heartily repented of this error, I am not ſo far
" reformed, as to be without ambition in the
" choice of a huſband for our Conſtantia; no,
" Sir, I am ſtill as ambitious as ever, but I hope
" with better judgment and upon better prin-
" ciples: I will not bate an atom of virtue in
" the bargain I am to make; I inſiſt upon the
" good qualities of the heart and temper to the
" laſt ſcruple; theſe are the eſſentials which I

" rigidly

" rigidly exact, and all theſe you poſſeſs; there
" are indeed other, many other, incidental ar-
" ticles, which you may, or you may not, ſuperadd
" to the account; but I am contented to ſtrike
" hands with you on the ſpot, though you ſhall
" never have ſet foot upon foreign ſoil.—What
" ſays my daughter to this?

" When I caſt my eyes upon the countenance
" of the moſt benevolent of women, and ſaw it
" turned expreſſively upon me, ſmiling through
" tears, joy palpitated at my heart, whilſt ſhe de-
" livered herſelf as follows:—I were of all beings
" moſt inſenſible, could I withhold my teſtimony
" to this gentleman's merits, or my entire aſſent
" to his alliance with my daughter; but as I have
" ever repoſed perfect confidence in her, and, as
" far as I was enabled, always conſulted her
" wiſhes, I ſhould be glad this queſtion might be
" fairly and candidly referred to her unbiaſſed
" judgment for deciſion: ſhe is very young; our
" friend here is neither old in years nor expe-
" rience; both parties have time before them;
" ſhould ſhe be willing to hold off from the
" married ſtate for a while, ſhould ſhe foreſee
" advantages in our friend's undertaking a
" ſecond tour with the ſame inſtructive aſſo-
" ciate, (whether into foreign countries or nearer
" home) let her be the judge of what is moſt

" likely

" likely to conduce to her future happineſs in a " huſband, and as I am perſuaded our friend " here will practiſe no unfair meaſures for biaſſing " her judgment, let him conſult Conſtantia's " wiſhes on the caſe, and as ſhe determines ſo " let him act, and ſo let us agree.

" With theſe inſtructions, which Mr Somer- " ville ſeconded, I haſtened to Conſtantia, and " without heſitation or diſguiſe related to her " what had paſſed and requeſted her deciſion. " Judge (if it be poſſible to judge) of my tran- " ſports, when that ingenuous, that angelic " creature gave me a reply, that left no room to " doubt that I was bleſt in the poſſeſſion of her " heart, and that ſhe could not endure a ſecond " ſeparation.

" I flew to Mr. Somerville; I fell at the feet " of Mrs. Goodiſon; I interceded, implored " and was accepted. Nothing ever equalled the " generoſity of their behaviour. I am now to " change my name to Somerville, at that wor- " thy gentleman's expreſs deſire, and meaſures " are already in train for that purpoſe. The " ſame abilities, which I am indebted to for the " good condition of my affairs, are employed in " perfecting the marriage ſettlement, and the " period now between me and happineſs would

" by

" by any other perſon but myſelf be termed a
" very ſhort one.

" Thus am I on the very eve of being bleſt
" with the lovelieſt, the divineſt object upon
" earth, and thus have I by the good counſel of
" my friends (in which number I ſhall ever rec-
" kon you) broke the ſhackles of that unmanly
" indolence, under which I was ſinking apace
" into irretrievable languor and inſignificance.
" Henceforward I entreat you to regard me as
" a new man, and believe that with my name I
" have put off my infirmity. We are in daily
" expectation of our friendly Abrahams, who is
" *an Iſraelite indeed:* your company would
" round our circle and complete the happineſs
" of

" Your ever affectionate

" EDWARD."

N°

N° CXXIX.

Facilitas Animi ad partem ſtultitiæ rapit.

(P. SYRUS.)

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

THE antient family of the *Saplings*, whereof your humble ſervant is the unworthy repreſentative, has been for many generations diſtinguiſhed for a certain pliability of temper, which with ſome people paſſes for good-humour, and by others is called weakneſs; but however the world may differ in deſcribing it, there ſeems a general agreement in the manner of making uſe of it.

Our family eſtate, though far from contemptible, is conſiderably reduced from its antient ſpendor, not only by an unlucky tumble that my grandfather Sir Paul got in the famous Miſſiſippi ſcheme, but alſo by various loſſes, bad debts and incautious ſecurities, which have fallen heavy upon the purſes of my predeceſſors at different times; but as every man muſt pay for his good character, I dare ſay they did not repent of their purchaſe, and for my part it is a reflection that

never gives me any diſturbance. This aforeſaid grandfather of mine was ſuppoſed to have furniſhed *Congreve* with the hint for his character of *Sir Paul Pliant*, at leaſt it hath been ſo whiſpered to me very frequently by my aunt Jemima, who was a great collector of family anecdotes; and, to ſpeak the truth, I am not totally without ſuſpicion, that a certain ingenious author, lately deceaſed, had an eye towards my inſignificant ſelf in the dramatic pourtrait of his *Good-natured Man*.

Though I ſcorn the notion of ſetting myſelf off to the public and you by panegyrics of my own penning, (as the manner of ſome is) yet I may truly ſay without boaſting, that I had the character at ſchool of being the very beſt *fag* that ever came into it; and this I believe every gentleman, who was my contemporary at *Weſtminſter*, will do me the juſtice to acknowledge: it was a reputation I confeſs that I did not earn for nothing, for whilſt I worked the clothes off my back and the ſkin off my bones in ſcouting upon every body's errands, I was pummeled to a mummy by the boys, *ſhewed up* by the uſhers, flead alive by the maſters and reported for an incorrigible dunce at my book; a report, which under correction I muſt think had ſome degree

of

of injuſtice in it, as it was impoſſible for me to learn a book I was never allowed to open: in this period of my education I took little food and leſs ſleep, ſo that, whilſt I ſhot up in ſtature after the manner of my progenitors, who were a tall race of men, I grew as gaunt as a grey-hound, but having abundantly more ſpirit than ſtrength, and being *voted* by the great boys to to be what is called *True game*, I was ſingled out as a kind of trial-cock, and pitted againſt every new comer to make proof of his bottom in fair fighting, though I may ſafely ſay I never turned out upon a quarrel of my own making in all my life. Notwithſtanding all theſe honours, which I obtained from my colleagues, I will not attempt to diſguiſe from you that I left the ſchool in diſgrace, being expelled by the maſter, when head of my boarding houſe, for not ſupporting my authority over the petty boys belonging to it, who I muſt confeſs were juſt then not in the moſt orderly and correct ſtate of diſcipline.

My father, whoſe maxim it was never to let trifles vex him, received me with all the good humour in life, and admitted me of the univerſity of Oxford: here I was overjoyed to find that the affair of the expulſion was ſo far from

having prejudiced my contemporaries againſt me, that I was reſorted to by numbers, whoſe time hung upon their hands, and my rooms became the rendezvous of all the loungers in the college: few or no ſchemes were ſet on foot without me, and if a looſe guinea or two was wanted for the purpoſe, every body knew where to have it: I was allowed a horſe for my health's ſake, which was rather delicate, but I cannot ſay my health was much the better for him, as I never mounted his back above once or twice, whilſt my friends kept him in exerciſe morning and evening, as long as he laſted, which indeed was only till the hunting ſeaſon ſet in, when the currier had his hide, and his fleſh went to the kennel. I muſt own I did not excel in any of my academical exerciſes, ſave that of circumambulating the colleges and public buildings with ſtrangers, who came to gaze about them for curioſity's ſake; in this branch of learning I gained ſuch general reputation as to be honoured with the title of *Keeper of the Lions*: neither will I diſguiſe the frequent *jobations* I incurred for neglect of college duties, and particularly for non-attendance at chapel, but in this I ſhould not perhaps have been thought ſo repre-

henſible, had it been known that my ſurplice never failed to be there, though I had rarely the credit of bearing it company.

My mother died of a cold ſhe caught by attending ſome young ladies on a water-party before I had been a month in the world; and my father never married again, having promiſed her on her death-bed not to bring a ſtepdame into his family, whilſt I ſurvived: I had the misfortune to loſe him when I was in my twenty-ſecond year; he got his death at a country canvaſs for Sir Harry Oſier, a very obliging gentleman and nearly related to our family: I attended my father's corpſe to the grave, on which melancholy occaſion ſuch were the lamentations and bewailings of all the ſervants in the houſe, that I thought it but a proper return for their affection to his memory to prove myſelf as kind a maſter by continuing them in their ſeveral employs: this however was not altogether what they meant, as I was ſoon convinced every one amongſt them had a remonſtrance to make and a new demand to prefer: the butler would have better perquiſites, the footman wanted to be out of livery, the ſcullion demanded tea-money, and the cook murmured about kitchen-ſtuff.

Though I was now a ſingle being in the world, my friends and neighbours kindly took care I ſhould not be a ſolitary one; I was young indeed and of ſmall experience in the world, but I had plenty of counſellors: ſome adviſed me to buy horſes they wanted to ſell, others to ſell horſes they wanted to buy: a lady of great taſte fell in love with two or three of my beſt cows for their colour; they were upon her lawn the next day: a gentleman of extraordinary *virtù* diſcovered a picture or two in my collection, that exactly fitted his pannels: an eminent improver, whom every body declared to be the firſt genius of the age for laying out grounds, had taken meaſures for tranſporting my garden a mile out of my ſight, and floating my richeſt meadow grounds with a lake of muddy water: as for my manſion and its appendages I am perſuaded I could never have kept them in their places, had it not been that the ſeveral projectors, who all united in pulling them down, could never rightly agree in what particular ſpot to build them up again: one kind friend complimented me with the firſt refuſal of a miſtreſs, whom for reaſons of œconomy he was obliged to part from; and a neighbouring gentlewoman, whoſe daughter had perhaps ſtuck on hand a

little longer than was convenient, more than hinted to me that Miſs had every requiſite in life to make the married ſtate perfectly happy.

In juſtice however to my own diſcretion let me ſay that I was not haſtily ſurprized into a ſerious meaſure by this latter overture, nor did I aſk the young lady's hand in marriage till I was verily perſuaded by her exceſſive fondneſs that there were no other means to ſave her life. Now whether it was the violence of her paſſion before our marriage, that gave ſome ſhock to her intellects, or from what other cauſe it might proceed I know not, certain however it is, that after marriage ſhe became ſubject to very odd whims and caprices, and though I made it a point of humanity never to thwart her in theſe humours, yet I was ſeldom fortunate enough to pleaſe her; ſo that, had I not been ſure to demonſtration that love for me was the cauſe and origin of them all, I might have been ſo deceived by appearances as to have imputed them to averſion. She was in the habit of deciding upon almoſt every action in her life by the interpretation of her dreams, in which I cannot doubt her great ſkill, though I could not always comprehend the principles, on which ſhe applied it; ſhe never failed, as ſoon as winter ſet in, to

dream of going to London, and our journey as certainly ſucceeded; I remember upon our arrival there the firſt year after our marriage, ſhe dreamt of a new coach, and at the ſame time put the ſervants in new liveries, the colours and pattern of which were circumſtantially revealed to her in ſleep: ſometimes, (dear creature!) ſhe dreamt of winning large ſums at cards, but I am apt to think thoſe dreams were of the ſort, which ſhould have been interpreted by their contraries: ſhe was not a little fond of running after conjurors and deaf and dumb fortune tellers, who dealt in figures and caſt nativities; and when we were in the country my barns and outhouſes were haunted with gypſies and vagabonds, who made ſad havoc with our pigs and poultry: of ghoſts and evil ſpirits ſhe had ſuch terror, that I was fain to keep a chaplain in my houſe to exorciſe the chambers, and when buſineſs called me from home, the good man condeſcended ſo far to her fears, as to ſleep in a little cloſet within her call in caſe ſhe was troubled in the night; and I muſt ſay this for my friend, that if there is any truſt to be put in fleſh and blood, he was a match for the beſt ſpirit that ever walked: ſhe had all the ſenſibility in life towards omens and prognoſtics, and though I guarded every motion

and

and action, that mighty give any poſſible alarm to her, yet my unhappy awkwardneſſes were always boding ill luck, and I had the grief of heart to hear her declare in her laſt moments, that a capital overſight I had been guilty of in handing to her a candle with an enormous winding-ſheet appending to it was the immediate occaſion of her death and my irreparable miſfortune.

My ſecond wife I married in mere charity and compaſſion, becauſe a young fellow, whom ſhe was engaged to, had played her a baſe trick by ſcandalouſly breaking off the match, when the wedding clothes were bought, the day appointed for the wedding and myſelf invited to it. Such tranſactions ever appeared ſhocking to me, and therefore to make up her loſs to her as well as I was able, I put myſelf to extraordinary charges for providing her with every thing handſome upon our marriage: ſhe was a fine woman, loved ſhew and was particularly fond of diſplaying herſelf in public places, where ſhe had an opportunity of meeting and mortifying the young man, who had behaved ſo ill to her: ſhe took this revenge againſt him ſo often, that one day to my great ſurprize I diſcovered that ſhe had eloped from me and fairly gone off with him. There was

ſomething ſo unhandſome, as I thought, in this proceeding, that I ſhould probably have taken legal meaſures for redreſs, as in like caſes other huſbands have done, had I not been diverted from my purpoſe by a very civil note from the gentleman himſelf, wherein he ſays—"That "being a younger ſon of little or no fortune, "he hopes I am too much of a gentleman to "think of reſorting to the vexatious meaſures "of the law for revenging myſelf upon him; "and, as a proof of his readineſs to make me "all the reparation in his power in an honour-"able way, he begs leave to inform me, that he "ſhall moſt reſpectfully attend upon me with "either ſword or piſtols, or with both, when-"ever I ſhall be pleaſed to lay my commands "upon him for a meeting, and appoint the hour "and place."

After ſuch atonement on the part of the offender, I could no longer harbour any thoughts of a divorce, eſpecially as my younger brother the parſon has heirs to continue the family, and ſeems to think ſo entirely with me in the buſineſs, that I have determined to drop it altogether, and give the parties no further moleſtation; for, as my brother very properly obſerves, it is the part of a chriſtian to forget and to forgive;

give; and in truth I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould diſturb them in their enjoyments, or return evil for good to an obliging gentleman, who has taken a taſk of trouble off my hands, and ſet me at my eaſe for the reſt of my days; in which tranquil and contented ſtate of mind, as becomes a man, whoſe inheritance is philanthropy, and whoſe mother's milk hath been the milk of human kindneſs, I remain in all brotherly charity and good will,

Your's and the world's friend,

SIMON SAPLING.

N° CXXX.

Λυπῶντα τὸν πλησίον, ἑ ῥάδιον ἀυτὸν ἄλυπον εἶναι.

DEMOPHILI SENTENTIA.

"He, who another's peace annoys,
"By the ſame act his own deſtroys."

TO THE OBSERVER.

AS I have lived long enough to repent of a fatal propenſity, that has led me to commit many offences, not the leſs irkſome to my preſent

ſent feelings for the ſecrecy, with which I contrived to execute them, and as theſe can now be no otherwiſe atoned for than by a frank confeſſion, I have reſolved upon this mode of addreſſing myſelf to you. Few people chuſe to diſplay their own characters to the world in ſuch colours as I ſhall give to mine, but as I have mangled ſo many reputations in my time without mercy, I ſhould be the meaneſt of mankind if I ſpared my own; and being now about to ſpeak of a perſon, whom no man loves, I may give vent to an acrimony, at which no man can take offence. If I have been troubleſome to others, I am no leſs uncomfortable to myſelf, and amidſt vexations without number the greateſt of all is, that there is not one, which does not originate from myſelf.

I entered upon life with many advantages natural and acquired; I am indebted to my parents for a liberal education, and to nature for no contemptible ſhare of talents: my propenſities were not ſuch as betrayed me into diſſipation and extravagance: my mind was habitually of a ſtudious caſt; I had a paſſion for books, and began to collect them at an early period of my life: to them I devoted the greateſt portion of my time, and had my vanity been of a ſort to be

contented

contented with the literary credit I had now acquired, I had been happy; but I was ambitious of convincing the world I was not the idle owner of weapons, which I did not know the uſe of; I ſeized every ſafe opportunity of making my pretenſions reſpected by ſuch dabblers in the belles lettres, who paid court to me, and as I was ever cautious of ſtepping an inch beyond my tether on theſe occaſions, I ſoon found myſelf credited for more learning, than my real ſtock amounted to. I received all viſitors in my library, affected a ſtudious air, and took care to furniſh my table with volumes of a ſelect ſort; upon theſe I was prepared to deſcant, if by chance a curious friend took up any one of them, and as there is little fame to be got by treading in the beaten track of popular opinion, I ſometimes took the liberty to be eccentric and paradoxical in my criticiſms and cavils, which gained me great reſpect from the ignorant, (for upon ſuch only I took care to practiſe this chicanery) ſo that in a ſhort time I became a ſovereign dictator within a certain ſet, who looked up to me for ſecond hand opinions in all matters of literary taſte, and ſaw myſelf inaugurated by my flatterers cenſor of all new publications.

My trumpeters had now made ſuch a noiſe in the

the world, that I began to be in great requeſt, and men of real literature laid out for my acquaintance; but here I acted with a coldneſs, that was in me conſtitutional as well as prudential: I was reſolved not to riſk my laurels, and throw away the fruits of a triumph ſo cheaply purchaſed: ſolicitations, that would have flattered others, only alarmed me; ſuch was not the ſociety I delighted in; againſt ſuch attacks I entrenched myſelf with the moſt jealous caution: If however by accident I was drawn out of my faſtneſſes, and trapped unawares into an ambuſcade of wicked wits, I armed myſelf to meet them with a triple tier of ſmiles; I primed my lips with ſuch a ready charge of flattery, that when I had once engaged them in the pleaſing contemplation of their own merits, they were ſeldom diſpoſed to ſcrutinize into mine, and thus in general I contrived to eſcape undetected. Though it was no eaſy matter to extort an opinion from me in ſuch companies, yet ſometimes I was unavoidably entangled in converſation, and then I was forced to have recourſe to all my addreſs; happily my features were habituated to a ſmile of the moſt convertible ſort, for it would anſwer the purpoſes of affected humility as well as thoſe of actual contempt, to which in truth it was more congenial;

nial: my opinion, therefore, upon any point of controverſy flattered both parties and befriended neither; it was calculated to impreſs the company with an idea that I knew much more than I profeſt to know; it was in ſhort ſo inſinuating, ſo ſubmitted, ſo heſitating, that a man muſt have had the heart of Nero to have perſecuted a being ſo abſolutely inoffenſive: but theſe ſacrifices coſt me dear, for they were foreign to my nature, and, as I hated my ſuperiors, I avoided their ſociety.

Having ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed myſelf as a critic, I now began to meditate ſome ſecret attempts as an author; but in theſe the ſame caution attended me, and my performances did not riſe above a little ſonnet, or a parody, which I circulated through a few hands without a name, prepared to diſavow it, if it was not applauded to my wiſhes: I alſo wrote occaſional eſſays and paragraphs for the public prints, by way of trying my talents in various kinds of ſtile; by theſe experiments I acquired a certain facility of imitating other people's manner and diſguiſing my own, and ſo far my point was gained; but as for the ſecret ſatisfaction I had promiſed myſelf in hearing my productions applauded, of that I was altogether diſappointed; for though I tried both

praiſe

praiſe and diſpraiſe for the purpoſe of bringing them into notice, I never had the pleaſure to be contradicted by any man in the latter caſe, or ſeconded by a living ſoul in the former: I had circulated a little poem, which coſt me ſome pains, and as I had been flattered with the applauſe it gained from ſeveral of its readers, I put it one evening in my pocket, and went to the houſe of a certain perſon, who was much reſorted to by men of genius: an opportunity luckily offered for producing my manuſcript, which I was prepared to avow as ſoon as the company preſent had given ſentence in its favour: it was put into the hands of a dramatic author of ſome celebrity, who read it aloud, and in a manner as I thought that clearly anticipated his diſguſt: as ſoon therefore as he had finiſhed it and demanded of me if I knew the author, I had no heſitation to declare that I did not—Then I preſume, rejoined he, it is no offence to ſay I think it the mereſt traſh I ever read—None in life, I replied, and from that moment held him in everlaſting hatred.

Diſguſted with the world I now began to dip my pen in gall, and as ſoon as I had fingled out a proper object for my ſpleen, I looked round him for his weak ſide, where I could place a blow

blow to beſt effect, and wound him undiſcovered: the author abovementioned had a full ſhare of my attention; he was an irritable man, and I have ſeen him agonized with the pain, which my very ſhafts had given him, whilſt I was foremoſt to arraign the ſcurrility of the age and encourage him to diſregard it: the practiſe I had been in of maſking my ſtile facilitated my attacks upon every body, who either moved my envy, or provoked my ſpleen.

The meaneſt of all paſſions had now taken entire poſſeſſion of my heart, and I ſurrendered myſelf to it without a ſtruggle: ſtill there was a conſciouſneſs about me, that ſunk me in my own eſteem, and when I met the eye of a man, whom I had ſecretly defamed; I felt abaſhed ſociety became painful to me; and I ſhrunk into retirement, for my ſelf-eſteem was loſt; though I had gratified my malice, I had deſtroyed my comfort; I now contemplated myſelf a ſolitary being at the very moment when I had every requiſite of fortune, health and endowments to have recommended me to the world, and to thoſe tender ties and engagements, which are natural to man and conſtitute his beſt enjoyments.

The ſolitude, I reſorted to, made me every day more moroſe, and ſupplied me with reflec-

tions

tions that rendered me intolerable to myſelf and unfit for ſociety. I had reaſon to apprehend, in ſpite of all my caution, that I was now narrowly watched, and that ſtrong ſuſpicions were taken up againſt me; when as I was feaſting my jaundiced eye one morning with a certain newſpaper, which I was in the habit of employing as the vehicle of my venom, I was ſtartled at diſcovering myſelf conſpicuouſly pointed out in an angry column as a cowardly defamer, and menaced with perſonal chaſtiſement, as ſoon as ever proofs could be obtained againſt me; and this threatening denunciation evidently came from the very author, who had unknowingly given me ſuch umbrage, when he recited my poem.

The ſight of this reſentful paragraph was like an arrow to my brain: habituated to ſkirmiſh only behind entrenchments, I was ill prepared to turn into the open field, and had never put the queſtion to my heart, how it was provided for the emergency: In early life I had not any reaſon to ſuſpect my courage, nay it was rather forward to meet occaſions in thoſe days of innocence; but the meanneſs, I had lately ſunk into, had ſapped every manly principle of my nature, and I now diſcovered to my ſorrow, that in taking

ing up the lurking malice of an aſſaſſin, I had loſt the gallant ſpirit of a gentleman.

There was ſtill one alleviation to my terrors: it ſo chanced that I was not the author of the particular libel, which my accuſer had imputed to me; and though I had been father of a thouſand others, I felt myſelf ſupported by truth in almoſt the only charge, againſt which I could have fairly appealed to it. It ſeemed to me therefore adviſeable to loſe no time in diſculpating myſelf from the accuſation, yet to ſeek an interview with this iraſcible man was a ſervice of ſome danger: chance threw the opportunity in my way, which I had probably elſe wanted ſpirit to invite; I accoſted him with all imaginable civility and made the ſtrongeſt aſſeverations of my innocence: whether I did this with a ſervility that might aggravate his ſuſpicions, or that he had others impreſſed upon him beſides thoſe I was labouring to remove, ſo it was, that he treated all I ſaid with the moſt contemptuous incredulity, and elevating his voice to a tone, that petrified me with fear, bade me avoid his ſight, threatening me both by words and actions in a manner too humiliating to relate.

Alas! can words expreſs my feelings? Is there a being more wretched than myſelf? to be

friendleſs, an exile from ſociety and at enmity with myſelf is a ſituation deplorable in the extreme: let what I have now written be made public; if I could believe my ſhame would be turned to others' profit, it might perhaps become leſs painful to myſelf; if men want other motives to divert them from defamation, than what their own hearts ſupply, let them turn to my example, and if they will not be reaſoned, let them be frightened out of their propenſity.

I am, Sir, &c.

WALTER WORMWOOD.

The caſe of this correſpondent is a melancholy one, and I have admitted his letter, becauſe I do not doubt the preſent good motives of the writer; but I ſhall not eaſily yield a place in theſe eſſays to characters ſo diſguſting, and repreſentations ſo derogatory to human nature. The hiſtorians of the day, who profeſs to give us intelligence of what is paſſing in the world, ought not to be condemned, if they ſometimes make a little free with our foibles and our follies; but downright libels are grown too dangerous, and ſcurrility is become too dull to find a market; the pillory is a great reformer. The detail of a court drawing-room, though not very edifying,

ing, is perfectly inoffenſive; a lady cannot greatly complain of the liberty of the preſs, if it is contented with the humble taſk of celebrating the workmanſhip of her mantua-maker: as for ſuch inveterate malice, as my correſpondent *Wormwood* deſcribes, I flatter myſelf it is very rarely to be found: I can only ſay, that though I have often heard of it in converſation, and read of it in books, I do not meet in human nature originals ſo ſtrongly featured as their paintings: amongſt a ſmall collection of ſonnets in manuſcript, deſcriptive of the human paſſions, which has fallen into my hands, the following lines upon *Envy*, as coinciding with my ſubject, ſhall conclude this paper.

ENVY.

" Oh! never let me ſee that ſhape again,
" Exile me rather to ſome ſavage den,
" Far from the ſocial haunts of men!
" Horrible phantom, pale it was as death,
" Conſumption fed upon its meager cheek,
" And ever as the fiend eſſay'd to ſpeak,
" Dreadfully ſteam'd its peſtilential breath.
" Fang'd like the wolf it was, and all as gaunt,
" And ſtill it prowl'd around us and around,
" Rolling its ſquinting eyes aſkaunt,
" Wherever human happineſs was found.

" Furious thereat, the ſelf-tormenting ſpritе
" Drew forth an aſp, and (terrible to ſight)
" To its left pap the envenom'd reptile preſt,
" Which gnaw'd and worm'd into its tortur'd breaſt.

" The deſperate ſuicide with pain
" Writh'd to and fro, and yell'd amain;
" And then with hollow, dying cadence cries—
" It is not of this aſp that *Envy* dies;
" 'Tis not this reptile's tooth, that gives the ſmart;
" 'Tis others' happineſs, that gnaws my heart."

N° CXXXI.

Alter in obſequium plus æquo pronus, et imi
Deriſor lecti, ſic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, et verba cadentia tollit.

HORAT.

I Am bewildered by the definitions, which metaphyſical writers give us of the human paſſions: I can underſtand the characters of *Theophraſtus*, and am entertained by his ſketches; but when your profound thinkers take the ſubject in hand, they appear to me to dive to the bottom of the deep in ſearch of that, which floats upon its ſurface: if a man in the heat of anger would deſcribe

ſcribe the movements of his mind, he might paint the tempeſt to the life; but as ſuch deſcriptions are not to be expected, moral eſſayiſts have ſubſtituted perſonification in their place, and by the pleaſing introduction of a few natural incidents form a kind of little drama, in which they make their fictitious hero deſcribe thoſe follies, foibles and paſſions, which they who really feel them, are not ſo forward to confeſs.

When Mr. Locke in his *Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding* deſcribes all pity as partaking of contempt, I cannot acknowledge that he is ſpeaking of pity, as I feel it: when I pity a fellow creature in pain (a woman, for inſtance, in the throes of childbirth) I cannot ſubmit to own there is any ingredient of ſo bad a quality as contempt in my pity: but if the metaphyſicians tell me that I do not know how to call my feelings by their right name, and that my pity is not pity properly ſo defined, I will not pretend to diſpute with any gentleman, whoſe language I do not underſtand, and only beg permiſſion to enjoy a ſenſation, which I call pity, without indulging a propenſity, which he calls contempt.

The flatterer is a character, which the moraliſts and wits of all times and all nations have

ridiculed more ſeverely and more ſucceſsfully than almoſt any other; yet it ſtill exiſts, and a few pages perhaps would not be miſapplied, if I was to make room for a civil kind of gentleman of this deſcription, (by name *Billy Simper*) who, having ſeen his failings in their proper light of ridicule, is willing to expoſe them to public view for the amuſement it is hoped, if not for the uſe and benefit, of the reader.

I beg leave therefore to introduce Mr. *Billy Simper* to my candid friends and protectors, and ſhall leave him to tell his ſtory in his own words.——

I am the younger ſon of a younger brother: my father qualified himſelf for orders in the univerſity of Aberdeen, and by the help of an inſinuating addreſs, a ſoft counter-tenor voice, a civil ſmile and a happy flexibility in the vertebræ of his back-bone, recommended himſelf to the good graces of a right reverend patron, who after a due courſe of attendance and dependance preſented him to a comfortable benefice, which enabled him to ſupport a pretty numerous family of children. The good biſhop it ſeems was paſſionately fond of the game of cheſs, and my father, though the better player of the two, knew how to make a timely move ſo as to throw the victory

victory into his lordſhip's hands after a hard battle, which was a triumph very grateful to his vanity, and not a little ſerviceable to my father's purpoſes.

Under this expert profeſſor I was inſtructed in all the ſhifts and movements in the great game of life, and then ſent to make my way in the world as well as I was able. My firſt object was to pay my court to my father's elder brother, the head of our family; an enterprize not leſs arduous than important. My uncle Antony was a widower, parſimonious, peeviſh, and recluſe; he was rich however, egregiouſly ſelf-conceited, and in his own opinion a deep philoſopher and metaphyſician; by which I would be underſtood to ſay that he doubted every thing, diſputed every thing and believed nothing. He had one ſon, his only child, and him he had lately driven out of doors and diſinherited for nonſuiting him in an argument upon the immortality of the ſoul: here then was an opening no prudent man could miſs, who ſcorned to ſay his ſoul was his own, when it ſtood in the way of his intereſt: and as I was well tutored beforehand, I no ſooner gained admiſſion to the old philoſopher, than I ſo far worked my way into his good graces, as to be allowed to take poſſeſſion of

a truckle-bed in a ſpare garret of the family manſion: envy muſt have owned (if envy could have looked aſquint upon ſo humble a ſituation as mine was) that, conſidering what a game I had to play, I managed my cards well; for uncle Antony was an old dog at a diſpute, and as that cannot well take place, whilſt both parties are on the ſame ſide, I was forced at times to make battle for the good of the argument, and ſeldom failed to find Antony as compleatly puzzled with the zig-zaggeries of his metaphyſics, as uncle *Toby* of more worthy memory was with the horn-works and counterſcarps of his fortifications.

Amongſt the various topics, from which Antony's ingenuity drew matter of diſpute ſome were ſo truly ridiculous, that if I were ſure my reader was as much at leiſure to hear, as I am juſt now to relate them, I ſhould not ſcruple the recital. One morning having been rather long-winded in deſcribing the circumſtances of a dream, that had diſturbed his imagination in the night, I thought it not amiſs to throw in a remark in the way of conſolation upon the fallacy of dreams in general. This was enough for him to turn over to the other ſide and ſupport the credit of dreams *totis viribus:* I now thought it adviſeable to trim, and took a middle courſe between both extremes

by

by humbly conceiving dreams might be ſometimes true and ſometimes falſe: this he contended to be nonſenſe upon the face of it, and if I would undertake to ſhew they were both true and falſe, he would engage to prove by ſound logic they could be neither one nor the other:—"But why do we begin to talk," added he, "before we ſettle what we are to talk about? "What kind of dreams are you ſpeaking of, and "how do you diſtinguiſh dreams?"—"I ſee no "diſtinction between them," I replied; "Dreams "viſit our fancies in ſleep, and are all, according to Mr. Locke's idea, made up of the waking man's thoughts."—"Does Mr. Locke "ſay that?" exclaimed my uncle. "Then Mr. "Locke's an impoſtor for telling you ſo, and "you are a fool for believing him: wiſer men "than Mr. Locke have ſettled that matter many "centuries before he was born or even *dreamt* "of; but perhaps Mr. Locke forgot to tell you "how many preciſe ſorts of dreams there are, "and how to denominate and define them; "perhaps he forgot that I ſay." I confeſſed that I neither knew any thing of the matter myſelf, nor did I believe the author alluded to had left any clue towards the diſcovery.

"I thought as much," retorted my uncle Antony in a tone of triumph, "and yet this is

"the

" the man who ſets up for an inveſtigator of the " human underſtanding; but I will tell you, Sir, " though he could not, that there are neither " more nor leſs than five ſeveral ſorts of dreams " particularly diſtinguiſhed, and I defy even the " ſeven ſleepers themſelves to name a ſixth. " The firſt of theſe was by the Greeks denomi- " nated *Oneiros*, by the Latins *Somnium*, (ſimply " a *Dream*) and you muſt be aſleep to dream it." " Granted," quoth I. " What is granted?" re- joined the philoſopher, " Not that ſleep is in all " caſes indiſpenſable to the man who dreams."— " Humph!" quoth I.—My uncle proceeded.

" The ſecond ſort of dreams you ſhall under- " ſtand was by the aforeſaid Greeks called " *Orama*, by the Latins *Viſio*, or as we might ſay " a *viſion*; in this caſe take notice you may be " aſleep, or you may be awake, or neither, or " as it were between both; your eyes may be " ſhut, or they may be open, looking inwards " or outwards or upwards, either with ſight or " without ſight, as it pleaſes God, but the *viſion* " you muſt ſee, or how elſe can it rightly " be called a viſion?" " True," replied I, " there is a ſect who are particularly favoured " with this kind of viſions." " Prythee, don't " interrupt me," ſaid my uncle, and again went on.

" The

" The third ſort of dreams to ſpeak accord-
" ing to the Greeks we ſhall call *Chrematiſmos*,
" according to the Latins we muſt denominate
" it *Oraculum*, (an *oracle*); now this differs from
" a *viſion*, in as much as it may happen to a man
" born blind as well as to Argus himſelf, for he
" has nothing for it but to liſten, underſtand
" and believe, and whatever it tells him ſhall
" come true, though it never entered into his
" head to preconceive one tittle of what is told
" him; and where is Mr. Locke and his wak-
" ing thoughts here?"—" He is done for," I anſwered, " there is no diſputing againſt an
" oracle."

" The fourth ſort," reſumed he, " is the *Enup-*
" *tion* of the aforeſaid Greeks and anſwers to
" the Latin *Inſomnium*, which is in fact a dream
" and no dream, a kind of *reſverie*, when a man
" doſes between ſleeping and waking and builds
" caſtles (as we ſay) in the air upon the ram-
" blings of his own fancy.

" The fifth and laſt ſort of dreams is by
" Greeks and Latins mutually ſtiled *Phantaſma*,
" a word adopted into our own language by the
" greateſt poet, who ever wrote in it: now this
" *phantaſma* is a viſitation peculiar to the firſt
" mental abſence or ſlumber, when the man

" fancies

" fancies himſelf yet waking, and in fact can " ſcarce be called aſleep; at which time ſtrange " images and appearances ſeem to float before " him and terrify his imagination. Here then " you have all the ſeveral denominations of " dreams perfectly diſtinguiſhed and defined," quoth the old ſophiſt, and throwing himſelf back in his chair with an air of triumph, waited for the applauſe, which I was not backward in beſtowing upon this pedantic farrago of dogmatizing dullneſs.

It will readily be believed that my uncle Antony did not fail to revive his favorite controverſy, which had produced ſuch fatal conſequences to his diſcarded ſon: in fact he held faſt with thoſe antient philoſophers, who maintained the eternity of this material world, and as he ſaw no period when men would not be in exiſtence, no moment in time to come when mortality ſhall ceaſe, he by conſequence argued that there could be no moment in time, when immortality ſhall commence. There were other points reſpecting this grand ſtumbling-block of his philoſophy, the human ſoul, upon which he was equally puzzled, for he ſided with Ariſtotle againſt Plato in the unintelligible controverſy concerning its power of motion: but whilſt

my uncle Antony was thus unluckily wedded to the wrong ſide in all caſes, where reaſon ought to have been his guide, in points of mere quibble and ſophiſtry, which reaſon has nothing to ſay to, and where a wiſe man would take neither ſide, he regularly took both, or hung ſuſpended between them like Socrates in the baſket.

Of this ſort was the celebrated queſtion—*Ovumne prius fuerit, an gallina*—viz: "Whether the egg was anterior to the hen, or the hen to the egg."—This enquiry never failed to intereſt his paſſions in a peculiar degree, and he found ſo much to ſay on both ſides, that he could never well determine which ſide to be of: at length however, hoping to bring it to ſome point, he took up the cauſe of Egg verſus Hen, and having compoſed a learned eſſay, publiſhed it in one of the monthly magazines, as a lure to future controverſialiſts. This eſſay he had ſo often avowed in my hearing, and piqued himſelf ſo highly upon it, that I muſt have been dull indeed not to have underſtood how to flatter him upon it: but when he had found month after month ſlip away, and nobody mounting the ſtage upon his challenge, he felt angry at the contempt, with which his labours were paſſed over, and

without

without imparting to me his purpoſe, furniſhed the ſame magazine with a counter-eſſay, in which his former argument was handled with an aſperity truly controverſial, and the hen was triumphantly made to cackle over the new-laid egg, decidedly poſterior to herſelf.

I am inclined to think that if Antony had any partiality, it was not to this ſide; but as the ſecond eſſay was clearly poſterior to the firſt, (whatever the egg may have been to the hen) it had the advantage of being couched in all the ſpirit of a reply with an agreeable tinge of the malice of one, ſo that when at length it came down printed in a fair type, and reſpectfully poſted in the front of the long-wiſht-for magazine, his heart beat with joy, and calling out to me in a lofty tone of counterfeited anger, as he run his eye over it—"By the horns of Jupiter "Ammon," quoth he, "here is a fellow has "the confidence to enter the liſts againſt me in "the notable queſtion of the egg."—"Then I "hope you will break that egg about his ears," replied I.—"Hold your tongue, puppy, and liſten," quoth the ſophiſt and immediately began to read.

At every pauſe I was ready with a pooh! or a piſh! which I hooked in with every mark of contempt

contempt I could give it both by accent and action. At the concluſion of the eſſay my uncle Antony ſhut the book and demanded what I thought of the author—"Hang him," I exclaimed, "poor, Grub-ſtreet Garreteer; the "fellow is too contemptible for your notice; "he can neither write, nor reaſon; he is a mere "ignoramus, and does not know the commoneſt "rules of logic: he has no feature of a critic "about him, but the malice of one."—"Hold "your tongue," cried Antony, no longer able to contain himſelf, "you are a booby; I will "maintain it to be as fine an eſſay as ever was "written."—With theſe words he ſnatched up the magazine and departed: I ſaw no more of him that night, and early next morning was preſented by a ſervant with the following billet——

"The Grub-ſtreet Garreteer finds himſelf no "longer fit company for the ſagacious *Mr.* "*William Simper*; therefore deſires him without "loſs of time to ſeek out better ſociety than "that of a *mere ignoramus, who does not know the* "*common rules of logic:* one rule however he "makes bold to lay down, which is, Never again "to ſee the face of an impertinent upſtart, called "William Simper, whilſt he remains on this "earth."

A. S.

N°

N° CXXXII.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.

HORAT.

DRIVEN from my uncle Antony's doors by my unlucky miſtake between the hen and her egg, my caſe would have been deſperate, but that I had yet one ſtring left to my bow, and this was my aunt *Mrs. Suſanna Simper*, who lived within a few miles of my uncle, but in ſuch declared hoſtility, that I promiſed myſelf a favorable reception, if I could but flatter her animoſity with a ſufficient portion of invective; and for this I deemed myſelf very tolerably qualified, having ſo much good-will towards the buſineſs, and no ſlight inducements to ſpur me to it.

My aunt, who was an aged maiden, and a valetudinarian, was at my arrival cloſeted with her apothecary: upon his departure I was admitted to my audience, in which I acquitted myſelf with all the addreſs I was maſter of: my aunt heard my ſtory through without interrupting me by a ſingle word; at laſt, fixing her eyes upon me, ſhe ſaid, "'Tis very well, child; you have

" have ſaid enough; your uncle's character I " perfectly underſtand; look well to your own, " for upon that will depend the terms you and I " ſhall be upon."—She now took up a phial from the table and ſurveying it for ſome time, ſaid to me—" Here is a noſtrum recommended " by my apothecary, that promiſes great things, " but perhaps contains none of the wondrous " properties it profeſſes to have: the label ſays " it is a carminative, ſedative mixture; in " other words, it will expel vapours and ſpaſms, " and quiet the mind and ſpirits: Do you " think it will make good what it promiſes?"—So whimſical a queſtion put to me at ſuch a moment confounded me not a little, and I only murmured out in reply, that I hoped it would—" Take it then," ſaid my aunt, " as you have " faith in it; ſwallow it yourſelf, and when I ſee " how it operates with you, I may have more " confidence in it on my own account."—I was now in a more awkward dilemma than ever, for ſhe had emptied the doſe into a cup, and tendered it to me in ſo peremptory a manner, that, not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, and being naturally ſubmiſſive, I ſilently took the cup with a trembling hand, and ſwallowed its abominable contents.

"Much good may it do you, child," cried she, "you have done more for me than I "would for any doctor in the kingdom: "Don't you find it nauseous to the palate?"—I confest that it was very nauseous.—"And did "you think yourself in need of such a medi-"cine?"—"I did not perceive that I was." "Then you did not swallow it by your own "choice, but my desire?"—I had no hesitation in acknowledging that.—"Upon my word, "child," she replied, "you have a very accom-"modating way with you." I was now fighting with the curſed drug, and had all the difficulty in life to keep it where it was. My aunt ſaw my diſtreſs, and ſmiling at it demanded if I was not ſick: I confeſt I was rather diſcompoſed in my ſtomach with the draught.—"I don't doubt it," ſhe replied; "but as you have ſo civilly made "yourſelf ſick for my ſake, cannot you flatter "me ſo far as to be well, when I requeſt it?" I was juſt then ſtruggling to keep the nauſea down, and though I could not anſwer, put the beſt face upon the matter in my power.

A maid-ſervant came in upon my aunt's ringing her bell.—"Betty," ſaid ſhe, "take "away theſe things; this doctor will poiſon us "with his doſes."—"Foh!" cried the wench,

" how it ſmells!" " Nay, but only put your lips " to the cup," ſaid the miſtreſs, " there is " enough left for you to taſte it."—" I taſte it! " I'll not touch it, I want none of his naſty phy- " ſic."—" Well, but though you don't want it," rejoined the miſtreſs, " taſte it nevertheleſs, if it " be only to flatter my humour."—" Excuſe " me, madam," replied Betty, " I'll not make " myſelf ſick to flatter any body."—" Humph!" cried my aunt, " how this wench's want of man- " ners muſt have ſhocked you, nephew William! " you ſwallowed the whole doſe at a word, ſhe, " though my ſervant, at my repeated command " would not touch it with her lips; but theſe " low-bred creatures have a will of their own." —There was ſomething in my aunt's manner I did not underſtand; ſhe puzzled me, and I thought it beſt to keep myſelf on the reſerve, and wait the further developement of her humour in ſilence.

We went down to ſupper; it was elegantly ſerved, and my aunt particularly recommended two or three diſhes to me; her hoſpitality embarraſſed me not a little, for my ſtomach was by no means reconciled; yet I felt myſelf bound in good manners to eat of her diſhes and commend their cookery; this I did, though ſorely

againſt the grain, and, whilſt my ſtomach roſe againſt its food, I flattered what I nauſeated.

A grave, well-looking perſonage ſtood at the ſideboard, with whom my aunt entered into converſation.—"Johnſon," ſaid ſhe, "I think "I muſt lodge my nephew in your room, which "is warm and well-aired, and diſpoſe of you in "the tapeſtry chamber, which has not lately "been ſlept in."—"Madam," replied Johnſon, "I am ready to give up my bed to Mr. Wil-"liam at your command; but as to ſleeping in "the tapeſtry chamber you muſt excuſe me." "Why?" replied my aunt, "what is your ob-"jection?" "I am almoſt aſhamed to tell "you," anſwered Johnſon, "but every body has "his humour; perhaps my objection may be "none to the young gentleman, but I confeſs I "don't chuſe to paſs the night in a chamber, "that is under an ill name." "An ill name "for what?" demanded the lady. "For being "haunted," anſwered the butler, "for being "viſited by noiſes, and rattling of chains and "apparitions; the gentleman no doubt is a "ſcholar and can account for theſe things; I "am a plain man, and don't like to have my "imagination diſturbed, nor my reſt broken, "though it were only by my own fancies."

"What

"What then is to be done?" ſaid my aunt, directing her queſtion to me; "Johnſon don't chuſe "to truſt himſelf in a haunted chamber; I ſhall "have my houſe brought into diſcredit by theſe "reports: Now, nephew, if you will encounter "this ghoſt, and exorciſe the chamber by ſleep-"ing in it a few nights, I dare ſay we ſhall hear "no more of it. Are you willing to under-"take it?"

I was aſhamed to confeſs my fears, and yet had no ſtomach to the undertaking; I was alſo afraid of giving umbrage to my aunt, and impreſſing her with an unfavourable opinion of me; I therefore aſſented upon the condition of Johnſon's taking part of the bed with me; upon which the old lady, turning to her butler, ſaid, "Well, "Johnſon, you have no objection to this propo-"ſal." "Pardon me, madam," ſaid he, "I have "ſuch objections to that chamber, that I will "not ſleep in it for any body living." "You "ſee he is obſtinate," ſaid my aunt, "you muſt "even undertake it alone, or my houſe will lie "under an ill name for ever." "Sooner than "this ſhall be the caſe," I replied, "I will "ſleep in the chamber by myſelf." "You are "very polite," cried my aunt, "and I admire "your ſpirit: Johnſon, light my nephew to his

" room." Johnſon took up the candle, but abſolutely refuſed to march before me with the light, when we came into the gallery, where, pointing to a door, he told me that was my chamber, and haſtily made his retreat down the ſtairs.

I opened the door with no ſmall degree of terror and found a chamber comfortably and elegantly furniſhed, and by no means of that melancholy caſt, which I had pictured to myſelf from Johnſon's report of it. My firſt precaution was to ſearch the cloſet; I then peeped under the bed, examined the hangings; all was as it ſhould be; nothing ſeemed to augur a ghoſt, or (which I take to be worſe) the counterfeit of a ghoſt. I plucked up as good a ſpirit as I could, ſaid my prayers and turned into bed: With the darkneſs my terrors returned; I paſſed a ſleepleſs night, though neither ghoſt, nor noiſe of any ſort moleſted me.

" Why," ſaid I within myſelf, " could not I " be as ſincere and peremptory as Johnſon? He " takes his reſt and is at peace, I am ſleepleſs " and in terrors: Though a ſervant by condition, " in his will he is independant; I, who have " not the like call of duty, have not the ſame " liberty of mind: he refuſes what he does not " chuſe to obey, I obey all things whether I

" chuſe

" chuſe them or not; And wherefore do I this?
" Becauſe I am a flatterer: And why did I ſwal-
" low a whole nauſeous doſe to humour my
" aunt's caprice, which her own chamber-maid,
" who receives her wages, would not touch
" with her lips? Becauſe I am a flatterer: And
" what has this flattery done for me, who am a
" ſlave to it? what did I gain by it at my
" uncle's? I was the echo of his opinions,
" ſhifted as they ſhifted, ſided with him againſt
" truth, demonſtration, reaſon and even the
" evidence of my own ſenſes: Abject wretch, I
" ſunk myſelf in my own eſteem firſt, then loſt
" all ſhadow of reſpect with him, and was finally
" expelled from his doors, whilſt I was in
" the very act of proſtituting my own judgment
" to his groſs abſurdities: And now again,
" here I am at my aunt's, devoted to the
" ſame mean flattery, that has already ſo ſhame-
" fully betrayed me. What has flattery gained
" for me here? A bitter harveſt truly I have
" had of it; poiſoned by an infernal doſe,
" which I had no plea for ſwallowing; ſurfeited
" by dainties I had no appetite to taſte, and
" now condemned to ſleepleſs hours within a
" haunted chamber, which her own domeſtic
" would not conſent even to enter; Fool that

"I am to be the dupe of ſuch a vapor as flattery! deſpicable wretch, not to aſſert a "freedom of will, which is the natural right of "every man, and which even ſervants and "hirelings exerciſe with a ſpirit I envy, but "have not the heart to imitate: I am aſhamed "of my own meanneſs; I bluſh for myſelf "in the compariſon, and am determined, if "I ſurvive till to-morrow, to aſſert the dignity "of a man, and abide by the conſequences."

In meditations like theſe night paſſed away, and the dawn of morning called me from my bed: I roſe and refreſhed my ſpirits with a walk through a moſt charming plantation: I met a countryman at his work—"Friend," ſaid I, "you are early at your labour."—"Yes," anſwered he, "'tis by my labour I live, and whilſt "I have health and ſtrength to follow it, I "have nothing to fear but God alone." So! thought I, here is a leſſon for me; this man is no flatterer; then why do I worſhip what a clown deſpiſes?

I found my aunt ready for breakfaſt; ſhe queſtioned me about my night's reſt; I anſwered her with truth that I had enjoyed no reſt, but had neither ſeen nor heard any thing to alarm me, and was perſuaded there were no

grounds

grounds for the report of her chamber being haunted. "I am as well perſuaded as yourſelf "of that," ſhe replied; "I know 'tis only one of "Johnſon's whims; but people you know will "have their whims, and it was great courteſy in "you to ſacrifice a night's reſt to his humour: "my ſervants have been ſpoilt by indulgence, "but it is to be hoped they will learn better "ſubmiſſion by your example." There was a ſarcaſtic tone in my aunt's manner of uttering this, which gave it more the air of ridicule than compliment, and I bluſht to the eyes with the conſciouſneſs of deſerving it.

After breakfaſt ſhe took me into her cloſet, and, deſiring me to ſit down to a writing table, "Nephew," ſays ſhe, "I know my brother "Antony full well; he is a tyrant in his nature, "a bigot to his opinions, and a man of a moſt "perverted underſtanding, but he is rich and "you have your fortune to make; he can inſult, "but you can flatter; he has his weakneſſes, "and you can avail yourſelf of them; ſuppoſe "you write him a penitential letter."—I now ſaw the opportunity preſent for exerting my new-made reſolution, and felt a ſpirit riſing within me, that prompted me to deliver myſelf as follows. "No, madam, I will neither gra-

"tify

" tify my uncle's pride, nor lower my own ſelf-
" eſteem, by making him any ſubmiſſion; I
" deſpiſe him for the inſults he has put upon me,
" and myſelf for having in ſome ſort deſerved
" them; but I will never flatter him or any
" living creature more; and if I am to forfeit
" your favour by reſiſting your commands, I
" muſt meet the conſequences, and will rather
" truſt to my own labour for ſupport than de-
" pend upon the caprice of any perſon living;
" leaſt of all on him." " Heyday," cried my aunt, " you refuſe to write!—you will not do as
" I adviſe you?" " In this particular," I re-
plied, " permit me to ſay I neither can, nor will,
" obey you." " And you are reſolved to think
" and act for yourſelf?" " In the preſent caſe
" I am, and in all caſes, let me add, where my
" honour and my conſcience tell me I am right."
" Then," exclaimed my aunt, " I acknowledge
" you for my nephew; I adopt you from this
" hour;" and with that ſhe took me by the hand moſt cordially; " I ſaw," ſaid ſhe, " or
" thought I ſaw, the ſymptoms of an abject
" ſpirit in you, and was reſolved to put my
" ſuſpicions to the teſt; all that has paſt here
" ſince your coming has been done in concert
" and by way of trial; your haunted chamber,

" the

" the pretended fears of my butler, his blunt " refuſal, all have been experiments to found " your character, and I ſhould totally have de- " ſpaired of you, had not this laſt inſtance of a " manly ſpirit reſtored you to my eſteem: you " have now only to perſiſt in the ſame line of " conduct to confirm my good opinion of you, " and enſure your own proſperity and hap- " pineſs."

Thus I have given my hiſtory, and if the example of my reformation ſhall warn others from the contemptible character, which I have fortunately eſcaped from, I ſhall be moſt happy, being truly anxious to approve myſelf the friend of mankind, and the *Obſerver's* very ſincere well-wiſher,

WILL. SIMPER.

N° CXXXIII.

Citò ſcribendo non fit ut bene ſcribatur; bene ſcribendo fit ut citò. (QUINTIL. LIB. X.)

THE celebrated author of the *Rambler* in his concluding paper ſays, *I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and*

to

to clear it from colloquial barbariſms, licentious idioms and irregular combinations: ſomething perhaps I have added to the elegance of its conſtruction, and ſomething to the harmony of its cadence. I hope our language hath gained all the profit, which the labours of this meritorious writer were exerted to produce: in ſtile of a certain deſcription he undoubtedly excels; but though I think there is much in his eſſays for a reader to admire, I ſhould not recommend them as a model for a diſciple to copy.

Simplicity, eaſe and perſpicuity ſhould be the firſt objects of a young writer: Addiſon and other authors of his claſs will furniſh him with examples, and aſſiſt him in the attainment of theſe excellencies; but after all, the ſtile, in which a man ſhall write, will not be formed by imitation only; it will be the ſtile of his mind; it will aſſimilate itſelf to his mode of thinking, and take its colour from the complexion of his ordinary diſcourſe, and the company he conſorts with. As for that diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, which the ingenious eſſayiſt terms very properly *the harmony of its cadence*; that I take to be incommunicable and immediately dependant upon the ear of him, who models it. This *harmony of cadence* is ſo ſtrong a mark of diſcrimination

between

between authors of note in the world of letters, that we can depoſe to a ſtile, whoſe modulation we are familiar with, almoſt as confidently as to the hand-writing of a correſpondent. But though I think there will be found in the periods of every eſtabliſhed writer a certain peculiar tune, (whether harmonious or otherwiſe) which will depend rather upon the natural ear than upon the imitative powers, yet I would not be underſtood to ſay that the ſtudy of good models can fail to be of uſe in the firſt formation of it. When a ſubject preſents itſelf to the mind, and thoughts ariſe, which are to be committed to writing, it is then for a man to chuſe whether he will expreſs himſelf in ſimple or in elaborate diction, whether he will compreſs his matter or dilate it, ornament it with epithets and robe it in metaphor, or whether he will deliver it plainly and naturally in ſuch language as a well-bred perſon and a ſcholar would uſe, who affects no parade of ſpeech, nor aims at any flights of fancy. Let him decide as he will in all theſe caſes he hath models in plenty to chuſe from, which may be ſaid to court his imitation."

For inſtance; if his ambition is to glitter and ſurprize with the figurative and metaphorical brilliancy of his period, let him tune his ear

to

to ſome ſuch paſſages as the following, where *Doctor Johnſon* in the character of critic and biographer is pronouncing upon the poet *Congreve*. "His ſcenes exhibit not much of hu-"mour, imagery or paſſion: his perſonages are "a kind of intellectual gladiators; every ſen-"tence is to ward or ſtrike; the conteſt of "ſmartneſs is never intermitted; his wit is a "meteor playing to and fro with alternate co-"ruſcations." If he can learn to embroider with as much ſpendor, taſte and addreſs as this and many other ſamples from the ſame maſter exhibit, he cannot ſtudy in a better ſchool.

On the contrary, if ſimplicity be his object, and a certain ſerenity of ſtile, which ſeems in uniſon with the ſoul; he may open the *Spectator*, and take from the firſt paper of Mr. *Addiſon* the firſt paragraph, that meets his eye—the following for inſtance—"There is nothing that makes "its way more directly to the ſoul than *Beauty*, "which immediately diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfac-"tion and complacency through the imagina-"tion, and gives a finiſhing to any thing that "is great or uncommon: the very firſt diſ-"covery of it ſtrikes the mind with an in-"ward joy, and ſpreads a chearfulneſs and de-"light through all its faculties." Or again

in

in the ſame eſſay. "We no where meet with "a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature "than what appears in the heavens at the riſing "and ſetting of the ſun, which is wholly made "up of thoſe different ſtains of light, that ſhow "themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation." A florid writer would hardly have reſiſted the opportunities, which here court the imagination to indulge its flights, whereas few writers of any ſort would have been tempted on a topic merely critical to have employed ſuch figurative and ſpendid diction, as that of Doctor Johnſon; theſe little ſamples therefore, though ſelected with little or no care, but taken as they came to hand, may ſerve to exemplify my meaning, and in ſome degree characterize the different ſtiles of the reſpective writers.

Now as every ſtudent, who is capable of copying either of theſe ſtiles, or even of comparing them, muſt diſcern on which ſide the greater danger of miſcarrying lies, as well as the greater diſgrace in caſe of ſuch miſcarriage, prudence will direct him in his outſet not to hazard the attempt at a florid diction. If his ear hath not been vitiated by vulgar habitudes, he will only have to guard againſt mean expreſſions, whilſt he is ſtudying to be ſimple and perſpicu-

ous;

ous; he will put his thoughts into language naturally as they preſent themſelves, giving them for the preſent little more than mere grammatical correction; afterwards, upon a cloſer review, he will poliſh thoſe parts that ſeem rude, harmonize them where they are unequal, compreſs what is too diffuſive, raiſe what is low, and attune the whole to that general cadence, which ſeems moſt grateful to his ear.

But if our ſtudent hath been ſmitten with the turbulent oratory of the ſenate, the acrimonious declamation of the bar, or the pompous eloquence of the pulpit, and ſhall take the lofty ſpeakers in theſe ſeveral orders for his models, rather than ſuch as addreſs the ear in humbler tones, his paſſions will in that caſe hurry him into the florid and figurative ſtile, to a ſublime and ſwelling period; and if in this he excels, it muſt be owned he accompliſhes a great and arduous taſk, and he will gain a liberal ſhare of applauſe from the world, which in general is apt to be captivated with thoſe high and towering images, that ſtrike and ſurprize the ſenſes. In this ſtile the Hebrew prophets write, "whoſe "diſcourſe" (to uſe the words of the learned *Doctor Bentley*) "after the genius of the Eaſtern "nations, is thick ſet with metaphor and alle-

"gory;

" gory; the ſame bold compariſons and dithy-
" rambic liberty of ſtile every where occurring
" —For when *the Spirit of God came upon them*,
" and breathed a new warmth and vigour
" through all the powers of the body and ſoul;
" when by the influx of divine light the whole
" ſcene of Chriſt's heavenly kingdom was re-
" preſented to their view, ſo that their hearts
" were raviſhed with joy, and their imagina-
" tions turgid and pregnant with the glorious
" ideas; then ſurely, if ever, their ſtile would
" be ſtrong and lofty, full of alluſions to all that
" is great and magnificent in the kingdoms of
" this world." *(Commencement Sermon.)*—And theſe flights of imagination, theſe effuſions of rapture and ſublimity will occaſionally be found in the pulpit eloquence of ſome of our moſt correct and temperate writers; witneſs that brilliant apoſtrophe at the concluſion of the ninth diſcourſe of *Biſhop Sherlock*, than whom few or none have written with more didactic brevity and ſimplicity—" Go," (ſays he to the Deiſts)
" go to your natural religion: Lay before her
" Mahomet and his diſciples arrayed in armour
" and in blood, riding in triumph over the ſpoils
" of thouſands and tens of thouſands, who fell
" by his victorious ſword; Shew her the cities,

" which he ſet in flames, the countries which
" he ravaged and deſtroyed, and the miſerable
" diſtreſs of all the inhabitants of the earth
" When ſhe has viewed him in this ſcene, carry
" her into his retirements; ſhew her the pro-
" phet's chamber, his concubines and wives;
" let her ſee his adultery, and hear him alledge
" revelation and his divine commiſſion to juſtify
" his luſt and oppreſſion. When ſhe is tired
" with this proſpect, then ſhew her the bleſſed
" Jeſus, humble and meek, doing good to all
" the ſons of men, patiently inſtructing both the
" ignorant and perverſe; let her ſee him in his
" moſt retired privacies; let her follow him to
" the mount, and hear his devotions and ſuppli-
" cations to God; carry her to his table to view
" his poor fare, and hear his heavenly diſcourſe:
" Let her ſee him injured but not provoked;
" let her attend him to the tribunal, and conſi-
" der the patience with which he endured the
" ſcoffs and reproaches of his enemies; Lead
" her to his croſs, and let her view him in the
" agony of death, and hear his laſt prayer for his
" perſecutors—*Father, forgive them, for they know*
" *not what they do.*"

This is a lofty paſſage in the high imperative tone of declamation; it is richly coloured, boldly

contrasted and replete with imagery, and is amongst the strongest of those instances, where the orator addresses himself to the senses and passions of his hearers: But let the disciple tread this path with caution; let him wait the call, and be sure he has an occasion worthy of his efforts before he makes them.

Allegory, personification and metaphor will press upon his imagination at certain times, but let him soberly consult his judgment in those moments, and weigh their fitness before he admits them into his stile. As for allegory, it is at best but a kind of fairy form; it is hard to naturalize it and it will rately fill a graceful part in any manly composition. With respect to personification, as I am speaking of prose only, it is but an exotic ornament, and may be considered rather as the loan of the muses than as the property of prose; let our student therefore beware how he borrows the feathers of the jay, lest his unnatural finery should only serve to make him pointed at and despised. Metaphor, on the other hand, is common property, and he may take his share of it, provided he has discretion not to abuse his privilege, and neither surfeits the appetite with repletion, nor confounds the palate with too much variety: Let his metaphor be

appoſite, ſingle and unconfuſed, and it will ſerve him as a kind of rhetorical lever to lift and elevate his ſtile above the pitch of ordinary diſcourſe; let him alſo ſo apply this machine, as to make it touch in as many points as poſſible; otherwiſe it can never ſo poiſe the weight above it, as to keep it firm and ſteady on its proper center.

To give an example of the right uſe and application of this figure I again apply to a learned author already quoted—" Our firſt parents hav-
" ing fallen from their native ſtate of innocence,
" the tincture of evil, like an hereditary diſeaſe
" infected all their poſterity; and the leaven of
" ſin having once corrupted the whole maſs of
" mankind, all the ſpecies ever after would be
" foured and tainted with it; the vitious fer-
" ment perpetually diffuſing and propagating
" itſelf through all generations."—*(Bentley, Comm. Sermon).*

There will be found alſo in certain writers a profuſion of words, ramifying indeed from the ſame root, yet riſing into climax by their power and importance, which ſeems to burſt forth from the overflow and impetuoſity of the imagination; reſembling at firſt ſight what *Quintilian* characteriſes as the *Abundantia Juvenilis*, but which,

which, when tempered by the hand of a maſter, will upon cloſer examination be found to bear the ſtamp of judgment under the appearance of precipitancy. I need only turn to the famous *Commencement Sermon* before quoted, and my meaning will be fully illuſtrated—"Let them "tell us then what is the chain, the cement, the "magnetiſm, what they will call it, the inviſi- "ble tie of that union, whereby matter and an "incorporeal mind, things that have no ſimili- "tude or alliance to each other, can ſo ſympa- "thize by a mutual league of motion and ſenſa- "tion. No; they will not pretend to that, "for they can frame no conceptions of it: "They are ſure there is ſuch an union from the "operations and effects, but the cauſe and the "manner of it are too ſubtle and ſecret to be "diſcovered by the eye of reaſon; 'tis myſtery, "'tis divine magic, 'tis natural miracle."

N° CXXXIV.

Ἀληθόμυθον χρὴ εἶναι, ἢ πολύλογον.
(DEMOCRATES.)

"Remember only that your words be true,
"No matter then how many or how few."

To the OBSERVER.

I HAVE a habit of dealing in the marvellous, which I cannot overcome: Some people, who ſeem to take a pleaſure in magnifying the little flaws to be found in all characters, call this by a name, which no gentleman ought to uſe, or likes to hear: The fact is, I have ſo much tender conſideration for Truth in her ſtate of nakedneſs, that, till I have put her into decent cloathing, I cannot think of bringing her into company; and if her appearance is ſometimes ſo much altered by dreſs, that her beſt friends cannot find her out, am I to blame for that?

There is a matter-of-fact man of my acquaintance, who haunts me in all places and is the very torment of my life; he ſticks to me as the threſher does to the whale, and is the perfect night-

night-mare of my imagination; this fellow never lets one of my ſtories paſs without docking it like an attorney's bill before a maſter in chancery: He cut forty miles out of a journey of one hundred, which but for him I had performed in one day upon the ſame horſe; in which I confeſs I had ſtretched a point for the pleaſure of out-riding a fat fellow in company, who by the malicious veracity of my aforeſaid *Damper* threw me at leaſt ten miles diſtance behind him.

This provoking animal cut up my ſucceſs in ſo many intrigues and adventures, that I was determined to lay my plan out of his reach in a ſpot, which I had provided for an evil day, and accordingly I led him a dance into Corſica, where I was ſure he could not follow me: Here I had certainly been, and knew my ground well enough to prance over it at a very handſome rate: I noticed a kind of ſly leer in ſome of the company, which was pointed towards a gentleman preſent, who was a ſtranger to me, and ſo far from joining in the titter was very politely attentive to what I was relating. I was at this moment warm in the cauſe of freedom, and had performed ſuch prodigies of valour in its defence, that before my ſtory was well ended I had

got upon ſuch cloſe terms with General Paoli, that, had my hearers been but half as credulous as they ought to have been, they might have ſet us down for ſworn friends and inſeparables: But here again, as ill luck would have it, my evil genius tapt me on the ſhoulder, and remarking that I principally addreſſed myſelf to the gentleman, whoſe politeneſs and attention were ſo flattering, ſaid to me with a ſmile, that had the malice of the devil in it — "Give me leave to introduce you to General Paoli here preſent."— Death and confuſion, what I felt! a ſtroke of lightning would have been charity compared to this.— My perſecutor had not done with me —I "am afraid you have forgot your old friend and "familiar, who no doubt will be overjoyed at "recognizing a brother warrior, who has per-"formed ſuch noble ſervices jointly with himſelf "in the glorious ſtruggle for the liberties of "his beloved country."—Can I paint the ſhame I ſuffered at this moment? It is impoſſible; I can only ſay there is a generoſity in true valour, which ſcorns to triumph over the fallen.— "There were ſo many brave men," (ſaid that gallant perſon in a tone I ſhall never loſe the impreſſion of) "of whoſe ſervices I ſhall ever "preſerve a grateful memory, but whoſe per-

"ſons

"ſons have ſlipt from my recollection, that I "have only to entreat your pardon for a for-"getfulneſs, which I deſire you to believe is "not my fault, but my infirmity."— If a bottle had been vollied at my head, I could not have been more in need of a ſurgeon, than I was at this inſtant: I could never have ſuſpected Truth of playing me ſuch a jade's trick; I always conſidered her as a good-natured ſimple creature without gall or bitterneſs, and was in the habit of treating her accordingly; but this was ſuch a ſpecimen of her malice, that I fled out of her company as haſtily as I could.

The very next morning I took my paſſage in the ſtage-coach for my native town in the north of England, heartily out of humour with my trip to Corſica; but even here I could not ſhake off old habits ſo far as to reſiſt the temptation of getting into a poſt-chaiſe for the laſt ſtage, by which manœuvre I took the credit of having travelled like a gentleman, and became intitled to rail againſt the poſt-tax and the expences of the road.

I was now voted into a club of the chief inhabitants of the place, and as I had no reaſon to believe the ſtory of my late diſcomfiture had reached them, I ſoon recovered my ſpirits, and

with

with them the amplifying powers of my invention. My ſtories for a conſiderable time were ſwallowed ſo glibly, and ſeemed to ſit ſo eaſy on the ſtomachs of theſe natural, unſophiſticated people, that I was encouraged to encreaſe the doſe to ſuch a degree, as ſeemed at length to produce ſomething like a nauſea with thoſe I adminiſtered it to; eſpecially with a certain preciſe perſonage of the ſect of Quakers, one *Simon Stiff*, a wealthy trader and much reſpected for his probity and fair-dealing. *Simon* had a way of aſking me at the end of a ſtory—*But is it true?*—which ſometimes diſconcerted me, and conſiderably leſſened the applauſes, that the reſt of the club had been accuſtomed to beſtow upon my narratives.

One evening, when I had been deſcribing an enormous ſhark, by which I had been attacked in one of my Weſt-India voyages, *Simon Stiff*, lifting up both his hands in an attitude of aſtoniſhment, cried out—"Verily, friend *Cracker*, "thou draweſt a long bow." With an angry look I demanded the meaning of that expreſſion.—"I mean," replied *Simon*, "thou ſpeak-"eſt the thing which is not." "That is as "much as to ſay I tell a lie."—"Even ſo, "friend, thou haſt hit it," ſaid *Simon* without altering his voice, or regarding the tone of rage

I had

I had thrown mine into: The ſteady ſerenity of his countenance put me down, and I ſuffered him to proceed without interruption—" Thou haſt " told us many things, friend *Cracker*, that are " perfectly incredible; were I to attempt im- " poſing upon my cuſtomers in the way of traf- " fic, as thou doſt upon thy company in the way " of talk, the world would juſtly ſet me down " for a diſhoneſt man. Believe me, thou mayeſt " be a very good companion without ſwerving " from the truth, nay, thou canſt no otherwiſe " be a good one than by adhering to it; for if " thou art in the practice of uttering falſehoods, " we ſhall be in the practice of diſbelieving thee, " even when thou ſpeakeſt the truth, and ſo " there will be an end of all confidence in ſo- " ciety, and thy word will paſs for nothing. I " have obſerved it is thy vanity, that betrays " thee into falſehood; I ſhould have hoped " thou wou'dſt not have forgotten how thy " falſehood betrayed thee into ſhame, and how " we received and welcomed thee into our ſo- " ciety, when thy friends in the metropolis had " hooted thee out of their's. Think not thou " canſt eſtabliſh a credit with us by the fic- " tions of imagination; plain truths ſuit men of " plain underſtandings. Had thy ſhark been as

" big

" big again as thou wou'dſt have us believe it
" was, what wou'dſt thou have gained by it?
" Nothing but the merit of having ſeen a mon-
" ſter; and what is that compared to the riſque
" of being thought a monſter-maker? If thou
" waſt ſnatched from the jaws of the animal by
" the hand of God, give God the praiſe: If
" thine own courage and addreſs contributed to
" ſave thee, give Him ſtill the praiſe, who in-
" ſpired thee with thoſe means of furthering
" his Providence in thy reſcue; Where is the
" ground for boaſting in all this? Sometimes
" thou wou'dſt perſuade us thou art a man of
" conſequence, in the favour of princes and in
" the ſecrets of miniſters; If we are to believe
" all this, thou doſt but libel thoſe miniſters for
" letting ſuch a babler into their councils, and
" if thou thinkeſt to gain a conſequence with us
" thereby, thou art grievouſly deceived, friend
" *Cracker*, for we do not want to know what
" thou oughteſt not to tell, and we deſpiſe the
" ſervant, who betrayeth his maſter's truſt. As
" for wonders, what ſignifieth telling us of them?
" The time is full of wonders; the revolution of
" empires, the fall of deſpotiſm and the emanci-
" pation of mankind are objects, whoſe ſupe-
" rior magnitude makes thy ſhark ſhrink into

" an

" an atom. Had the monſter gorg'd thee at a " mouthful, how many thouſands, nay tens of " thouſands have the voracious jaws of death " devoured in a ſucceſſion of campaigns, which " have made creation melt? Didſt thou eſcape " the monſter? what then; how can we have " leiſure to reflect upon thy ſingle deliverance, " when we call to mind the numbers of de- " ſpairing captives, who have been liberated " from the dungeons of tyranny? In a word, " friend *Gracker*, if it is through a love for the " marvellous thou makeſt ſo free with the ſacred " name of truth, thou doſt but abuſe our pa- " tience and thine own time in hunting after " ſharks and monſters of the deep; and if thou " haſt any other motive for fiction than the " above, it muſt be a motive leſs innocent than " what I have ſuppoſed, and in that caſe we hold " thee dangerous to ſociety and a diſgrace to hu- " man nature."

Here he concluded, and though the length and deliberate ſolemnity of his harangue had given me time enough, yet I had not ſo availed myſelf of it as to collect my thoughts and prepare myſelf for any kind of defence: How to deal with this formal old fellow I knew not; to cudgel him was a ſervice of more danger than I

ſaw

ſaw fit to engage in, for he was of athletic limbs and ſtature; to challenge him to a gentleman's ſatisfaction, being a Quaker, would have ſubjected me to univerſal ridicule: I roſe from my chair, took my hat from the peg and abruptly quitted the room: Next morning I ſent to cut my name out of the club, but behold! they had ſaved me that ceremony over-night, and I had once more a new ſet of acquaintance to go in ſearch of.

In this ſolitary interim I ſtrove to lighten the burthen of time by ſtarting a correſpondence with one of our public prints, and ſo long as I ſupplied it with anecdotes from the country, I may ſay without vanity there was neither fire nor flood, murder, rape nor robbery wanting to embelliſh it: I broke two or three necks at a horſe-race without any detriment to the community, and for the amuſement of my readers drove over blind beggars, drowned drunken farmers, and toſſed women with child by mad bullocks, without adding one item to the bills of mortality; I made matches without number which the regiſter never recorded; I was at the ſame time a correſpondent at Bruſſels, a reſident in Spain and a traveller at Conſtantinople, who gave ſecret information of all proceedings in

thoſe ſeveral places, and by the myſterious ſtile, in which I enveloped my diſpatches, nobody could fix a falſehood on my intelligence, till I imprudently fought a battle on the banks of the Danube, after the armies were gone into winter quarters, which did the Turk no miſchief, and effectually blaſted me with the compiler, and him with the public.

I am now out of buſineſs, and, if you want any thing in my way to enliven your *Obſervers*, (which give me leave to remark are ſometimes rather of the dulleſt) I ſhall be proud to ſerve you, being

Your very humble ſervant
at command,

KIT CRACKER.

N. B. I do not want any thing in *Kit Cracker's* way; but though I decline the offer of his aſſiſtance, I willingly avail myſelf of the moral of his example.

N° CXXXV.

N° CXXXV.

A Writer of miſcellaneous eſſays is open to the correſpondence of perſons of all deſcriptions, and though I think fit to admit the following letter into my collection, I hope my readers will not ſuppoſe I wiſh to introduce the writer of it into their company, or even into my own.

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

As we hear a great deal of the affluence of this flouriſhing country, and the vaſt quantity of *ſleeping caſh*, as it is called, lockt up in vaults and ſtrong boxes, we conceive it would be a good deed to waken ſome of it, and put it into uſe and circulation: we have therefore aſſociated ourſelves into a patriotic fraternity of circulators, commonly called pick-pockets: But with ſorrow we let you know, that notwithſtanding our beſt endeavours to put forward the purpoſes of our inſtitution, and the great charges of providing ourſelves with inſtruments and tools of all ſorts for the better furtherance of our buſi-

neſs,

neſs, we have yet hooked up little except dirty handkerchiefs, leathern ſnuff-boxes, empty purſes and bath-metal watches from the pockets of the public; articles theſe, let me ſay, that would hardly be received at the depôt of the patriotic contributors in Paris. Are theſe the ſymptoms of a great and wealthy nation? we bluſh for our country, whilſt we are compelled by truth and candor to reply—They are not.

As we have a number of petty articles on hand, which will not paſs in our trade, nothing deters us from putting them up to public cant, but the tax our unworthy parliament has laid upon auctions. I ſend you two or three papers, which a brother artiſt angled out of the pocket of a pennileſs gentleman the other night at the playhouſe door; the one a letter ſigned *Urania*, the other *Gorgon*; they can be of no uſe to us, as we have nothing to do with *Urania*'s virtue, nor ſtand in need of *Gorgon* to paint ſcenes, which we can act better than he deſcribes; neither do we want his effigy of a man under the gallows to remind us of what we muſt all come to. Your's,

CROOK-FINGERED JACK.

The letter from *Urania* breathes the full ſpirit of that amiable ambition, which at preſent ſeems generally to inſpire our heroines of the ſtage to accept of none but ſhining characters, and never to preſent themſelves to the public but as illuſtrious models of purity and grace. If virtue be thus captivating by reſemblance only, how beautiful muſt it be in the reality! I cannot however help pitying the unknown poet, whoſe hopes were daſht with the following rebuke.

Sir,

I have run my eye over your tragedy, and am beyond meaſure ſurprized you could think of allotting a part to me, which is ſo totally unamiable. Sir, I neither can, nor will, appear in any public character, which is at variance with my private one; and, though I have no objection to your ſcene of ſelf-murder, and flatter myſelf I could do it juſtice, yet my mind revolts from ſpilling any blood but my own.

I confeſs there are many fine paſſages and ſome very ſtriking ſituations, that would fall to my lot in your drama, but permit me to tell you, Sir, that until you can clear up the legitimacy of the child, you have been pleaſed therein to lay

lay at my door, and will find a father for it, whom I may not bluſh to own for a huſband, you muſt never hope for the aſſiſtance of your humble ſervant.

URANIA.

The other letter is addreſſed to the ſame unfortunate poet from an artiſt, who ſeems to have ſtudied nature in her deformities only.

Dear Diſmal,

I wait with impatience to hear of the ſucceſs of your tragedy, and in the mean time have worked off a frontiſpiece for it, that you, who have a paſſion for the terrific, will be perfectly charmed with.

I am ſcandalized when I hear people ſay that the fine arts are protected in this country; nothing can be further from the truth, as I am one amongſt many to witneſs. Painting I preſume will not be diſputed to be one of the fine arts, and I may ſay without vanity I have ſome pretenſions to rank with the beſt of my brethren in that profeſſion.

My firſt ſtudies were carried on in the capital of a certain county, where I was born; and being determined to chuſe a ſtriking ſubject for

my *debût* in the branch of portrait-painting, I perſwaded my grandmother to ſit to me, and I am bold to ſay there was great merit in my picture, conſidering it as a maiden production; particularly in the execution of a hair-mole upon her chin, and a wart under her eye, which I touched to ſuch a nicety, as to make every body ſtart, who caſt their eyes upon the canvaſs.

There was a little dwarfiſh lad in the pariſh, who beſides the deformity of his perſon, had a remarkable hare-lip, which expoſed to view a broken row of diſcoloured teeth, and was indeed a very brilliant ſubject for a painter of effect: I gave a full-length of him, that was executed ſo to the life, as to turn the ſtomach of every body, who looked upon it.

At this time there came into our town a travelling ſhow-man, who amongſt other curioſities of the ſavage kind brought with him a man-ape, or Ourong-outong; and this perſon, having ſeen and admired my portrait of the little hump-backed dwarf, employed me to take the figure of his celebrated ſavage for the purpoſe of diſplaying it on the outſide of his booth. Such an occaſion of introducing my art into notice ſpurred my genius to extraordinary exertions, and though I muſt premiſe that the ſavage was

not

not the beſt fitter in the world, yet I flatter myſelf I acquitted myſelf to the ſatisfaction of his keeper and did juſtice to the ferocity of my ſubject: I caught him in one of his moſt ſtriking attitudes, ſtanding erect with a huge club in his paw: I put every muſcle into play, and threw ſuch a terrific dignity into his features, as would not have diſgraced the character of a *Nero* or *Caligula*. I was happy to obſerve the general notice, which was taken of my performance by all the country folks, who reſorted to the ſhow, and I believe my employer had no cauſe to repent of having ſet me upon the work.

The figure of this animal with the club in his paw ſuggeſted a hint to a publican in the place of treating his ale-houſe with a new ſign, and as he had been in the ſervice of a noble family, who from antient time have borne the *Bear and ragged ſtaff* for their creſt, he gave me a commiſſion to provide him with a ſign to that effect: Though I ſpared no pains to get a real bear to ſit to me for his portrait, my endeavours proved abortive, and I was forced to reſort to ſuch common prints of that animal as I could obtain, and truſted to my imagination for ſupplying what elſe might be wanted for the piece: As I

worked upon this capital deſign in the room, where my grandmother's portrait was before my eyes, it occurred to me to introduce the ſame hair-mole into the whiſkers of Bruin, which I had ſo ſucceſsfully copied from her chin, and certainly the thought was a happy one, for it had a picturesque effect; but in doing this I was naturally enough, though undeſignedly, betrayed into giving ſuch a general reſemblance to the good dame in the reſt of Bruin's features, that when it came to be exhibited on the ſign-poſt all the people cried out upon the likeneſs, and a malicious rumour ran through the town, that I had painted my grandmother inſtead of the bear; which loſt me the favour of that indulgent relation, though Heaven knows I was as innocent of the intention as the child unborn.

The diſguſt my grandmother conceived againſt her likeneſs with the ragged ſtaff, gave me incredible uneaſineſs, and as ſhe was a good cuſtomer to the landlord and much reſpected in the place, he was induced to return the bear upon my hands. I am now thinking to what uſe I can turn him, and as it occurs to me, that by throwing a little more authority into his features, and gilding his chain, he might very poſſibly hit the likeneſs of ſome lord mayor of

London

London in his fur-gown and gold chain, and make a reſpectable figure in ſome city hall, I am willing to diſpoſe of him to any ſuch at an eaſy price.

As I have alſo preſerved a ſketch of my famous Ourong-Outong, a thought has ſtruck me that with a few finiſhing touches he might eaſily be converted into a *Caliban* for *the Tempeſt*, and, when that is done, I ſhall not totally deſpair of his obtaining a niche in the Shakſpere gallery.

It has been common with the great maſters *Rubens*, *Vandyke*, Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* and others, when they paint a warrior, or other great perſonage, on horſeback, to throw a dwarf, or ſome ſuch contraſted figure, into the back-ground: Should any artiſt be in want of ſuch a thing, I can very readily ſupply him with my hare-lipped boy; if otherwiſe, I am not totally without hopes that he may ſuit ſome Spaniſh grandee, when any ſuch ſhall viſit this country upon his travels, or in the character of ambaſſador from that illuſtrious court.

Before I conclude I ſhall beg leave to obſerve, that I have a compleat ſet of ready-made devils, that would do honour to Saint Antony, or any other perſon, who may be in want of ſuch accompaniments to ſet off the ſelf-denying virtues

of his character: I have alſo a fine parcel of murdered innocents, which I meant to have filled up with the ſtory of Herod; but if any gentleman thinks fit to lay the ſcene in Ghent, and make a modern compoſition of it, I am bold to ſay my pretty babes will not diſgrace the pathos of the ſubject, nor violate the *Coſtume*. I took a notable ſketch of a man hanging, and ſeized him juſt in the dying twitches, before the laſt ſtretch gave a ſtiffneſs and rigidity unfavourable to the human figure; this I would willingly accommodate to the wiſhes of any lady, who is deſirous of preſerving a portrait of her lover, friend or huſband in that intereſting attitude.

Theſe, *cum multis aliis*, are part of my ſtock on hand, and I hope, upon my arrival at my lodgings in Blood-bowl-alley, to exhibit them with much credit to myſelf, and to the entire ſatisfaction of ſuch of my neighbours in that quarter, as may incline to patronize the fine arts, and reſtore the credit of this drooping country.

Your's,

GORGON.

N° CXXXVI.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἡδὺ ἀνθρώποις ἔφυ
Ὡς τὸ λαλεῖν τ' ἀλλότρια. (MENANDER.)

"Still to be tattling, ſtill to prate,
"No luxury in life ſo great."

THE humours and characters of a populous county town at a diſtance from the capital furniſh matter of much amuſement to a curious obſerver. I have now been ſome weeks reſident in a place of this deſcription, where I have been continually treated with the private lives and little ſcandalizing anecdotes of almoſt every perſon of any note in it. Having paſſed moſt of my days in the capital, I could not but remark the ſtriking difference between it and theſe ſubordinate capitals in this particular: in London we are in the habit of looking to our own affairs, and caring little about thoſe, with whom we have no dealings: here every body's buſineſs ſeems to be no leſs his neighbour's concern than his own: A ſet of tattling goſſips (including all the idlers in the place male as well

as

as female) ſeem to have no other employment for their time or tongue, but to run from houſe to houſe, and circulate their ſilly ſtories up and down. A few of theſe contemptible impertinents I ſhall now deſcribe.

Miſs Penelope Tabby is an antiquated maiden of at leaſt forty years ſtanding, a great obſerver of decorum, and particularly hurt by the behaviour of two young ladies, who are her next-door neighbours, for a cuſtom they have of lolling out of their windows and talking to fellows in the ſtreet: The charge cannot be denied, for it is certainly a practice theſe young ladies indulge themſelves in very freely; but on the other hand it muſt be owned Miſs Pen Tabby is alſo in the habit of lolling out of her window at the ſame time to ſtare at them, and put them to ſhame for the levity of their conduct: They have alſo the crime proved upon them of being unpardonably handſome, and this they neither can nor will attempt to contradict. Miſs Pen Tabby is extremely regular at morning prayers, but ſhe complains heavily of a young ſtaring fellow in the pew next to her own, who violates the ſolemnity of the ſervice by ogling her at her devotions: He has a way of leaning over the pew, and dangling a white hand ornamented with a flaming paſte ring, which

ſometimes

ſometimes plays the lights in her eyes, ſo as to make them water with the reflection, and Miſs Pen has this very natural remark ever ready on the occaſion—"Such things, you know, are "apt to take off one's attention."

Another of this illuſtrious junto is *Billy Bachelor*, an old unmarried petit-maitre: Billy is a courter of antient ſtanding; he abounds in anecdotes not of the freſheſt date, nor altogether of the moſt intereſting ſort; for he will tell you how ſuch and ſuch a lady was dreſſed, when he had the honour of handing her into the drawing-room; he has a court-atalantis of his own, from which he can favour you with ſome hints of fly doings amongſt maids of honour, particularly of a certain dubious ducheſs now deceaſed, (for he names no names) who appeared at a certain maſquerade *in puris naturalibus*, and other wonderful diſcoveries, which all the world has long ago known, and long ago been tired of. Billy has a ſmattering in the fine arts, for he can nett purſes and make admirable coffee and write ſonnets; he has the beſt receipt in nature for a dentifrice, which he makes up with his own hands, and gives to ſuch ladies, as are in his favour and have an even row of teeth: He can boaſt ſome ſkill in muſic, for he plays Barberini's minuet

minuet to admiration, and accompanies the airs in the Beggar's opera on his flute in their original taſte: He is alſo a playhouſe critic of no mean pretenſions, for he remembers Mrs. Woffington, and Quin and Mrs. Cibber; and when the players come to town, Billy is greatly looked up to, and has been known to lead a clap, where nobody but himſelf could find a reaſon for clapping at all. When his vanity is in the cue, Billy Bachelor can talk to you of his amours, and upon occaſion ſtretch the truth to ſave his credit; particularly in accounting for a certain old lameneſs in his knee-pan, which ſome, who are in the ſecret, know was got by being kicked out of a coffee-houſe, but which to the world at large he aſſerts was incurred by leaping out of a window to ſave a lady's reputation, and eſcape the fury of an enraged huſband.

Dr. Pyeball is a dignitary of the church, and a mighty proficient in the *belles lettres*: He tells you Voltaire was a man of ſome fancy and had a knack of writing, but he bids you beware of his principles, and doubts if he had any more chriſtianity than Pontius Pilate: He has wrote an epigram againſt a certain contemporary hiſtorian, which cuts him up at a ſtroke. By a happy jargon of profeſſional phraſes with a kind

of

of Socratic mode of arguing, he has ſo bamboozled the dons of the cathedral as to have effected a total revolution in their church muſic, making Purcell, Crofts and Handel give place to a quaint, quirkiſh ſtile, little leſs capricious than if the organiſt was to play cotillons and the dean and chapter dance to them. The doctor is a mighty admirer of thoſe ingenious publications, which are intitled *The flowers* of the ſeveral authors they are ſelected from; this ſhort cut to Parnaſſus not only ſaves him a great deal of round-about riding, but ſupplies him with many an apt couplet for off-hand quotations, in which he is very expert and has beſides a clever knack of weaving them into his pulpit eſſays (for I will not call them ſermons) in much the ſame way as *Tiddy-Doll* ſtuck plumbs on *his ſhort pigs and his long pigs and his pigs with a curley tail.* By a proper ſprinkling of theſe ſpiritual noſegays, and the recommendation of a ſoft inſinuating addreſs, doctor Pyeball is univerſally cried up as a very pretty genteel preacher, one who underſtands the politeneſs of the pulpit and does not ſurfeit well-bred people with more religion than they have ſtomachs for. Amiable Miſs *Pen Tabby* is one of his warmeſt admirers, and declares Doctor Pyeball in his gown

gown and caſſock is quite the man of faſhion: The ill-natured world will have it ſhe has contemplated him in other ſituations with equal approbation.

Elegant Mrs. *Dainty* is another ornament of this charming coterie: She is ſeparated from her huſband, but the eye of malice never ſpied a ſpeck upon her virtue; his manners were inſupportable; ſhe, good lady, never gave him the leaſt provocation, for ſhe was always ſick and moſtly confined to her chamber in nurſing a delicate conſtitution: Noiſes racked her head; company ſhook her nerves all to pieces; in the country ſhe could not live, for country doctors and apothecaries knew nothing of her caſe; in London ſhe could not ſleep, unleſs the whole ſtreet was littered with ſtraw. Her huſband was a man of no refinement; *all the fine feelings of the human heart* were heathen Greek to him; he loved his friend, had no quarrel with his bottle, and, coming from his club one night a little fluſtered, his horrid dalliances threw Mrs. Dainty into ſtrong hyſterics, and the covenanted truce being now broken, ſhe kept no further terms with him and they ſeparated. It was a ſtep of abſolute neceſſity, for ſhe declares her life could no otherwiſe have been ſaved; his boiſterous familiarities

familiarities would have been her death. She now leads an uncontaminated life, ſupporting a feeble frame by medicine, ſipping her tea with her dear quiet friends every evening, chatting over the little news of the day, ſighing charitably when ſhe hears any evil of her kind neighbours, turning off her femme-de-chambre once a week or thereabouts, fondling her lap-dog, who is a dear ſweet pretty creature and ſo ſenſible, and taking the air now and then on a pillion behind faithful John, who is ſo careful of her, and ſo handy, and at the ſame time one of the ſtouteſt, handſomeſt, beſt-limbed lads in all England.

Sir *Hugo Fitz-Hugo* is a decayed baronet of a family ſo very antient, that they have long ſince worn out the eſtate that ſupported them: Sir Hugo knows his own dignity none the leſs, and keeps a little ſnivelling boy, who can ſcarce move under the load of worſted lace, that is plaiſtered down the edges and ſeams of his livery: He leaves a viſiting card at your door, ſtuck as full of emblems as an American paper dollar. Sir Hugo abominates a tradeſman; his olfactory nerves are tortured with the ſcent of a grocer, or a butcher, quite acroſs the way, and as for a tallow-chandler he can wind him to the very

end

end of the ſtreet; theſe are people, whoſe viſits he cannot endure; their very bills turn his ſtomach upſide down. Sir Hugo inveighs againſt modern manners as ſeverely as Cato would againſt French cookery; he notes down omiſſions in punctilio as a merchant does bills for proteſting; and in cold weather Sir Hugo is of ſome uſe, for he ſuffers no man to turn his back to the fire and ſcreen it from the company who ſit round: He holds it for a ſoleciſm in good-breeding for any man to touch a lady's hand without his glove: This as a general maxim Miſs *Pen Tabby* agrees to, but doubts whether there are not ſome caſes when it may be waved: He anathematizes the hereſy of a gentleman's ſitting at the head of a lady's table, and contends that the honours of the upper diſh are the unalienable rights of the miſtreſs of the family: In ſhort, Sir Hugo Fitz-Hugo has more pride about him than he knows how to diſpoſe of, and yet cannot find in his heart to beſtow one atom of it upon honeſty: From the world he merits no other praiſe but that of having lived ſingle all his life, and, being the laſt of his family; at his deceaſe the Fitz-Hugos will be extinct.

This

This ſociety may alſo boaſt a tenth muſe in the perſon of the celebrated *Rhodope*: Her talents are multifarious; poetical, biographical, epiſtolary, miſcellaneous: She can reaſon like Socrates, diſpute like Ariſtotle and love like Sappho; her magnanimity equals that of Marc Antony, for when the world was at her feet, ſhe ſacrificed it *all for love*, and accounted it *well loſt*. She was a philoſopher in her leading-ſtrings, and had travelled geographically over the globe ere ſhe could ſet one foot fairly before the other: Her cradle was rocked to the Iambic meaſure, and ſhe was lulled to ſleep by ſinging to her an ode of Horace. Rhodope has written a book of travels full of moſt enchanting incidents, which ſome of her admirers ſay was actually ſketched in the nurſery, and only filled up with little temporary touches in her riper years; I know they make appeal to her ſtile as internal evidence of what they aſſert about the nurſery; but though I am ready to admit that it has every infantine charm, which they diſcover in it, yet I cannot go the length of thinking with them, that a mere infant could poſſibly dictate any thing ſo nearly approaching to the language of men and women: We all know that *Goody Two-ſhoes*, and other amuſing books, though written for

children, were not written by children. Rhodope has preſerved ſome ſingular curioſities in her muſeum: She has a bottle of coagulated foam, ſomething like the congealed blood of Saint Januarius; this ſhe maintains was the veritable foam of the tremendous Minotaur of Crete of immortal memory; there are ſome indeed, who profeſs to doubt this, and aſſert that it is nothing more than the ſlaver of a noble Engliſh maſtiff, which went tame about her houſe, and, though formidable to thieves and interlopers, was ever gentle and affectionate to honeſt men. She has a lyre in fine preſervation, held to be the identical lyre, which *Phaon* played upon, when he won the heart of the amorous *Sappho*; this alſo is made matter of diſpute amongſt the *cognoſcenti*; theſe will have it to be a common Italian inſtrument, ſuch as the ladies of that country play upon to this day; this is a point they muſt ſettle as they can, but all agree it is a well-ſtrung inſtrument, and *diſcourſes ſweet muſic*. She has in her cabinet an evergreen of the cypreſs race, which is ſuppoſed to be the very individual ſhrub, that led up the ball when Orpheus fiddled and the groves began a vegetable dance; and this they tell you was the origin of all country dances, now in ſuch general practice. She has alſo in

her poſſeſſion the original epiſtle, which king *Agenor* wrote to *Europa*, diſſuading her from her ridiculous partiality for her favourite bull, when Jupiter in the form of that animal took her off in ſpite of all *Agenor*'s remonſtrances, and carried her acroſs the ſea with him upon a tour, that has immortalized her name through the moſt enlightened quarter of the globe: Rhodope is ſo tenacious of this manuſcript, that ſhe rarely indulges the curioſity of her friends with a ſight of it; ſhe has written an anſwer in *Europa*'s behalf after the manner of Ovid's epiſtle, in which ſhe makes a very ingenious defence for her heroine, and every body, who has ſeen the whole of the correſpondence, allows that *Agenor* writes like a man, who knew little of human nature, and that *Rhodope* in her reply has the beſt of the argument.

N° CXXXVII.

NOTHING now remains for compleating the literary annals of Greece, according to the plan I have proceeded upon in the foregoing volumes, but to give ſome account of the Drama within that period of time, which

commences with the death of Alexander of Macedon and concludes with that of Menander, or at moſt extends to a very few years beyond it, when the curtain may figuratively be ſaid to have dropt upon all the glories of the Athenian ſtage.

This, though the laſt, is yet a brilliant æra, for now flouriſhed *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus*, *Philippides*, *Poſidippus*; poets no leſs celebrated for the luxuriancy than for the elegance of their genius; all writers of the *New Comedy*; which, if it had not all the wit and fire of the old ſatirical drama produced in times of greater public freedom, is generally reputed to have been far ſuperior to it in delicacy, regularity and decorum. All attacks upon living characters ceaſed with what is properly denominated the *Old Comedy*; the writers of the *Middle Claſs* contented themſelves with venting their raillery upon the works of their dramatic predeceſſors; the perſons and politics of their contemporaries were ſafe; whereas neither the higheſt ſtation, nor the brighteſt talents were any ſure protection from the unreſtrained invectives of the comic muſe in her earlieſt ſallies.

The poets under our preſent review were not however ſo cloſely circumſcribed, as to be afraid

of

of indulging their talent for ridicule and ſatire upon topics of a general nature; without a latitude like this comedy could hardly have exiſted; but this was not all, for amongſt their fragments ſome are to be found, which advance ſentiments and opinions ſo directly in the teeth of the popular religion, that we cannot but admire at the extraordinary toleration of their pagan audiences. *Juſtin* quotes a paſſage from Menander's comedy of *The Charioteer*, in which an old mendicant is introduced carrying about a painted figure of the Great Mother of the Gods, after the manner of the preſent Popiſh Roſaries, and begging a boon as uſual on thoſe occaſions; the perſon addreſſed for his ſubſcription, contemptuouſly replies—"I "have no reliſh for ſuch deities as ſtroll about "with an old beggar-woman from door to door, "nor for that painted cloth you have the impu"dence to thruſt into my preſence: Let me tell "you, woman, if your Mother of the Gods was "good for any thing, ſhe would keep to her "own ſtation and take charge of none but thoſe, "who merit her protection by their piety and "devotion." This rebuff is of a piece with the ſurly anſwer of the cynic *Antiſthenes*, recorded by *Clemens Alexandrinus*, when, being teazed by theſe mendicants, the philoſopher replied—"Let

" the Gods provide for their own Mother; I am " not bound to maintain her." In another fragment, quoted both by *Clemens* and *Euſebius*, Menander breaks forth into a bolder rhapſody, which breathes the ſpirit and nearly the very words of the Hebrew prophets: a perſon (in what drama does not appear) addreſſes his companion in the ſcene to this effect — " If any " man, O Pamphilus, thinks that God will be " well pleaſed with the ſacrifice of multitudes " of oxen or of goats, or of any other victims; " or by robing his images in cloth of gold and " purple, and decking them out with ivory and " emeralds; that man deceives himſelf, and his " imaginations are vain; let him rather ſtudy " to conciliate God's favour by doing good to " all men; let him abſtain from violation and " adultery; let him not commit theft or murder " through the luſt of money; nay covet not, O " Pamphilus, ſo much even as the thread of " another's needle, for God is ever preſent and " his eye is upon thee." This will ſerve in the place of many more paſſages, which might be adduced, to prove that the comic poets of this period were not only bold declaimers againſt the vice and immorality of the age they lived in, but that they ventured upon truths and doctrines

doctrines in religion totally irreconcileable to the popular ſuperſtition and idolatries of the heathen world.

It was on the new comedy of the Greeks that the Roman writers in general founded their's, and this they ſeem to have accompliſhed by the ſervile vehicle of tranſlation: It is ſaid that Terence alone tranſlated all Menander's plays, and theſe by the loweſt account amounted to eighty; ſome authorities more than double them, an improbable number to have been compoſed by a poet, who died at the age of fifty, or very little after.

Quin et longa dies delebit ſcripta Menandri,
Et quandoque levis carmina pulvis erunt.

(T. FABER.)

Menander was born at Athens, the ſon of *Diopethes* and *Hegeſiſtrata*: He was educated in the ſchool of *Theophraſtus* the peripatetic, Ariſtotle's ſucceſſor: At the early age of twenty he began to write for the ſtage, and his paſſions ſeem to have been no leſs forward and impetuous than his genius; his attachment to the fair ſex and eſpecially to his miſtreſs Glycera is upon record, and was vehement in the extreme; ſeve-

ral of his epiſtles to that celebrated courteſan, written in a very ardent ſtile, were collected and made public after his deceaſe: The celebrity of his muſe, and the brilliancy of his wit were probably his chief recommendations to that lady's favour; for it ſhould ſeem that nature had not been very partial to his external, beſides which he ſquinted moſt egregiouſly, and was of a temper extremely iraſcible: If we were to take his character as a writer from no other authorities but of the fragments, we ſhould form a very different idea from that of *Pliny*, who ſays he was *omnis luxuriæ interpres*, and this even *Plutarch* his avowed panegyriſt is candid enough to admit; Ovid alſo ſays—

"The gay Menander charms each youthful heart,
"And Love in every fable claims a part."

However this may be, the remains, which have come down to us, bear the ſtamp of an auſtere and gloomy muſe rather than of a wanton and voluptuous one; but theſe it muſt be owned prove little; *Terence* is ſuppoſed to have copied all his comedies from Menander, except the *Phormio* and the *Hecyra*, and he gives us the beſt inſight into the character of his elegant original.

All

All Greece ſeems to have joined in lamenting the premature loſs of this celebrated poet, who unfortunately periſhed as he was bathing in the Piræan harbour, to which *Ovid* alludes in his *Ibis*—

Comicus ut liquidis periit dum nabat in undis.

This happened in Olymp. CXXII; his firſt comedy, intitled *Orge* was performed in Olymp. CXV, which gives him ſomething leſs than thirty years for the production of more than one hundred plays, and if we take the former account of his beginning to write for the ſtage at the age of twenty, it will agree with what we have before ſaid reſpecting the age at which he died.

Fatal as was the Piræan ſea to the perſon of this lamented poet, poſterity has more cauſe to execrate that barbarous gulph, which has ſwallowed up his works; nor his alone, but thoſe of above two hundred other eminent dramatic poets, whoſe labours are totally loſt and extinguiſhed. We have ſome lines of *Callimachus* upon the death of *Menander*, who was one amongſt many of his poetic ſurvivors, that paid the tribute of their ingenious ſorrow to his memory: Nor poets only, but princes bewailed his loſs, particularly *Ptolemy* the ſon of *Lagus*, who loved and favoured him

him very greatly, and maintained a friendly correſpondence with him till his death; ſome of Menander's letters to this prince were publiſhed with thoſe addreſſed to his beloved Glycera.

Though many great authorities concur in placing Menander decidedly at the head of all the comic writers of his time, yet his contemporaries muſt have been of a different opinion, or elſe his rivals were more popular with their judges, for out of one hundred and five comedies, which *Apollodorus* aſcribes to him, he tells us that he obtained only eight prizes, and that *Philemon* in particular triumphed over him in the ſuffrages of the theatre very frequently. If theſe deciſions were ſo glaringly unjuſt and partial as we are taught to believe they were, we have ſome ſort of apology for the ſarcaſtic queſtion put to his ſucceſsful competitor, when upon meeting him he ſaid—"Do you not bluſh, Phi-"lemon, when you prevail over me?" This anecdote however at beſt only proves that Menander rated his own merits very highly, and that, if they were unjuſtly treated by thoſe, who decided for Philemon, he laid the blame upon the wrong perſon, and betrayed a very irritable temper upon the occaſion.

We

We have a collection of Menander's fragments and the titles of seventy-three comedies; the fragments consist only of short sentences, and do not give us the spirit and character of the dialogue, much less of any one entire scene; for though *Hertelius* has gone further than *Grotius* and *Le Clerc* in arranging them under distinct topics, and has brought into one view every passage of a correspondent sort, still it is a mere disjointed medley, interesting only to the curious, but affording little edification to the generality of readers: Many of them however are to be respected for their moral sentiment, some are of a very elevated cast, and others, (more in number than I could wish) of a gloomy, acrimonious and morose quality.

Antient authorities are nevertheless so loud in the praise of Menander, that we cannot doubt of his excellence. *Quintilian* after applauding him for his peculiar address in preserving the manners and distinctions proper to every character he introduces on his scene, adds in general terms, "that he eclipses every writer of his class, and "by the superior brilliancy of his genius throws "them all into shade."—He condemns the perverted judgment of his contemporaries for affecting

fecting to prefer Philemon on ſo many occaſions; and *C. J. Cæſar*, whilſt he is paſſing a compliment upon Terence, ſtiles him only *dimidiatum Menandrum*. *Dion Chryſoſtom* recommends him as a model for all who ſtudy to excel in oratory, "and let none of our wiſe men reprehend me," he adds, "for preferring Menander to the old comic poets, inaſmuch as his art in delineating the various manners and graces is more to be eſteemed than all the force and vehemence of the antient drama." There is ſo much claſſical elegance in the lines, which *T. Faber* has prefixed to his edition of *Terence*, particularly in the introductory ſtanza; and this is withal ſo appoſite to the ſubject in hand, that I ſhall conclude this paper by tranſcribing it.

Sacrum Menandri pectus
Aura jam reliquerat,
Vagulaque animula
Elyſias penetrarat oras;
Tum dolore percitæ,
Virgineaſque
Suffuſæ lacrymis genas,
Huc et illuc curſitarunt
Perque lucos, perque montes,
Perque vallium ſinus,

Curſitarunt

Curſitarunt Gratiæ,
Querentes ſibi
Queis nova ſedibus
Templa ponere poſſent.

N° CXXXVIII.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.
(VIRGIL.)

THE various authors, who have contributed to the collection of Menander's remains, ſeem to have extracted from him, as if by general agreement, little elſe but the moſt unfavourable delineations of the human character: So far from finding thoſe facetious and ſprightly ſallies to be expected from a comic writer, thoſe voluptuous deſcriptions, which Pliny alludes to, or any fragments of the love ſcenes Ovid tells us he ſo abounded in, we meet a melancholy diſplay of the miſeries, the enormities, the repinings of mankind.

What can be more gloomy and miſanthropic than the following ſtrain of diſcontent, extracted by Euſtathius!—

" Suppoſe ſome God ſhould ſay"—" Die when thou wilt,
" Mortal, expect another life on earth;
" And for that life make choice of all creation
" What thou wilt be; dog, ſheep, goat, man or horſe;
" For live again thou muſt; it is thy fate:
" Chuſe only in what form; there thou art free—"
" So help me, Crato, I wou'd fairly anſwer—
" Let me be all things, any thing but man!
" He only of all creatures feels affliction:
" The generous horſe is valued for his worth,
" And dog by merit is preferr'd to dog;
" The warrior cock is pamper'd for his courage,
" And awes the baſer brood—But what is man?
" Truth, virtue, valour, how do they avail him?
" Of this world's good the firſt and greateſt ſhare
" Is flattery's prize; the informer takes the next,
" And barefaced knavery garbles what is left.
" I'd rather be an aſs than what I am,
" And ſee theſe villains lord it o'er their betters."

Another fragment preſents itſelf of the ſame caſt, but coloured a little nearer to the hue of comedy—

" All creatures are more bleſt in their condition,
" And in their natures worthier than man.
" Look at yond aſs!—a ſorry beaſt, you'll ſay,
" And ſuch in truth he is—poor, hapleſs thing!
" Yet theſe his ſufferings ſpring not from himſelf,
" For all that Nature gave him he enjoys;

" Whilſt

" Whilſt we, beſides our neceſſary ills,
" Make ourſelves ſorrows of our own begetting:
" If a man ſneeze, we're ſad—for that's ill luck;
" If he traduce us, we run mad with rage;
" A dream, a vapour throws us into terrors,
" And let the night-owl hoot, we melt with fear:
" Anxieties, opinions, laws, ambition,
" All theſe are torments we may thank ourſelves for."

The reader will obſerve that theſe are ſpecimens of a general diſguſt againſt mankind, and of diſcontent with the common lot of human life; as ſuch they can claſs with the humour of no other character but that of an abſolute miſanthrope, a kind of *Timon*; for general invective differs widely from that, which is pointed againſt any particular vice or folly, and in fact can hardly be conſidered as falling within the province of comedy in any caſe.

If Menander hath been juſtly celebrated for his faithful pictures of the living manners of the age he wrote in, we cannot but receive a gloomy impreſſion from the dark and diſmal tints, in which theſe ſketches are caſt; and though the age we live in hath follies and failings enough ſtill to feed the comic poet's appetite for ſatire, we may conſole ourſelves in the compariſon of our own time with his, provided the ſtage is to

be

be regarded as a faithful mirror in both inſtances. It is not however improbable but the writers of the *new comedy* might fall with more ſeverity upon general vices to revenge themſelves for the reſtrictions they were ſubjected to with reſpect to perſonalities: Add to this, that as far as the early Chriſtian writers were concerned in ſelecting theſe paſſages, it may well be ſuppoſed they would naturally take the moſt moral and ſententious from amongſt the comedies they quoted, and ſuch as afforded grave and uſeful remarks upon life, harmonizing with their own doctrines and inſtructions. More eſpecially it is to be ſuppoſed that they would eagerly catch at any of thoſe paſſages, which exhibit purer and more worthy notions of the Being and Providence of God, than the vulgar herd of Heathens were known to entertain: Of this caſt is the following contemptuous ridicule upon the Pagan ceremony of luſtration.

" If your complaints were ſerious, 'twould be well
" You ſought a ſerious cure, but for weak minds
" Weak med'cines may ſuffice—Go, call around you
" The women with their purifying water;
" Drug it with ſalt and lentils, and then take
" A treble ſprinkling from the holy meſs:

" Now

" Now ſearch your heart; if that reproach you not,
" Then and then only you are truly pure."

(EX FAMULO MATRIS IDEÆ.)

I am ſorry to remark that amongſt all the fragments of this poet not one has been preſerved, that is ſtampt with even the ſlighteſt commendation of the fair ſex: On the contrary I find abundance of invective, chiefly againſt marriage and married women, often coarſe and always bitter: I may venture to ſay, if there was a ſingle woman in all Athens, who merited one good word, it is one more than the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny can diſcover in his remains. Mark how he rails!—

" If ſuch the ſex, was not the ſentence juſt,
" That riveted Prometheus to his rock?—
" —Why, for what crime?—A ſpark, a little ſpark;
" But, Oh ye Gods! how infinite the miſchief—
" That little ſpark gave being to a woman,
" And let in a new race of plagues to curſe us.
" Where is the man that weds? ſhew me the wretch!
" Woe to his lot!—Inſatiable deſires,
" His nuptial bed defil'd, poiſonings and plots
" And maladies untold—theſe are the fruits
" Of marriage, theſe the bleſſings of a wife."

The poet, who can thus lend his wit to libel the greateſt bleſſing of life, may well be ingenious in depreciating life itſelf—

" The lot of all moſt fortunate is his,
" Who having ſtaid juſt long enough on earth
" To feaſt his ſight with this fair face of nature,
" Sun, ſea and clouds and Heaven's bright ſtarry fires,
" Drops without pain into an early grave.
" For what is life, the longeſt life of man,
" But the ſame ſcene repeated o'er and o'er?
" A few more ling'ring days to be conſum'd
" In throngs and crowds, with ſharpers, knaves and
" thieves;
" From ſuch the ſpeedieſt riddance is the beſt."

Having given ſome paſſages from this poet, where he ſpeaks in the character of a miſanthropiſt, it is but juſtice to exhibit him as a moraliſt: If the following fragment ſuggeſts no new ideas upon the ſubject of *Envy*, it will at leaſt ſerve to convince us that mankind in all ages have thought alike upon that deſpicable paſſion—

" Thou ſeem'ſt to me, young man, not to perceive
" That every thing contains within itſelf
" The ſeeds and ſources of its own corruption:
" The cankering ruſt corrodes the brighteſt ſteel;
" The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
" Eats its ſlow way into the ſolid oak;
" But Envy, of all evil things the worſt,
" The ſame to-day, to-morrow and for ever,
" Saps and conſumes the heart, in which it lurks."

In the fragment next enſuing an old man is reproved for the vice of covetouſneſs; there is a delicacy in the manner of it, that well becomes both the age and condition of the ſpeaker, for he is a youth, and ſon to the character, whom he addreſſes: This fragment is extracted from the comedy intitled *Dyſcolus (the Churl)* which Plautus is ſaid to have tranſlated and performed under its original title; but of this only a few fragments remain in our volume of that poet; probably the father herein addreſſed is the perſon who gives name to the comedy—

" Weak is the Vanity, that boaſts of riches,
" For they are fleeting things; were they not ſuch,
" Could they be your's to all ſucceeding time,
" T'were wiſe to let none ſhare in the poſſeſſion:
" But if whate'er you have is held of fortune
" And not of right inherent, why, my father,
" Why with ſuch niggard jealouſy engroſs
" What the next hour may raviſh from your graſp,
" And caſt into ſome worthleſs favorite's lap?
" Snatch then the ſwift occaſion while 'tis your's;
" Put this unſtable boon to noble uſes;
" Foſter the wants of men, impart your wealth
" And purchaſe friends; 'twill be more laſting treaſure,
" And, when misfortune comes, your beſt reſource."

There is another fragment of a more comic

ſort, which is a relique of *The Minſtrel*, pointed at the ſame vice—

" Ne'er truſt me, Phanias, but I thought till now,
" That you rich fellows had the knack of ſleeping
" A good ſound nap, that held you for the night;
" And not like us poor rogues, who toſs and turn,
" Sighing, *Ah me!* and grumbling at our duns:
" But now I find, in ſpite of all your money,
" You reſt no better than your needy neighbours,
" And ſorrow is the common lot of all."

We are indebted to Plutarch for a very reſpectable fragment of his favourite poet; he quotes it for the conſolatory advice it contains, and addreſſes it to Apollonius; I give it to my readers as one of the moſt valuable ſpecimens of its author.

" If you, O Trophimus, and you alone
" Of all your mother's ſons have Nature's charter
" For privilege of pleaſures uncontrol'd,
" With full exemption from the ſtrokes of Fortune,
" And that ſome god hath ratified the grant,
" You then with cauſe may vent your loud reproach,
" For he hath broke your charter and betray'd you:
" But if you live and breathe the common air
" On the ſame terms as we do, then I tell you,
" And tell it in the tragic poet's words—
Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils—

" The

" The ſum of which philoſophy is this—
" You are a man, and therefore Fortune's ſport,
" This hour exalted and the next abas'd:
" You are a man, and, tho' by nature weak,
" By nature arrogant, climbing to heights
" That mock your reach and cruſh you in the fall:
" Nor was the bleſſing you have loſt the beſt
" Of all life's bleſſings, nor is your misfortune
" The worſt of its afflictions; therefore, Trophimus,
" Make it not ſuch by overſtrain'd complaints,
" But to your diſappointment ſuit your ſorrow."

The lines it Italics quoted from *Shakſpere's Julius Cæſar*, not only correſpond with the exact meaning of the original, but are alſo appoſite as a quotation from a tragic poet, Menander himſelf having applied the words of ſome one of the writers of tragedy, probably *Euripides*.

Amongſt the ſmaller fragments there are ſeveral good apothegms, ſome brief moral maxims well expreſſed, and though not many of thoſe witty points, which are ſo frequent in *Ariſtophanes*, yet there are ſome ſpecimens of the *Vis comica*, which have a very ingenious turn of words in their own tongue; but generally ſuch paſſages elude tranſlation.—This quaint confeſſion from the mouth of an old miſer is of that ſort.—" I own " I am rich, abominably rich; all the world ac- " cuſes me of being a very warm old fellow, but

" not a ſoul alive can ſlander me ſo far as to ſay " I am a happy one."—The following ſcrap once belonged to *The Thraſyleon*;

" You ſay not always wiſely, *Know thyſelf!*
" Know others, oft times is the better maxim."

A ſtrong moral truth told with epigrammatic neatneſs ſtrikes me in this pointed remark—

" Of all bad things, with which Mankind are curſt,
" Their own bad tempers ſurely are the worſt."

I could not paſs over a ſhort but touching apoſtrophe quoted from the comedy of *The Olynthian*—

" What pity 'tis, when happy Nature rears
" A noble pile, that Fortune ſhould o'erthrow it!"

I ſhall conclude with a fragment of the declamatory ſort, not as offering any novelty either in the ſentiment or expreſſion, but ſimply for the ſake of contraſting it with other ſpecimens—

" If you wou'd know of what frail ſtuff you're made,
" Go to the tombs of the illuſtrious Dead;
" There reſt the bones of Kings, there Tyrants rot;
" There ſleep the Rich, the Noble and the Wiſe;
" There Pride, Ambition, Beauty's faireſt form,
" All duſt alike, compound one common maſs;
" Reflect on theſe, and in them ſee yourſelf."

I now

I now take leave of Menander, the moſt renowned of the writers of the latter comedy, and if my readers ſhall remark, that theſe fragments of a poet ſo eminent in his time offer nothing, which has not been ſaid over and over again by poets of our own, I hope it will ſerve to ſtrengthen their conviction, that frequently there ſhall be a coincidence of ſentiment and expreſſion between authors without communication; for it will hardly be ſuppoſed that plagiariſms have been committed upon theſe fragments, and much leſs upon others of more obſcurity, which I have in former papers introduced into our language.

In ſhort I ſhould be happy, if any thing I have done now or may hereafter do, ſhall ſerve to mitigate the zeal of critics for detecting their contemporaries in pretended pilferings and miſdemeanours, where the *letter* of the law may perhaps appear againſt them, but the *ſpirit* of it, if interpreted with candour, condemns them not. I would call upon them, as *Terence* did upon his audience, to reflect that men in all ages will think and ſpeak alike.—

Nullum eſt jam dictum, quod non dictum ſit prius:
Quare æquum eſt vos cognoſcere atque ignoſcere,
Quæ veteres factitarunt ſi faciunt novi.

N° CXXXIX.

Habent tamen et alii quoque comici, ſi cum venia legantur, quædam, quæ poſſis decerpere, et præcipue Philemon; *qui, ut prævis ſui temporis judiciis Menandro ſæpe prælatus eſt, ita conſenſu tamen omnium meruit eſſe ſecundus.*

(QUINTIL. LIB. X.)

THERE is not amongſt all the Greek dramatic poets a more amiable character than *Philemon*: He was a Syracuſan by *Suidas*'s account, but *Strabo* ſays he was born in Solæ a city of Cilicia: He was ſome years elder than Menander, and no unworthy rival of that poet, though more frequently ſucceſsful in his competitions with him than the critics in general ſeem to think he deſerved to be: Of this we can form little or no judgment; they, who had acceſs to the works of both authors, had the beſt materials to decide upon. *Apuleius* however ſpeaks rather doubtingly in the compariſon, for he ſays of Philemon that he was *fortaſſe impar*; to which he

he ſubjoins, that "though his frequent triumphs "over Menander are not reputable to inſiſt "upon, yet there are to be found in him many "witty ſtrokes, plots ingeniouſly diſpoſed, "diſcoveries ſtrikingly brought to light, charac- "ters well adapted to their parts, ſentiments "that accord with human life;"—*Joca non infra ſoccum, ſeria non uſque cothurnum*, viz. "Jeſts "that do not degrade the ſock, gravity that "does not intrench upon the buſkin."

Philemon lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and one years, in which time he compoſed ninety comedies; a competent collection it muſt be owned, though not to be compared to the bulk of Menander's productions, who in half the time wrote more in number, and with a rapidity, for which we have his own word, "for "when I have once determined upon the plot," ſays he, "I conſider the work as finiſhed." The longevity of Philemon was the reſult of great temperance and a placid frame of mind: Frugal to a degree that ſubjected him to the charge of avarice, he never weakened his faculties and conſtitution by exceſs, and as he ſummed up all his wiſhes in one rational and moderate petition to Heaven, which throws a moſt favourable light upon his character, it is with pleaſure I record it.—

it.—"I pray for health in the first place; in the "next for ſucceſs in my undertakings; thirdly, "for a chearful heart, and laſtly, to be out of "debt to all mankind."—This temperate petition ſeems to have been granted in all particulars; he was bleſſed with a long and healthful life; he was ſucceſsful in his undertakings to a degree, which poſterity ſeems to think above his merits, and he triumphed over all his competitors more perhaps through the ſuavity of his manners than from any actual ſuperiority of his talents: That he was of a gay and happy ſpirit there is every reaſon to believe, and his œconomy ſecured to him that independant competency, which put him in poſſeſſion of the final object of his wiſhes. As he lived in conſtant ſerenity of mind, ſo he died without pain of body; for having called together a number of his friends to the reading of a play, which he had newly finiſhed, and ſitting, as was the cuſtom in that ſerene climate, under the open canopy of Heaven, an unforeſeen fall of rain broke up the company juſt when the old man had got into his third act in the very warmeſt intereſts of his fable: His hearers diſappointed by this unlucky check to their entertainment interceded with him for the remainder on the day following, to

which

which he readily aſſented; and a great company being then aſſembled, whom the fame of the rehearſal had brought together, they ſate a conſiderable time in eager expectation of the poet, till wearied out with waiting, and unable to account for his impunctuality, ſome of his intimates were diſpatcht in queſt of him, who, having entered his houſe and made their way to his chamber, found the old man dead on his couch, in his uſual meditating poſture, his features placid and compoſed, and with every ſymptom, that indicated a death without pain or ſtruggle.

This is *Apuleius*'s account, but *Oelian* embelliſhes the ſtory with a viſion, in which he pretends that nine fair damſels appeared to Philemon, and upon his accoſting them as they were going out of the door, demanding why they would leave him, they told him it was becauſe it was not permitted to man to hold converſe with the Immortals: Upon waking from this trance or viſion, Philemon related it to his page, and then getting up returned to his ſtudies, and put the laſt hand to the comedy he was employed upon: "That done," ſays *Oelian*, "he "ſtretched himſelf on his couch and quietly expired." From this ſilly anecdote he draws

an

an inference, which without his help the world had probaby diſcovered, viz. *That Philemon truly was in favour with the Muſes.*

Valerius Maximus varies from both theſe authors in his account of the death of this aged poet; he tells us Philemon was ſuffocated by a ſudden fit of laughter upon ſeeing an aſs, who had found his way into the houſe, devour a plate of figs, which his page had provided for him; that he called out to the boy to drive away the aſs, but when this order was not executed before the animal had emptied the plate, he bade his page pour out a goblet of wine and preſent it to the plunderer to compleat his entertainment; tickled with the pleaſantry of this conceit, and no leſs with the groteſque attitude and adventure of the animal, Philemon was ſeized with a fit of laughing and in that fit expired.

The fragments of Philemon are in general of a ſentimental, tender caſt, and, though they enforce found and ſtrict morality, yet no one inſtance occurs of that gloomy miſanthropy, that harſh and dogmatizing ſpirit, which too often marks the maxims of his more illuſtrious rival: The following ſpecimen will illuſtrate what I aſſert—It is clear that our poet has *Æſchylus* in his eye.

" All

" All are not Juſt, becauſe they do no wrong,
" But he, who will not wrong me when he may,
" He is the truly Juſt. I praiſe not them,
" Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
" But him, whoſe conſcience ſpurns a ſecret fraud,
" When he might plunder and defy ſurprize.
" His be the praiſe, who looking down with ſcorn
" On the falſe judgement of the partial herd,
" Conſults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
" To be, not to be thought, an honeſt Man."

I flatter myſelf the reader will be pleaſed with the following animated apoſtrophe, which is a fragment of the *Ignifer*—

" Now by the Gods, it is not in the power
" Of painting or of ſculpture to expreſs
" Aught ſo divine as the fair form of Truth!
" The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
" But her ſweet nature captivates the ſoul."

I ſhall next produce a paſſage from the *Pyrrhus*, which breathes ſo ſoft and placid a ſpirit, and ſo perfectly harmonizes with the amiable character of the poet I am reviewing, that it is with pleaſure I preſent it to my readers—

" Philoſophers conſume much time and pains
" To ſeek the Sovereign Good, nor is there one,
" Who yet hath ſtruck upon it: Virtue ſome,
" And Prudence ſome contend for, whilſt the knot
" Grows harder by their ſtruggles to untye it.

" I, a

" I, a mere clown, in turning up the ſoil
" Have dug the ſecret forth—All-gracious Jove!
" 'Tis Peace, moſt lovely and of all belov'd;
" Peace is the bounteous Goddeſs, who beſtows
" Weddings and holidays and joyous feaſts,
" Relations, friends, health, plenty, ſocial comforts
" And pleaſures, which alone make life a bleſſing."

Stobæus has preſerved a fragment of the *Ephebus*, which is of a mild and plaintive character; though it ſpeaks the language of the deepeſt ſorrow, it ſpeaks at the ſame time the language of humanity; there is no turbulence, no invective; it is calculated to move our pity, not excite our horror—

" 'Tis not on them alone, who tempt the ſea,
" That the ſtorm breaks, it whelms e'en us, O Laches,
" Whether we pace the open colonnade,
" Or to the inmoſt ſhelter of our houſe
" Shrink from its rage. The ſailor for a day,
" A night perhaps, is bandied up and down,
" And then anon repoſes, when the wind
" Veers to the wiſht-for point, and wafts him home:
" But I know no repoſe; not one day only,
" But every day to the laſt hour of life
" Deeper and deeper I am plung'd in woe."

In all the remains of this engaging author there ſeems a characteriſtic gentleneſs of manners; where he gives advice, it is recommended rather

rather than impoſed; his reproofs are ſoftened with ſuch an air of good humour, as gives a grace to inſtruction, and ſmiles whilſt it corrects: Can experience utter indiſcretion in milder terms than theſe?—

" O Cleon, ceaſe to triſle thus with life:
" A mind, ſo barren of experience,
" Can hoard up nought but miſery, believe me.
" The ſhipwreckt mariner muſt ſink outright,
" Who makes no effort to regain the ſhore:
" The needy wretch, who never learnt a trade,
" And will not work, muſt ſtarve—*What then*, you cry?
" *My riches*—Frail ſecurity—*My farms*,
" *My houſes, my eſtate*—Alas, my friend,
" Fortune makes quick diſpatch, and in a day
" Can ſtrip you bare as beggary itſelf.
" Grant that you now had piloted your bark
" Into good fortune's haven, anchor'd there,
" And moor'd her ſafe as caution cou'd deviſe;
" Yet if the headſtrong paſſions ſeize the helm,
" And turn her out to ſea, the ſtormy guſts
" Shall riſe and blow you out of ſight of port,
" Never to reach proſperity again—
" *What tell you me? have I not friends to fly to?*
" *I have: And will not thoſe kind friends protect me?*—
" Better it were you ſhall not need their ſervice,
" And ſo not make the trial: Much I fear
" Your ſinking hand wou'd only graſp a ſhade."

Many of his maxims and remarks are neatly expreſſed and ingeniouſly conceived; they have all

all a tincture of pleasantry, which without impairing the morality or good sense they convey, takes off the gloom and solemnity, which the same thoughts, otherwise expressed, might have.

" Two words of nonsense are two words too much,
" Whole volumes of good sense will never tire.
" What multitudes of lines hath Homer wrote!
" Who ever thought he wrote one line too much?"

Again—

" If what we have we use not, and still covet
" What we have not, we are cajol'd by fortune.
" Of present bliss, of future by ourselves."

" Still to be rich is still to be unhappy;
" Still to be envied, hated and abus'd;
" Still to commence new law suits, new vexations,
" Still to be carking, still to be collecting,
" Only to make your funeral a feast,
" And hoard up riches for a thriftless heir:
" Let me be light in purse and light in heart;
" Give me small means, but give content withal,
" Only preserve me from the law, kind Gods,
" And I will thank you for my poverty."

" Extremes of fortune are true Wisdom's test,
" And he's of men most wise, who bears them best."

N°

N° CXL.

THE poet *Diphilus* was a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, and contemporary with Menander. *Clemens Alexandrinus* applauds him for his comic wit and humour; *Euſebius* ſays the ſame and adds a further encomium in reſpect of the ſententious and moral character of his drama. The poet *Plautus* ſpeaks of him in his prologue to the *Caſina*, and acknowledges the excellence of the original upon which he had formed his comedy. He died at Smyrna, a city of Ionia, and was author of one hundred comedies, of which we have a liſt of two and thirty titles, and no inconſiderable collection of fragments; out of theſe I have ſelected the following example—

" We have a notable good law at Corinth,
" Where, if an idle fellow outruns reaſon,
" Feaſting and junketing at furious coſt,
" The ſumptuary proctor calls upon him
" And thus begins to ſift him—You live well,
" But have you well to live? You ſquander freely,
" Have you the wherewithal? have you the fund
" For theſe out-goings? If you have, go on!
" If you have not, we'll ſtop you in good time
" Before you outrun honeſty; for he,

" Who lives we know not how, muſt live by plunder;
" Either he picks a purſe, or robs a houſe,
" Or is accomplice with ſome knaviſh gang,
" Or thruſts himſelf in crowds to play th' Informer,
" And put his perjur'd evidence to ſale!
" This a well-order'd city will not ſuffer;
" Such Vermin we expell.—*And you do wiſely:*
" *But what is this to me?*—Why, this it is:
" Here we behold you every day at work,
" Living forſooth! not as your neighbours live,
" But richly, royally, ye gods!—Why, man,
" We cannot get a fiſh for love or money,
" You ſwallow the whole produce of the ſea:
" You've driven our citizens to browze on cabbage;
" A ſprig of parſley ſets them all a-fighting,
" As at the Iſthmian games: If hare, or partridge,
" Or but a ſimple thruſh comes to the market,
" Quick, at a word you ſnap him: By the gods!
" Hunt Athens through, you ſhall not find a feather
" But in your kitchen; and for wine, 'tis gold—
" Not to be purchas'd—We may drink the ditches."

Apollodorus Gelous in the ſame period with the poets abovementioned was a writer high in fame, and author of many comedies, of all which the titles of eight only and ſome few fragments now remain: It is generally underſtood that the *Phormio* and *Hecyra* of *Terence* are copied from this poet. Very little has been preſerved from the wreck of this author's wri-

tings that can tempt me to a tranſlation; a few ſhort ſpecimens however according to cuſtom are ſubmitted.—

" How ſweet were life, how placid and ſerene,
" Were others but as gentle as ourſelves:
" But if we muſt conſort with apes and monkies,
" We muſt be brutes like them—O life of ſorrow!"

" What do you truſt to, Father? To your money?
" Fortune indeed to thoſe, who have it not,
" Will ſometimes give it; but 'tis done in malice,
" Merely that ſhe may take it back again."

Athenæus has reſcued a little ſtroke of raillery, which is ludicrous enough—

" Go to! make faſt your gates with bars and bolts;
" But never chamber door was ſhut ſo cloſe,
" But cats and cuckold-makers wou'd creep thro' it."

The following has ſome point in it, but comes ill into tranſlation, or, more properly ſpeaking, is ill tranſlated—

" Youth and old age have their reſpective humours;
" And ſon by privilege can ſay to father,
" Were you not once as young as I am now?
" Not ſo the father; he cannot demand,
" Were you not once as old as I am now?"

There is ſomething pleaſing in the following natural deſcription of a friendly welcome—

" There is a certain hoſpitable air
" In a friend's houſe, that tells me I am welcome:
" The porter opens to me with a ſmile;
" The yard dog wags his tail, the ſervant runs,
" Beats up the cuſhion, ſpreads the couch, and ſays—
" Sit down, good Sir! e'er I can ſay I'm weary."

Philippidas, the ſon of *Philocles*, was another of this illuſtrious band of contemporary and rival authors: His extreme ſenſibility was the cauſe of his death, for the ſudden tranſport, occaſioned by the unexpected ſucceſs of one of his comedies, put a period to his life; the poet however was at this time very aged. Donatus informs us that Philippidas was in the higheſt favour with *Lyſimachus*, to whom he recommended himſelf not by the common modes of flattery, but by his amiable and virtuous qualities; the intereſt he had with Lyſimachus he ever employed to the moſt honourable purpoſes, and thereby diſpoſed him to confer many great and uſeful favours upon the people of Athens: So highly did his princely patron eſteem this venerable man, that whenever he ſet out upon any expedition, and chanced upon Philippidas is his way, he ac-

counted it as the happieſt prognoſtic of good fortune.—"What is there," ſaid Lyſimachus to him upon a certain occaſion, "which Philippi-"das would wiſh I ſhould impart to him?"—"Any thing," replied the poet, "but your "ſecrets."

Poſidippus, with whom I ſhall conclude, was a Macedonian, born at Caſſandria and the ſon of *Cyniſcus*. Abundant teſtimonies are to be found in the old grammarians of the celebrity of this poet; few fragments of his comedies have deſcended to us, and the titles only of twelve. He may be reckoned the laſt of the comic poets, as it was not till three years after the death of Menander that he began to write for the Athenian ſtage, and poſterior to him I know of no author, who has bequeathed even his name to poſterity: Here then concludes the hiſtory of the Greek ſtage; below this period it is in vain to ſearch for genius worth recording; Grecian literature and Grecian liberty expired together; a ſucceſſion of ſophiſts, pædagogues and grammarians filled the poſts of thoſe illuſtrious wits, whoſe ſpirit, foſtered by freedom, ſoared to ſuch heights as left the Roman poets little elſe except the ſecondary fame of imitation.

I have now fulfilled what I may be allowed to

call my literary engagements; in the courſe of which I have expended no ſmall pains and attention in dragging from obſcurity relicks buried in the rubbiſh of the darker ages, when the whole world ſeemed to conſpire againſt Genius; when learning had degenerated into ſophiſm, and religion was made a theme of metaphyſical ſubtelty, ſerving, as it ſhould ſeem, no other purpoſe but to puzzle and confound, to inflame the paſſions and to perplex the head. Then it was, the fathers of the church, in whoſe hands theſe authors were, held it a point of conſcience to deſtroy the idols of the ſtage, as they had already deſtroyed the idols of the temple, and to bury heathen wit in the ſame grave with heathen ſuperſtition; their poets and their gods were to be exterminated alike. To the more enlightened taſte, or rather perhaps to the lucky partiality, of *Chryſoſtom* alone we owe the preſervation of *Ariſtophanes*. Continually engaged in argumentative and controverſial writings there were ſome, who occaſionally condeſcended to quote a paſſage, as it ſerved their purpoſe, from theſe proſcribed comedies, either to help out their wits or illuſtrate their meaning; and theſe ſcraps and ſplinters being ſwept together by ſome few patient collectors, who had charity enough

to

to work upon the wreck, poſterity hath been put into poſſeſſion of theſe gleanings of the comic ſtage of Athens in addition to the more entire and ineſtimable remains of *Ariſtophanes*. It has been my taſk (and I believe it is the firſt of the ſort attempted in our language) to avail myſelf of theſe friendly guides for making ſomething like a regular detail of the names, characters and productions of theſe loſt, but once illuſtrious, poets, and to give to the public ſuch as I conceived to be the beſt of their fragments in an Engliſh tranſlation. This part of my general undertaking being heavier than all the reſt to myſelf, I was much afraid it would have proved ſo to my readers alſo; but their candid reception of theſe papers in particular, and the encouraging voice of my profeſt reviewers, have baniſhed that anxiety from my mind, and enabled me to proceed with chearfulneſs to the end.

There is one part however of theſe papers, in which I conceive I have been miſunderſtood as having carried my attack againſt the moral doctrines of Socrates, and of this I am intereſted to exculpate myſelf; My ſubject led me to refer to certain anecdotes unfavourable to his private character, but I ſtudiouſly marked thoſe paſſages by obſerving that there was no deſign to glance

at his moral doctrines, and at the ſame time quoted the authorities upon which thoſe anecdotes reſt; when any ſcholar will convince me theſe were futile and malicious tales, I will retract all credit in them and thank him for the conviction: As for the purity of Socrates's doctrine I never attempted to impeach it; of the purity of his character I muſt continue to think there is much cauſe to doubt. The learned *Biſhop Sherlock* in his fourth diſcourſe may be referred to upon this ſubject: He there ſays *that the corrupt example of Socrates was a dead weight upon the purity of his doctrine, and tended to perpetuate ſuperſtition in the world*— Though I am aware that the *corrupt example* here alluded to reſpects his religious practice, yet ſurely if the preacher of Chriſtianity was intereſted to ſhew the *corrupt example* of *Socrates* in this light, the friend of Chriſtianity may be allowed to repreſent it in another point of view, and by fair authorities to exhibit what the heathens themſelves have reported of this famous philoſopher, whoſe moral purity is by ſome taken merely upon truſt, by others deſignedly extolled to the ſkies for the ſake of oppoſing character to character, and by an audacious compariſon with Chriſt diſparaging the Divinity of the World's Redeemer. I ſhould

expect

expect then, that as far as truth and good authorities warrant, I am as free to diſcuſs the private vices and impurities of *Socrates*, as thoſe of *Mahomet*, which the learned prelate abovementioned moſt eloquently diſplays in his parallel between Chriſt and that Impoſtor: The Deiſt will perhaps be much intereſted to ſupport his favourite philoſopher, and will care little for the prophet; The modern Platoniſt, who is ingenious to erect a new ſyſtem of natural religion out of the ruins of heathen idolatry, may be zealous to defend the founder of his faith, and his anger I muſt ſubmit to incur; but it is not quite ſo eaſy to bear the reproof of friends, from whom I have not deſerved it, and in whoſe ſervice I have drawn that anger upon myſelf.

As for my defence of *Ariſtophanes* againſt the groundleſs charge of having taken bribes from the enemies of *Socrates* to attack him for the purpoſe of paving the way to his public trial, that I obſerve hath been on all hands admitted; for in truth the facts and dates on which it turns, cannot be conteſted; they are deciſive for his exculpation.

N°

N° CXLI.

Nunc quam rem vitio dent quæſo animum advertite.
(TERENT.)

EASY as it has been to clear *Ariſtophanes* from the charge of conſpiring againſt the life of *Socrates*, he would be a hardy advocate, who ſhould attempt to defend his perſonal attack upon that philoſopher in his comedy of *The Clouds*. The outcry has been kept up for ſo many ages, that now to combat it would be a taſk indeed; there are ſo many, who join in it, without having examined into the merits of the caſe, and an appeal to the practice of the ſtage in thoſe times as likewiſe to the comedy itſelf would affect ſo few amongſt the many, who pretend to pronounce upon the offence, that the man, who undertook to ſoften general prejudices, muſt undertake to tranſlate *The Clouds*; and to tranſfuſe the original ſpirit of ſuch a compoſition into a modern language would be no eaſy work.

An attempt however to give my Engliſh readers ſome idea of the opening ſcenes of this famous comedy ſo far as goes to the introduction

of

of the philoſopher upon the ſtage, and the obnoxious incident of *the baſket*, will I hope be neither thought preſumptuous or diſpleaſing: It will at leaſt diſcloſe ſomething of the character and deſign of the piece, and may in future tempt an abler hand to execute the whole, and give it to the public.

" At the opening of this comedy *Strepſiades*, " (the father of the Prodigal) is diſcovered ſit- " ting at his deſk with a number of bills and " papers before him, in deep meditation, whilſt " *Phidippides* his ſon is ſleeping on his bed in " the ſame chamber—The time before break of " day—*Strepſiades*, ſtarting from his ſeat, breaks " forth into the following exclamation"—

STREPSIADES.

" Ah me, Ah me! what an eternal night!
" O Kingly Jove, ſhall the day never dawn?
" And yet the cock ſung out long long ago;
" I heard him, I—But my ſlaves lie and ſnore,
" Snore in defiance; for the raſcals know
" It is their privilege in time of war,
" Which with its other plagues bring this upon us,
" That we mayn't rouſe theſe vermin with a cudgel.
" There's my young Hopeful too—He ſleeps it
" through,
" Snug under five fat blankets at the leaſt:
" Wou'd I cou'd ſleep as ſound! But my poor eyes
" Have no ſleep in them; what with debts and duns

" And

" And ſtable keepers bills, which this fine ſpark
" Heaps on my back I lie awake all night.
" And what cares he but to coil up his locks,
" Ride, drive his horſes, dream of 'em all night,
" Whilſt I, poor devil, may go hang?—For now
" The ſettling day of term comes on apace,
" And my uſurious creditors are gaping—
—" What hoa! a light there, boy! bring me my
" tablets, *(Boy enters.)*
" That I may ſet down all and ſum them up,
" Debts, creditors and intereſt upon intereſt—
(Boy gives him the tablets.)
" Let me ſee where I am, and what the total—
" Put down twelve pounds, twelve ſtandard pounds to
Paſias—
" Out on it, and for what? A horſe, a horſe;
" Right noble by the mark—Curſe on ſuch marks!
" Wou'd I had giv'n this eye from out this head!
" E'er I had paid the purchaſe of this jennet.

(PHIDDIPPIDES, *talking in his ſleep.*)

" *Phidon*! for ſhame, keep, keep the ring!—

STREPSIADES.

" There 'tis!
" That's it—my bane. He's on his horſe's back:
" He's racing in his ſleep.

PHIDIPPIDES. (*as before.*)

" A heat, a heat—
" How many turns to a heat?

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" More than enough:
" You've given me heats in plenty: I am jaded—
" But to my liſt—What name ſtands next to *Paſias?*
" *Amynias*—three good pounds—ſtill for the race,
" A chariot for the race of the firſt rank.

PHIDIPPIDES. *(as before,)*

" Diſmount; unharneſs and away!

STREPSIADES.

" I thank you,
" You have unharneſs'd me; I am diſmounted,
" And with a vengeance; all my goods in pawn,
" Fines, forfeitures and penalties in plenty.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" My Father!—Why ſo reſtleſs; who has vext you?

STREPSIADES.

" The Sheriff vexes me; he breaks my reſt.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Peace, peace! and let me ſleep awhile.

STREPSIADES.

" Sleep on;
" But take this with you, all theſe debts of mine
" Will double on your head. A plague confound
" My evil Genius, when the crotchet took me
" To wed forſooth! that precious dam of thine.

" I liv'd

" I liv'd at eaſe i' th' country, coarſely clad,
" Rough, free and full withal as oil and honey
" And ſtore of ſtock cou'd make me, till I took,
" Clown as I was, this limb of quality,
" This vain, extravagant, high-blooded dame.
" Rare bedfellows and dainty, were we not?
" I ſmelling of the wine-vat, figs and fleeces,
" The produce of my farm—All eſſence ſhe,
" Saffron and harlot's kiſſes, feaſt and frolick,
" A pamper'd wanton—Idle I'll not call her,
" For ſhe takes pains enough to ſpend my money;
" Which made me tell her, pointing to this cloak
" Now threadbare on my ſhoulders—See, good wife,
" This is your work; in troth you labour hard.

(BOY *re-enters.*)

" Maſter! the lamp has drank up all its oil.

STREPSIADES.

" Aye, 'tis a drunken lamp—The more fault your's!
" Whelp, you ſhall howl for this!

BOY.

" Why, for what fault?

STREPSIADES.

" For cramming ſuch a greedy wick with oil.

(*exit Boy.*)

" Well! in good time this hopeful heir was born;
" Then I and my beloved fell to wrangling
" About the naming of the brat—My wife
" Wou'd dub her colt *Xanthippus*, or *Charippus*,
" Or it might be *Callipedes*, ſhe car'd not,
" So 'twere a horſe, which own'd the name—But I

" Stuck

" Stuck for his grandfather *Phidonides*.
" At laſt, when neither cou'd prevail, the matter
" Was compromis'd by calling him *Phidippides*:
" When ſhe began to fondle the ſweet babe,
" And taking him by th' hand—Lambkin, ſhe cried,
" When thou art ſome years older thou ſhalt drive
" Thy chariot to the city, rob'd in ſtate
" Like thy great anceſtor *Megacles*—No;
" Not ſo, quoth I, but thou ſhalt drive thy goats,
" When thou art able, from the fields of *Phelle*,
" Clad in a woolly jacket like thy father;
" But he is deaf to all theſe frugal rules,
" And drives me on the gallop to my ruin:
" Therefore all night I call my thoughts to council,
" And after long debate find one chance left,
" To which if I can lead him, all is ſafe;
" If not—But ſoft! 'Tis time that I ſhou'd wake him;
" But how to ſoothe him is the taſk—Phidippides!
" Precious Phidippides!—

PHIDIPPIDES.

" What now, my father?

STREPSIADES.

" Kiſs me, my boy! Reach me thine hand!

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Ah me!

" What wou'd you?

STREPSIADES.

" Tell me, Sirrah, doſt thou love me?

PHIDIPPIDES.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Aye, be content; by Neptune's ſelf I ſwear it!
" Neptune, the patron of the equeſtrian race.

STREPSIADES.

" Ah! name not him; name not that charioteer,
" That God, who is my bane; but, oh, my ſon!
" If thou indeed doſt love, hear and obey me.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" In what muſt I obey?

STREPSIADES.

" Reform your habits,
" And what I dictate, do!

PHIDIPPIDES.

" What do you dictate?

STREPSIADES.

" But will you do't?

PHIDIPPIDES.

" I will, ſo help me, Bacchus!

STREPSIADES.

" 'Tis well; get up! come hither, boy! Look out—
" Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—
" Doſt thou not ſee them?

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Yes, I do: What then?

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" Why, that's the council-chamber of all wiſdom;
" There the great ſophiſts meet and teach the world,
" That heav'n's high firmament is one vaſt oven,
" And men it's burning embers: Theſe are they,
" Who can teach pleaders how to twiſt a cauſe,
" So you'll but pay them for it, right or wrong.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" But how do you call 'em?

STREPSIADES.

" Troth, I know not that:
" But they are men, who take a world of pains,
" Wond'rous good men and able.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Out upon 'em!
" Poor rogues! I know 'em now; you mean thoſe ſcabs,
" Thoſe ſqualid, barefoot, beggarly enthuſiaſts,
" The mighty Cacodæmons of whoſe ſect
" Are *Socrates* and *Chærephon*—Away!

STREPSIADES.

" Huſh, huſh, be ſtill! don't vent ſuch fooliſh prattle;
" But, if you'll take my counſel, join their college
" And quit your riding-ſchool.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Not I, by Bacchus!
" No; not for all *Leogaras*'s ſtud.

STREPSIADES.

" Come, my dear boy, my darling lad, conſent;
" I prythee do, and learn!

PHIDIPPIDES.

" What ſhall I learn?

STREPSIADES.

" They have a choice of logic; this for juſtice,
" That for injuſtice—learn this uſeful art,
" And all theſe creditors, that now beſet me,
" Shall never touch a drachm that I owe them.

PHIDIPPIDES.

" I'll learn of no ſuch maſters, nor be made
" An object of contempt to all my colleagues.

STREPSIADES.

" Out of my doors then! You and your fine cattle
" Shall feed no more at my coſt; ſo begone!
" To the crows I bequeath you—

PHIDIPPIDES.

" Do your worſt!
" I'll to my uncle, to my noble uncle:
" He'll ſcorn to ſee his nephew walk on foot:
" To him I go: I'll trouble you no more. (*exit.*)

(STREPSIADES *alone.*)

" He has thrown me to the ground, but I'll not
" there:
" I'll up, and with permiſſion of the Gods
" Try if I cannot learn theſe arts myſelf:
" But being old, ſluggiſh and dull of wit,

" Ho

" How am I ſure theſe ſubtilties won't poſe me?
" Well, I'll attempt it: What avails complaint?
" Why don't I knock and enter?—Hoa! within there!

(Knocks violently at Socrates's door, a diſciple calls out from within.)

DISCIPLE.

" Go hang yourſelf, and give the crows a dinner!
" What noiſy fellow art thou at the door?

STREPSIADES.

" Strepſiades of *Cicynna*, ſon of *Phidon*.

DISCIPLE.

" You're mad methinks to kick up ſuch a riot;
" Battering the door, you've batter'd out my brains
" Juſt in the very criſis of projection.

(Comes from the houſe.)

STREPSIADES.

" Excuſe my ignorance; I'm country-bred:
" But tell me what rare thought your brains were
" hatching.

DISCIPLE.

" That were not lawful to reveal to ſtrangers.

STREPSIADES.

" Speak boldly then as to a fellow ſtudent;
" For therefore am I come.

DISCIPLE.

" Then I will ſpeak;
" But ſet it down amongſt our myſteries—

" It is a queſtion put to *Chærephon*
" By our great maſter *Socrates* to anſwer—
" How many of his own lengths at one ſpring
" A flea can hop—for we did ſee one vault
" From *Chærephon*'s black eyebrow to the head
" Of the philoſopher.

STREPSIADES.

" And how did t'other
" Contrive to meaſure this?

DISCIPLE.

" Moſt accurately:
" He dipt the inſect's feet in melted wax,
" Which, hardening into ſandals as it cool'd,
" Gave him the ſpace by rule infallible.

STREPSIADES.

" O Jupiter, what ſubtilty of thought!

DISCIPLE.

" But there's a greater queſtion yet behind—
" What wou'd you ſay to that?

STREPSIADES.

" Tell it, I pray you.

DISCIPLE.

" 'Twas put to Socrates, if he could ſay,
" When a gnat humm'd, whether the ſound did iſſue
" From mouth or tail—

STREPSIADES.

" Aye, marry, what ſaid he?

DISCIPLE.

DISCIPLE.

" He ſaid your gnat doth blow his trumpet backwards
" From a ſonorous cavity within him;
" Which, being fill'd with breath and forc'd along
" The narrow pipe, or rectum of his body,
" Doth vent itſelf in a loud hum behind.

STREPSIADES.

" Hah! then I ſee the podex of your gnat
" Is trumpet faſhion'd—Oh! the bleſſings on him
" For this diſcovery! well may he eſcape
" The law's ſtrict ſcrutiny, who thus developes
" Th' anatomy of a gnat.

DISCIPLE.

" Nor is this all;
" Another great experiment was marr'd
" By a curſt cat—

STREPSIADES.

" As how, good ſir? diſcuſs.

DISCIPLE.

" One night as he was gazing at the moon,
" Curious and all intent upon it's motions,
" A cat on the houſe-ridge was at her needs,
" And ſquirted in his face.

STREPSIADES.

" Beſhrew her for it!
" Yet I muſt laugh no leſs.

DISCIPLE.

" Sir, you ſhall know
" We had no ſupper yeſternight—

STREPSIADES.

" How ſo?
" What was your maſter doing?

DISCIPLE.

" Sifting aſhes
" Upon the board, then with a little broach,
" Crook'd for the nonce, pretending to deſcribe
" A circle, neatly filch'd away a cloak.

STREPSIADES.

" Why talk we then of Thales? Open to me,
" Open the ſchool and let me ſee your maſter:
" I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!
(The ſchool is open'd.)
" O Hercules, defend me! Who are theſe?
" What kind of cattle have we here in view?

DISCIPLE.

" Where is the wonder? What do they reſemble?

STREPSIADES.

" Methinks they're like our Spartan priſoners,
" Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in ſearch of?
" Why are their eyes ſo rooted in the ground?

DISCIPLE.

" Their ſtudies lie that way.

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" Oh! 'tis for onions

" They are in queſt—Come, lads, give o'er your ſearch;
" I'll ſhew you what you want, a noble plat,
" All round and ſound—But ſoft! what mean thoſe
" gentry,
" Who dip their heads ſo low?

DISCIPLE.

" Marry, becauſe

" Their ſtudies lie ſo deep; they are now diving
" To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.

STREPSIADES.

" And why are all their cruppers mounted up?

DISCIPLE.

" To practiſe them in ſtar-gazing, and teach them
" Their proper elevations—But no more:
" Come, fellow ſtudents, let us hence or e'er
" The maſter comes—

STREPSIADES.

" Nay, prythee let them ſtay,

" And be of council with me in my buſineſs.

DISCIPLE.

" Impoſſible; they cannot give the time.

STREPSIADES.

" Now, for the love of Heaven, what have we here?
" Explain their uſes to me.
(Obſerving the apparatus.)

DISCIPLE.

" This machine
" Is for Aſtronomy—

STREPSIADES.

" And this—?

DISCIPLE.

" For Geometry.

STREPSIADES.

" As how?

DISCIPLE.

" For meaſuring the Earth.

STREPSIADES.

" Indeed!
" What, by the lot?

DISCIPLE.

" No, faith, ſir, by the lump;
" Ev'n the whole world at once

STREPSIADES.

" Well ſaid, in troth!
" A quaint device, and made for general uſe.

DISCIPLE.

DISCIPLE.

" Look now! this line marks the circumference
" Of the whole globe, d'ye ſee—This ſpot is Athens.

STREPSIADES.

" Athens! Go to; I ſee no courts of law;
" Therefore I'll not believe you.

DISCIPLE.

" Nay, in truth,
" This very ſpot is Attica.

STREPSIADES.

" And where,
" Where is my own Cicynna?

DISCIPLE.

" Here it lies;
" And this Eubœa; mark how far it runs!—

STREPSIADES.

" How far it runs! Yes, Pericles has made it
" Join far enough from us: Where's Lacedæmon?

DISCIPLE.

" Here, cloſe to Athens.

STREPSIADES.

" Ah! how much too cloſe!
" Prythee, good friends, take that bad neighbour from
" us.

DISCIPLE.

DISCIPLE.

" That's not for us to do.

STREPSIADES.

" Then woe betide you!
" But look! who's this ſuſpended in a baſket?
(Socrates is diſcovered.)

DISCIPLE.

" This, this is he.

STREPSIADES.

" What he?

DISCIPLE.

" Why Socrates.

STREPSIADES.

" Hah! Socrates?—Make up to him and roar:
" Bid him come down: Roar luſtily!

DISCIPLE.

" Not I;
" Do it yourſelf: I've other things to mind. *(exit.)*

STREPSIADES.

" Hoa! Socrates—What hoa! my little Socrates!

SOCRATES.

" Mortal, how now! Thou inſect of a day,
" What would'ſt thou?

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" I would know what thou art doing.

SOCRATES.

" Treading the air; contemplating the ſun.

STREPSIADES.

" Ah! then I ſee you're baſketed ſo high,
" That you look down upon the Gods; on Earth
" Good hope you'll lower a peg.

SOCRATES.

" Sublime in air,
" Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me;
" It's cogitations all aſſimilated
" To the pure atmoſphere in which I float:
" Lower me to Earth, and my mind's ſubtle powers,
" Seiz'd by contagious dulneſs, loſe their ſpirit:
" For the dry Earth drinks up the generous ſap,
" The vegetating vigor of philoſophy,
" And leaves it a mere huſk.

STREPSIADES.

" What do you ſay?
" Philoſophy has ſapt your vigor?—Fie upon it!
" But come, my precious fellow, come down quickly,
" And teach me thoſe fine things I'm here in queſt of.

SOCRATES.

" And what fine things are they?

(Socrates deſcends on the ſtage.)

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" A new receipt
" For fending off my creditors, and foiling them
" By the art logical; for you ſhall know
" By debts, pawns, pledges, uſuries, executions
" I am rackt and rent in tatters.

SOCRATES.

" Why permit it?
" What ſtrange infatuation ſeiz'd your ſenſes?

STREPSIADES.

" The horſe-conſumption, a voracious plague:
" But ſo you'll enter me amongſt your ſcholars,
" And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,
" Name your own price, and by the Gods I ſwear
" I'll pay you the laſt drachm.

SOCRATES.

" By what Gods?
" Anſwer that firſt; for your Gods are not mine.

STREPSIADES.

" How ſwear you then? as the Byzantians ſwear,
" By your baſe iron coin?

SOCRATES.

" Will you have patience,
" Whilſt I expound to you the myſteries
" Of theſe celeſtial matters?

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" Yea, by Jove,
" And ſo I will—but let them be celeſtial,

SOCRATES.

" What, if I bring you to a conference
" With my own proper Goddeſſes, *the Clouds?*

STREPSIADES.

" By all means, and moſt welcome.

SOCRATES.

" Come, ſit down;
" Sit down upon this dinner-couch.

STREPSIADES.

" Tis done.

SOCRATES.

" Now take this chaplet: Wear it!

STREPSIADES.

" Why this chaplet?
" Would'ſt make of me another Athamas,
" And ſacrifice me to a Cloud?

SOCRATES.

" Fear nothing;
" It is a ceremony indiſpenſible
" At all initiations.

STREPSIADES.

STREPSIADES.

" What to gain?

SOCRATES.

" 'Twill ſift your faculties as fine as powder;
" Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as duſt:
" Only be patient.

STREPSIADES.

" Marry, you'll go near
" To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,
" You'll make me very duſt and nothing elſe.

SOCRATES *(anapæſtic.)*

" Keep ſilence then, and liſten to a prayer,
" Which fits the gravity of age to hear.
" Oh, air! all-powerful air! which doſt enfold
" This pendant globe; thou vault of flaming gold!
" Ye Clouds, in whoſe dark womb the thunders roll,
" Bright Clouds, inſpire and raiſe your ſuppliant's ſoul!

STREPSIADES.

" Hold, keep them off awhile till I am ready:
" Ah! luckleſs me, wou'd I had brought my cloak,
" And ſo eſcap'd a ſoaking.—

SOCRATES.

" Peace—Approach,
" Fly ſwift, ye Clouds, and give yourſelves to view!
" Whether on high Olympus ſacred top
" Snow-crown'd ye ſit, or in the azure vales

" Of

" Of your own father Ocean ſporting weave
" Your miſty dance, or dip your golden urns
" In the ſeven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
" On Thracian Mimas, or Mæotis lake,
" Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

(CHORUS *of Clouds.*)

" Come, ye bright Clouds, aſcend on high;
" Daughters of Ocean, climb the ſky!
" And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
" Tow'ring your fleecy mantle throw:
" Thence we may ſcan the wide-ſtretcht ſcene,
" Groves, lawns and rilling ſtreams between,
" And ſtormy Neptune's vaſt expanſe,
" And graſp all Nature at a glance:
" Now the dark tempeſt flits away,
" And ſee! the glittering orb of day
" Darts forth his clear ætherial beam;
" Come, let us ſnatch the joyous gleam."

SOCRATES.

" Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,
" I hail you now propitious to my prayer!
" Did'ſt thou not hear them ſpeak in thunder to me?

STREPSIADES.

" And I too, I'm your Cloudſhips moſt devoted,
" And under ſufferance trump againſt your thunder:
" Nay, take it how you may, my frights and fears
" Have pincht and cholickt my poor bowels ſo,

" That

" That I can't chuſe but treat your holy noſtrils
" With an unſavory ſacrifice.

SOCRATES.

" Forbear
" Theſe groſs ſcurrilities for low buffoons
" And mountebanks more fitting—Huſh, be ſtill!
" Liſt to the Chorus of their heavenly voices,
" For muſic is the language they delight in.

(CHORUS *of Clouds.*)

" Ye Clouds, replete with fruitful ſhowers,
" Here let us ſeek Minerva's towers,
" The cradle of old Cecrops race,
" The world's chief ornament and grace:
" Here myſtic fanes and rites divine
" And lamps in ſacred ſplendor ſhine;
" Here the Gods dwell in marble domes,
" And feaſt on coſtly hecatombs,
" That round their votive ſtatues blaze,
" Whilſt crowded temples ring with praiſe;
" And pompous ſacrifices here
" Make holidays throughout the year;
" And when gay ſpring-time comes again,
" Bromius convokes his ſportive train,
" And pipe, and ſong and choral dance
" Hail the ſoft hours as they advance."

STREPSIADES.

" I prythee for the love of Heaven, good Socrates,

" Who

" Who are theſe ranting queans, that talk in ſtilts?
" Dames of high quality no doubt.—

SOCRATES.

" Not ſo:
" No dames, but Clouds celeſtial, friendly powers
" To men of ſluggiſh parts; from theſe we draw
" Senſe, apprehenſion, volubility,
" To ſtrike, dilate, ſurprize and ſeize the ſoul.

STREPSIADES.

" Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt within me
" For very ſympathy, when firſt I heard 'em.
" Now could I prattle ſhrewdly of firſt cauſes,
" And ſpin out metaphyſic cobwebs finely,
" And dogmatize moſt rarely, and diſpute
" And paradox it with the beſt of you;
" So, come what may, I muſt and will behold 'em:
" Shew me their faces I conjure you.

SOCRATES.

" Look!
" Look where I point! there, there, towards mount *Parnes:*
" Now they deſcend the hill; I ſee them plainly
" As plain can be.

STREPSIADES.

" Where, where? I prythee ſhew me!

SOCRATES.

" Here! a whole troop of them, thro' woods and hollows,
" A bye-road of their own.

STREPSIADES.

" What ails my eyes,
" That I can't catch a glimpse of them?

SOCRATES.

" Behold!
" Here, at the very entrance,

STREPSIADES.

" Never trust me,
" If yet I see them clearly.

SOCRATES.

" Then you must be,
" Sand-blind, or worse.

STREPSIADES.

" Nay, now by father Jove,
" I cannot chuse but see them—precious creatures!
" For in good faith there's plenty and to spare.

(Chorus enters).

SOCRATES.

" And did you doubt if they were Goddesses?

STREPSIADES.

" Not I, so help me! only I had a notion
" That they were clouds and dew and darksome vapors.

SOCRATES.

" For shame! Why, man, these are the nursing mothers
" Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,
" Quacks, medicine-mongers, fops of the first fashion,
" Ballet-

" Ballet-projectors, fingers in *Capricio*
" And wonder-making cheats—a gang of idlers,
" Who pay them for their feeding with good ſtore
" Of flattery and mouth-worſhip.

STREPSIADES.

" Now I ſee
" Whom they may thank for driving them along
" At ſuch a furious pace, tricking them out
" In many-colour'd dyes; now rouſing them
" In ſtorms and hurricanes about our ears;
" Now ſwiftly wafting them adown the ſky,
" Moiſt, airy, bending, burſting into ſhowers:
" For all which fine deſcriptions the poor rogues
" Dine daintily on ſcraps.

SOCRATES.

" And well rewarded:
" What better do they merit?

STREPSIADES.

" Under favour,
" If theſe be clouds, do you mark me? very clouds,
" How came they metamorphos'd into women?
" Clouds are not ſuch as theſe.

SOCRATES.

" And what elſe are they?

STREPSIADES.

" Troth, I can't rightly tell, but I ſhould gueſs
" Something like flakes of wool; not women, ſure:
" And look! theſe dames have noſes.

SOCRATES.

" Hark ye, friend!
" I'll put a queſtion to you.——

STREPSIADES.

" Out with it!
" Be quick; let's have it—Humph!

SOCRATES.

" This then in ſhort:
" Have you ne'er ſeen a Cloud, which you could fancy
" Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, bull or wolf?

STREPSIADES.

" Yes, marry have I, and what then?

SOCRATES.

" Why then,
" Clouds can aſſume what ſhapes they will, believe me:
" For inſtance, ſhould they ſpy ſome hairy clown,
" Rugged and rough, and like the unlickt cub
" Of *Xenophantes*, ſtrait they turn to centaurs,
" And kick at him for vengeance.

STREPSIADES.

" Well done, Clouds!
" But ſhould they meet that peculating knave
" *Simon*, that public thief—How would they treat him?

SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

" As wolves—in character moſt like his own,

STREPSIADES.

" Aye, there it is now, when they ſpied *Cleonymus*,
" That daſtard run-away, they turn'd to hinds
" In honor of his cowardice.

SOCRATES.

" And now,
" Having ſeen *Cliſthenes*, to mock his lewdneſs,
" They change themſelves to women.

STREPSIADES.

" Welcome, Ladies! *(to the Chorus)*.
" And now, ſo pleaſe your majeſties to indulge me,
" Give us a touch of your celeſtial voices."—

TANTUM.

N° CXLII.

NICOLAS Pedroſa, a buſy little being, who followed the trades of ſhaver, ſurgeon and man-midwife in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his ſhop in the

Plazuela de los Affligidos, and puſhed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a preſſing occaſion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain in certain caſes do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain deſcription, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was reſolved not to loſe an inch of his way, nor of his mule's beſt ſpeed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid ſtrait forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads moſt familiar and agreeable to herſelf, and accordingly began to diſpute the point of topography with Nicolas by fixing her fore feet reſolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the ſame time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiouſly into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedroſa, who was armed at heel with one maſſy ſilver ſpur of ſtout, though antient, workmanſhip, reſolutely applied the ruſty rowel to the ſhoulder of his beaſt, driving it with all the good will in the world to the very hilts, and at the ſame time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his

right

right arm, and ſlinging the ſkirt over the left ſhoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a ſtout aſhen ſapling upon the ears, poſe and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flaſhed from a pair of Andaluſian eyes, as black as charcoal and not leſs inflammable, and taking the ſegara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his noſtrils in a ſharp winter's evening by the way, raiſed ſuch a thundering troop of angels, ſaints and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own nameſake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curſes could have made the mule to go, the diſpute would have been ſoon ended, but not a ſaint could make her ſtir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a ſtand. A ſmall troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the hoſt to a dying man.—"Nicolas "Pedroſa," ſays an old friar, "be patient with "your beaſt and ſpare your blaſphemies; re- "member Balaam."—"Ah father," replied Pedroſa, "Balaam cudgelled his beaſt till ſhe ſpoke, "ſo will I mine till ſhe roars."—"Fie, fie, pro- "phane fellow," cries another of the fraternity. "Go about your work, friend," quoth Nicolas, "and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the "more preſſing of the two; your patient is

" going out of the world, mine is coming into " it."—" Hear him," cries a third, " hear the " vile wretch, how he blaſphemes the body of " God."—And then the troop paſſed ſlowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man muſt know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a paſſion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no ſooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the ſympathetic organs of Pedroſa's beaſt, than boulting forward with a ſudden ſpring ſhe ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on ſome and ſhouldering others at a moſt profane rate; when Nicolas availing himſelf of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away and was out of ſight in a moment. " All the devils in hell " blow fire into thy tail, thou beaſt of Baby- " lon," muttered Nicolas to himſelf, as he ſcampered along, never once looking behind him or ſtopping to apologize for the miſchief he had done to the bare feet and ſhirtleſs ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas ſaved his diſtance, as likewiſe, if he did, whether it was a male or female Caſtilian he uſhered into the world, we ſhall not juſt now enquire, contented to await his return in the firſt of the morning next day, when he had no

ſooner

ſooner diſmounted at his ſhop and delivered his mule to a ſturdy Arragoneſe wench, when Don Ignacio de Sa[illegible]os Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the ſupreme and general inquiſition, put an order into his hand, ſigned and ſealed by the inquiſidor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Caſa, whoſe formidable door preſents itſelf in the ſtreet adjoining to the ſquare, in which Nicolas's brazen baſin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint and with a face as yellow as ſaffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and croſſed himſel. moſt devoutly; as ſoon as he had aſcended the firſt flight of ſtairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that ſhut him in. He was led through paſſages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his ſolitary meditations. Hapleſs being! what a ſcene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andaluſian and like his countrymen of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the reſources of his invention for ſome happy fetch, if any ſuch might occur, for helping him out of the diſmal

limbo

limbo he was in: He was not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune; his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: There was however another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—He was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it: He now began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the blessed virgin, two Agnus Dei's, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino and a formidable string of beads all pendant from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, squirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him,—"and let him make the most of them," said he to himself, "they can never prove me an "Israelite by a case of razors."—Upon a closer rummage however he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de

Casafonda

Cafafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed—"Well, well," cried he, "let it paſs; "there can be no myſtery in this harmleſs "ſcrawl; a letter of advice to ſome friend or "relation, I'll not break the ſeal; let the fathers "read it, if they like, 'twill prove the truth of "my depoſition, and help out my excuſe for the "hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate ad-"venture of my damned refractory mule."—And now no ſooner had the recollection of the wayward mule croſſed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedroſa, than he began to blaſt her at a furious rate—"The ſcratches and the ſcab to boot con-"found thy ſcurvy hide," quoth he, "thou "aſs-begotten baſtard, whom Noah never let "into his ark! The vengeance take thee for an "uncreated barren beaſt of promiſcuous gene-"ration! What devil's crotchet got into thy "capricious noddle, that thou ſhouldſt fall in "love with that Nazaritiſh bell, and run bellow-"ing like Lucifer into the midſt of thoſe bare-"footed vermin, who are more malicious and "more greedy than the locuſts of Egypt? Oh! "that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure "thee into this dungeon in my ſtead; but I "warrant thou art chewing thy barley ſtraw "without any pity for thy wretched maſter,

"whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily "to the tormentors, to be ſport of theſe uncir- "cumciſed ſons of Dagon." And now the cell door opened, when a ſavage figure entered carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedroſa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, whilſt he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blaſphemer.— "Jeſu-Maria," quoth Pedroſa, "is all this "fallen upon me for only cudgelling a reſtive "mule?" "Aye," cried the demon, "and this "is only a taſte of what is to come," at the ſame time ſlipping his pincers from the ſcrew he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of fleſh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilſt he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a juſt reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth, till he broke it in his jaw. "Ah, for the love of Heaven," cried Pedroſa, "have more pity on me; for the ſake of "Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, "be not ſo unmerciful to a poor barber-ſurgeon, "and I will ſhave your worſhip's beard for no- "thing as long as I have life." One of the meſſengers of the auditory now came in, and bade

bade the fellow ſtrike off the priſoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. "This is ſome-"thing extraordinary," quoth the tormentor, "I ſhould not have expected it this twelvemonth "to come." Pedroſa's fetters were ſtruck off; ſome brandy was applied to ſtaunch the bleeding of his cheeks; his hands and face were waſhed, and a ſhort jacket of coarſe ticking thrown over him, and the meſſenger with an aſſiſtant taking him each under an arm led him into a ſpacious chamber, where at the head of a long table ſate his excellency the inquiſidor general with ſix of his aſſeſſors, three on each ſide the chair of ſtate: The alguazil mayor, a ſecretary and two notaries with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places.

The priſoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the meſſengers, who brought him in, and having made his obeiſance to the awful preſence in the moſt ſupplicating manner, he was called upon according to the uſual form of queſtions by one of the junior judges to declare his name, parentage, profeſſion, age, place of abode, and to anſwer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: His excellency the inquiſidor general now opened

his

his reverend lips, and in a solemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as follows—

"Nicolas Pedrosa, we have listened to the "account you give of yourself, your business "and connections, now tell us for what offence, "or offences, you are here standing a prisoner "before us: Examine your own heart, and "speak the truth from your conscience without "prevarication or disguise." "May it please "your excellency," replied Pedrosa, "with all "due submission to your holiness and this reve-"rend assembly, my most equitable judges, I "conceive I stand here before you for no worse "a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory "mule; an animal so restive in its nature, (un-"der correction of your holiness be it spoken) "that although I were blest with the forbearance "of holy Job, (for like him too I am married "and my patience hath been exercised by a wife) "yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for "her obstinacy, and the rather because I was "summoned in the way of my profession, as I "have already made known to your most mer-"ciful ears, upon a certain crying occasion, "which would not admit of a moment's de-"lay."

"Recollect

"Recollect yourself, Nicolas," said his Excellency the inquisidor general, "was there "nothing else you did, save smiting your "beast?"

"I take saint Nicolas de Tolentino to wit-"ness," replied he, "that I know of no other "crime, for which I can be responsible at this "righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly "beast."

"Take notice, brethren," exclaimed the inquisidor, "this unholy wretch holds trampling "over friars to be no crime."

"Pardon me, holy father," replied Nicolas, "I hold it for the worst of crimes, and there-"fore willingly surrender my refractory mule to "be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale "her alive it will not be more than she de-"serves."

"Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas," cried the judge; "have a care they do not run away "with your discretion: Recollect the blasphe-"mies you uttered in the hearing of those pious "people."

"I humbly pray your excellency," answered the prisoner, "to recollect that anger is a "short madness, and I hope allowances will "be made by your holy council for words spoke

"in

" in haſte to a rebellious mule: The prophet " Balaam was thrown off his guard with a ſimple " aſs, and what is an aſs compared to a mule? " If your excellency had ſeen the lovely crea- " ture that was ſcreaming in agony till I came " to her relief, and how fine a boy I uſhered into " the world, which would have been loſt but " for my aſſiſtance, I am ſure I ſhould not be " condemned for a few haſty words ſpoke in " paſſion."

" Sirrah!" cried one of the puiſny judges, " reſpect the decency of the court."

" Produce the contents of this fellow's poc- " kets before the court," ſaid the preſident, " lay them on the table."

" Monſter," reſumed the aforeſaid puiſny judge taking up the forceps, " what is the uſe " of this diabolical machine?"

" Pleaſe your reverence," replied Pedroſa, " *aptum eſt ad extrahendos fœtus.*"—" Unnatural " wretch," again exclaimed the judge, " you " have murdered the mother."

" The Mother of God forbid," exclaimed " Pedroſa, " I believe I have a proof in my " pocket, that will acquit me of that charge;" and ſo ſaying, he tendered the letter we have be-

fore

fore made mention of: The ſecretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows:

Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

When this letter, which I ſend by Nicolas Pedroſa, ſhall reach your hands, you ſhall know that I am ſafely delivered of a lovely boy after a dangerous labour, in conſideration of which I pray you to pay to the ſaid Nicolas Pedroſa the ſum of twenty gold piſtoles, which ſum his excellency———

"Hold," cried the inquiſidor general, ſtarting haſtily from his ſeat, and ſnatching away the letter, "there is more in this than meets the eye! "Break up the court; I muſt take an examina- "tion of this priſoner in private."

N° CXLIII.

AS ſoon as the room was cleared the inquiſidor general beckoning to the priſoner to follow him, retired into a private cloſet, where throwing himſelf careleſsly into an arm chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him ſit down

upon a low ſtool by his ſide, thus accoſted him:—
" Take heart, ſenor Pedroſa, your impriſonment
" is not likely to be very tedious, for I have a
" commiſſion you muſt execute without loſs of
" time: you have too much conſideration for
" yourſelf to betray a truſt, the violation of
" which muſt involve you in inevitable ruin,
" and can in no degree attaint my character,
" which is far enough beyond the reach of ma-
" lice: Be attentive therefore to my orders;
" execute them punctually and keep my ſecret
" as you tender your own life: Doſt thou know
" the name and condition of the lady, whom
" thou haſt delivered?" Nicolas aſſured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows—" Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the
" illuſtrious Donna Leonora de Caſafonda; her
" huſband is the preſident of Quito and daily
" expected with the next arrivals from the South
" Seas; now, though meaſures have been taken
" for detaining him at the port, wherever he
" ſhall land, till he ſhall receive further or-
" ders, yet you muſt be ſenſible Donna Leo-
" nora's ſituation is ſomewhat delicate: It will
" be your buſineſs to take the ſpeedieſt meaſures
" for her recovery, but as it ſeems ſhe has had a
" dangerous and painful labour, this may be a

" work

" work of more time than could be wiſhed, un-
" leſs ſome medicines more efficacious than
" common are adminiſtered: Art thou acquaint-
" ed with any ſuch, friend Nicolas?"—" So
" pleaſe your excellency," quoth Nicolas, my
" proceſſes have been tolerably ſucceſsful; I
" have bandages and cataplaſms with oils and
" conſerves, that I have no cauſe to complain
" of; they will reſtore nature to it's proper
" ſtate in all decent time."—" Thou talkeſt
" like a fool, friend Nicolas," interrupting
him, ſaid the inquiſidor; " What telleſt thou
" me of thy ſwathings and ſwadlings? quick
" work muſt be wrought by quick medicines:
" Haſt thou none ſuch in thy botica? I'll an-
" ſwer for it thou haſt not; therefore look you,
" ſirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a
" famous chymiſt; ſee that you mix it in the
" next apozem you adminiſter to Donna Leo-
" nora; it is the moſt capital ſedative in nature;
" give her the whole of it, and let her huſband
" return when he will, depend upon it he will
" make no diſcoveries from her."—" Humph!"
quoth Nicolas within himſelf, " Well ſaid,
" inquiſidor!" He took the vial with all poſſible
reſpect, and was not wanting in profeſſions of
the moſt inviolable fidelity and ſecrecy—" No

" more words, friend Nicolas," quoth the inquiſidor, " upon that ſcore; I do not believe " thee one jot the more for all thy promiſes, " my dependance is upon thy fears and not thy " faith; I fancy thou haſt ſeen enough of this " place not to be willing to return to it once " for all."—Having ſo ſaid, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the meſſenger return his clothes inſtantly to him with all that belonged to him, and having ſlipt a purſe into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him be gone about his buſineſs and not ſee his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas boulted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar, and never checked his ſpeed till he found himſelf fairly houſed under ſhelter of his own beloved braſs baſin.—" Aha!" quoth Nicolas, " my lord inquiſidor, I ſee the " king is not likely to gain a ſubject more by " your intrigues: A pretty job you have ſet me " about; and ſo, when I have put the poor " lady to reſt with your damned ſedative, my " tongue muſt be ſtopt next to prevent its " blabbing: But I'll ſhew you I was not born " in Andaluſia for nothing." Nicolas now opened a ſecret drawer and took out a few pieces

of

of money, which in fact was his whole ſtock of caſh in the world; he loaded and primed his piſtols and carefully lodged them in the houſers of his ſaddle, he buckled to his ſide his truſty ſpada, and haſtened to capariſon his mule. "Ah, thou imp of the old one," quoth he as he entered the ſtable, "art not aſhamed to "look me in the face? But come, huſſey, thou "oweſt me a good turn methinks, ſtand by me "this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in "good caſe, and if thou wilt put thy beſt foot "foremoſt, like a faithful beaſt, thou ſhalt not "want for barley by the way." The bargain was ſoon ſtruck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment and pointing his courſe towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly ſtrides with half a dozen lofty arches over a ſtream ſcarce three feet wide, he found himſelf as completely in a deſart in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the center of Arabia petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curioſity, he did not amuſe himſelf with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida by the way; for the ſame reaſon he took a *circumbendibus* round the frontier town of Badajoz, and croſſing a little brook refreſhed his mule with the laſt draught of Spaniſh water, and

inſtantly congratulated himſelf upon entering the territory of Portugal. "Brava!" quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, "thou ſhalt have "a ſupper this night of the beſt ſieve-meat that "Eſtremadura can furniſh: We are now in a "country where the ſcattered flock of Iſrael "fold thick and fare well." He now began to chaunt the ſong of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Liſbon, he hugged himſelf in his good fortune; ſtill he recollected that the inquiſition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect ſecurity. Our adventurer had in early life acted as aſſiſtant ſurgeon in a Spaniſh frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a Britiſh man of war and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly paſſed ſome years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the Engliſh language: No ſooner then did he diſcover the Britiſh enſign flying on the poop of an Engliſh frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a viſit to the ſurgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himſelf and was entered in that capacity for a cruize againſt the French and Spaniards,

with

with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this ſecure aſylum Nicolas enjoyed the firſt happy moments he had experienced for a long time paſt, and being a lively good-humoured little fellow, and one that touched the guitar and ſung ſequidillas with a tolerable grace, he ſoon recommended himſelf to his ſhip-mates and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruize hovering on the Spaniſh coaſt, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquiſidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the preſident of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence ſeemed of importance, he availed himſelf of it by hawling into the track of the homeward-bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the maſt-head announced a ſquare-rigged veſſel in view: The ardor of a chace now ſet all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to diſcern that ſhe was a Spaniſh frigate and ſeemingly from a long voyage: Little Pedroſa, as alert as the reſt, ſtript himſelf for his work and repaired to his poſt in the cock-pit, whilſt the thunder of the guns rolled inceſſantly

overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes aſcertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas with the governor of Quito and his ſuite on board.

Pedroſa was now called upon deck and ſent on board the prize as interpreter to the firſt lieutenant, who was to take poſſeſſion of her. He found every thing in confuſion, a deck covered with the ſlain and the whole crew in conſternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general and the paſſengers without exception under the moſt horrid impreſſions of the Engliſh, and expecting to be plundered and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Caſafonda the governor, whoſe countenance beſpoke a conſtitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himſelf on a ſopha in the laſt ſtate of deſpair and given way to an effuſion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin he roſe trembling from his couch and with the moſt ſupplicating action preſented to him his ſword, and with it a caſket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered theſe ſpoils to his conqueror, whether

through

through weakneſs or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, ſhocked at the unmanly overture, caught him ſuddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedroſa, ſaid aloud—"Convince this gentleman he is fall-"en into the hands of an honourable enemy."—"Is it poſſible!" cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his ſtreaming eyes to the countenance of the Britiſh officer, ſaw humanity, valour and generous pity ſo ſtrongly charactered in his youthful features, that the conviction was irreſiſtible. "Will he not accept my ſword," cried the Spaniard? "He deſires you to wear it, till he "has the honour of preſenting you to his cap-"tain."—"Ah then he has a captain," exclaimed Don Manuel, "his ſuperior will be of "another way of thinking; tell him this caſket "contains my jewels; they are valuable; let "him preſent them as a lawful prize, which "will enrich the captor; his ſuperior will not "heſitate to take them from me."—"If they "are your excellency's private property," replied Pedroſa, "I am ordered to aſſure you, "that if your ſhip was loaded with jewels, "no Britiſh officer in the ſervice of his king "will take them at your hands; the ſhip and "effects of his Catholic Majeſty are the only

"prize

" prize of the captors; the perſonals of the " paſſengers are inviolate."—" Generous na- " tion!" exclaimed Don Manuel, " how greatly " have I wronged thee!"—The boats of the Britiſh frigate now came alongſide and part of the crew were ſhifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially aſſiſted by their conquerors. The barge ſoon after came aboard with an officer in the ſtern-ſheets, and the crew in their white ſhirts and velvet caps, to eſcort the governor and the ſhip's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her ſails to the maſt awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was ſlung over the ſide and manned for the priſoners, who were received on the gang-way by the ſecond lieutenant, whilſt perfect ſilence and the ſtricteſt diſcipline reigned in the ſhip, where all were under the decks and no inquiſitive curious eyes were ſuffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin ſtood the captain, who received them with that modeſt complaiſance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overſtrained politeneſs; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners with a heart as benevolent as it was brave: Such an addreſs ſet off with a perſon finely

finely formed and perfectly engaging could not fail to impreſs the priſoners with the moſt favourable ideas, and as Don Manuel ſpoke French fluently, he could converſe with the Britiſh captain without the help of an interpreter: As he expreſſed an impatient deſire of being admitted to his parole, that he might reviſit friends and connections, from which he had been long ſeparated, he was overjoyed to hear that the Engliſh ſhip would carry her prize into Liſbon; and that he would there be ſet on ſhore and permitted to make the beſt of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardor of the moſt impaſſioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the agony of his mind and the infirmity of his health under the dread of being longer ſeparated from an object ſo dear to his heart and on whom he doated with the fondeſt affection. The generous captor indulged him in theſe converſations, and, being a huſband himſelf, knew how to allow for all the tenderneſs of his ſenſations. "Ah, ſir," cried Don Manuel, "would to Hea-
"ven it were in my power to have the honour
"of preſenting my beloved Leonora to you on
"our landing at Liſbon—Perhaps," added he, turning to Pedroſa, who at that moment entered

the

the cabin, "this gentleman, whom I take to be "a Spaniard, may have heard the name of "Donna Leonora de Caſafonda; if he has been "at Madrid, it is poſſible he may have ſeen her; "ſhould that be the caſe he can teſtify to her "external charms; I alone can witneſs to the "exquiſite perfection of her mind."—"Senor "Don Manuel," replied Pedroſa, "I have ſeen "Donna Leonora, and your excellency is war-"ranted in all you can ſay in her praiſe; ſhe is "of incomparable beauty." Theſe words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes ſparkled with delight; the blood ruſhed into his emaciated cheeks and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: He preſſed Pedroſa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, ſaying that he had only had a caſual glance of her, as ſhe paſſed along the Pardo. The embaraſſment however which accompanied theſe anſwers did not eſcape the Engliſh captain, who ſhortly after drawing Pedroſa aſide into the ſurgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy ſituation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the ſtory as before related; nay the very vial was produced with it's contents, as put into the hands of Pedroſa by the inquiſidor.

N°

N° CXLIV.

"CAN there be ſuch villainy in man?" cried the Britiſh captain, when Pedroſa had concluded his detail; "Alas! my heart "bleeds for this unhappy huſband: aſſuredly that "monſter has deſtroyed Leonora; as for thee, "Pedroſa, whilſt the Britiſh flag flies over thy "head, neither Spain, nor Portugal, nor Inquiſitors, nor Devils ſhall annoy thee under it's "protection; but if thou ever ventureſt over "the ſide of this ſhip and raſhly ſetteſt one foot "upon Catholic ſoil, when we arrive at Liſbon, "thou art a loſt man."—"I were worſe than a "madman," replied Nicolas, "ſhould I attempt "it."—"Keep cloſe in this aſylum then," reſumed the captain, "and fear nothing: Had "it been our fate to have been captured by the "Spaniard, what would have become of thee?"—"In the worſt of extremities," replied Nicolas, "I ſhould have applied to the inquiſidor's vial; "but I confeſs I had no fears of that ſort; a "ſhip ſo commanded and ſo manned is in little "danger of being carried into a Spaniſh port."—"I hope not," ſaid the captain, "and I pro-"miſe thee thou ſhalt take thy chance in her,

"ſo

" ſo long as ſhe is afloat under my command,
" and if we live to conduct her to England, thou
" ſhalt have thy proper ſhare of prize money,
" which, if the galleon breaks up according to
" her entries, will be ſomething towards ena-
" bling thee to ſhift, and if thou art as diligent
" in thy duty, as I am perſuaded thou wilt be,
" whilſt I live thou ſhalt never want a ſeaman's
" friend."—At theſe chearing words, little Nicolas threw himſelf at the feet of his generous preſerver, and with ſtreaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raiſing him by the hand forbade him as he prized his friendſhip ever to addreſs him in that poſture any more; " Thank
" me, if you will," added he, " but thank me
" as one man ſhould another; let no knees
" bend in this ſhip but to the name of God.—
" But now," continued he, " let us turn our
" thoughts to the ſituation of our unhappy Ca-
" ſafonda; we are now drawing near to Liſbon,
" where he will look to be liberated on his pa-
" role."—" By no means let him venture into
" Spain," ſaid Pedroſa; " I am well aſſured
" there are orders to arreſt him in every port or
" frontier town, where he may preſent him-
" ſelf."—" I can well believe it," replied the captain;

captain; "his piteous caſe will require further "deliberation; in the mean time let nothing "tranſpire on your part and keep yourſelf out of "his ſight as carefully as you can."—This ſaid, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their ſeveral occupations.

As ſoon as the frigate and her prize caſt anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Caſafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promiſed parole. The painful moment was now come when an explanation of ſome ſort became unavoidable: The generous Engliſhman with a countenance expreſſive of the tendereſt pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his and ſeating him on a couch beſide him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himſelf as follows—

"Senor Don Manuel, I muſt now impart to "you an anxiety which I labour under on your "account; I have ſtrong reaſon to ſuſpect you "have enemies in your own country, who are "upon the watch to arreſt you on your landing; "when I have told you this, I expect you will "repoſe ſuch truſt in my honour and the ſincerity "of my regard for you, as not to demand a fur-"ther explanation of the particulars, on which "my intelligence is founded."—"Heaven and

"Earth," cried the aſtoniſhed Spaniard, "who "can be thoſe enemies I have to fear, and what "can I have done to deſerve them?"—"So far "I will open myſelf to you," anſwered the captain, "as to point out the principal to you, the "inquiſidor general."—"The beſt friend I have "in Spain," exclaimed the governor, "my "ſworn protector, the patron of my fortune: "He my enemy! impoſſible."—"Well, Sir," replied the captain, "if my advice does not "meet belief, I muſt ſo far exert my authority "for your ſake, as to make this ſhip your pri-"ſon, till I have waited on our miniſter at "Liſbon and made the enquiries neceſſary for "your ſafety; ſuſpend your judgment upon the "ſeeming harſhneſs of this meaſure till I return "to you again;" and at the ſame time riſing from his ſeat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving ſtrict injunctions with the firſt lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the ſhore and left the melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and ſilent meditation.

The emiſſaries of the Inquiſition having at laſt traced Pedroſa to Liſbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no ſooner turned into the

the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accoſted by a meſſenger of ſtate with a requiſition from the prime miniſter's office for the ſurrender of one Nicolas Pedroſa, a ſubject of Spain and a criminal, who had eſcaped out of the priſon of the Inquiſition in Madrid, where he ſtood charged of high crimes and miſdemeanors.—As ſoon as this requiſition was explained to our worthy captain, without condeſcending to a word in reply he called for pen and ink, and writing a ſhort order to the officer commanding on board, inſtantly diſpatched the midſhipman, who attended him, to the barge with directions to make the beſt of his way back to the frigate and deliver it to the lieutenant: Then turning to the meſſenger, he ſaid to him in a reſolute tone—"That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and "before you ſhall take him out of the ſervice of "my King, you muſt ſink his ſhip."—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded without ſtop to the houſe of the Britiſh Miniſter at the further end of the city: Here he found Pedroſa's intelligence with regard to the Governor of Quito expreſsly verified, for the order had come down even to Liſbon upon the chance of the Spaniſh frigate's taking ſhelter in that port: To this Miniſter he related the horrid tale, which

Pedroſa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel ſhould be adviſed to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their anſwer before any further diſcoveries were imparted to him reſpecting the blacker circumſtances of the caſe: In the mean time it was reſolved to keep the priſoner ſafe in his aſylum.

The generous Captain loſt no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the Britiſh Miniſter's—"This in-"deed," cried the afflicted Spaniard, "is a ſtroke "I was in no reſpect prepared for; I had fondly "perſuaded myſelf there was not in the whole em-"pire of Spain a more friendly heart than that of "the Inquiſidor's; to my beloved Leonora he had "ever ſhewn the tenderneſs of a paternal affec-"tion from her very childhood; by him our hands "were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial "benediction, and through his favour I was "promoted to my government: Grant, Hea-"ven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora! "ſurely ſhe cannot have offended him and for-"feited his favour."—"As I know him not," replied the Captain, "I can form no judg-

" ment of his motives; but this I know, that if " a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fitteſt " ſchool to learn it in, muſt be the Inquiſition." The propoſal was now ſuggeſted of ſending letters into Spain, and the Governor retired to his deſk for the purpoſe of writing them; in the afternoon of the ſame day the Miniſter paid a viſit to the Captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promiſed to get it forwarded by a ſafe conveyance according to direction.

In due courſe of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible tranſaction to the wretched huſband:—

The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poiſon, traces theſe few trembling lines to an injured wretched huſband. If thou haſt any pity for my parting ſpirit fly the ruin that awaits thee and avoid this ſcene of villainy and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monſter, whoſe poiſon runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithleſs Leonora; had I ſtrength to relate to thee the ſubtle machinations, which betrayed me to diſgrace, thou wouldſt pity and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name?—The Inquiſidor is my murderer—My pen falls from my hand—Farewell for ever.

Had a ſhot paſſed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have ſtopt its motions, than the peruſal of this fatal writing: He dropped lifeleſs on the couch, and but for the care and aſſiſtance of the Captain and Pedroſa in that poſture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be deſcribed by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 'twas ſuffocating, ſilent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pauſe in our narration, and attend upon the mournful widower now landing upon Engliſh ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preſerver to the houſe of a noble Earl, the father of our amiable Captain and a man by his virtues ſtill more conſpicuous than by his rank. Here amidſt the gentle ſolicitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the moſt enchanting ſpots on earth, in a climate moſt ſalubrious and reſtorative to a conſtitution exhauſted by heat and a heart near broken with ſorrow, the reviving ſpirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the firſt ſymptoms of a poſſible recovery. At the period of a few tranquillizing weeks here paſſed in the boſom of humanity, letters came to hand from the Britiſh Miniſter at Liſbon, in anſwer to a memorial, that I ſhould have ſtated to have been

been drawn up by the friendly Captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts depoſed and ſworn to by Nicolas Pedroſa, which memorial with the documents attached to it was forwarded to the Spaniſh Court by ſpecial expreſs from the Portugueſe premier. By theſe letters it appeared that the high dignity of the perſon impeached by this ſtatement of facts had not been ſufficient to ſcreen him from a very ſerious and complete inveſtigation; in the courſe of which facts had been ſo clearly brought home to him by the confeſſion of his ſeveral agents, and the teſtimony of the deceaſed Leonora's attendants together with her own written declarations, whilſt the poiſon was in operation, that though no public ſentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally underſtood he was either no longer in exiſtence, or in a ſituation never to be heard of any more, till rouſed by the awakening trump he ſhall be ſummoned to his tremendous laſt account. As for the unhappy widower it was fully ſignified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether upon exchange or parole, would be no longer oppoſed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he ſhould there arrive. The

ſame was ſignified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedroſa.

Whether Don Manuel de Caſafonda will in time to come avail himſelf of theſe overtures time alone can prove: As for little Nicolas, whoſe prize-money has ſet him up in a comfortable little ſhop in Duke's place, where he breathes the veins and cleanſes the bowels of his Iſraelitiſh brethren in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at reſt, ſave only when with fire in his eyes and vengeance on his tongue he anathematizes the Inquiſition, and ſtruts into the ſynagogue every ſabbath with as bold a ſtep and as erect a look, as if he was himſelf High Prieſt of the Temple going to perform ſacrifice upon the re-aſſembling of the ſcattered tribes.

N° CXLV.

I Would wiſh no man to deceive himſelf with opinions, which he has not thoroughly reflected upon in his ſolitary hours: Till he has *communed with his own heart in his chamber*, it will

will be dangerous to commit himſelf to its impulſes amidſt the diſtractions of ſociety: In ſolitude he will hear another voice than he has been uſed to hear in the colloquial ſcenes of life; for conſcience, though mute as the antient chorus in the buſtle of the drama, will be found a powerful ſpeaker in ſoliloquy. If I could believe that any man in theſe times had ſeriouſly and deliberately reaſoned himſelf into an abſolute contempt of things ſacred, I ſhould expect that ſuch a being ſhould uniformly act up to his principles in all ſituations, and, having thrown aſide all the reſtraints of religion, ſhould diſcharge from his mind all thoſe fears, apprehenſions and ſolicitudes, that have any connection with the dread of a futurity. But, without knowing what paſſes in the private thoughts of men, who profeſs theſe daring notions, I cannot help obſerving, that, if noiſy clamour be a mark of cowardice, they alſo have the ſymptoms ſtrongly upon them of belying their own conſcience: They are bold in the crowd, and loudeſt in the revels of the feaſt; there they can echo the inſult, daſh the ridicule in the very face of Heaven, and ſtun their conſciences in the roar of the carouſal.

Let me picture to myſelf a man of this deſcription ſurprized into unexpected ſolitude after

the revels of an evening, where he has been the wit of the company at the expence of decency and religion; here his triumphs are over; the plaudits of his comrades no longer encourage him; the lights of the feaſt are extinguiſhed, and he is ſurrendered to darkneſs and reflection: Place him in the midſt of a deſart heath, a loneſome traveller in ſome dark tempeſtuous night, and let the elements ſubſcribe their terrors to encounter this redoubted champion—

Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent.

If conſiſtency be the teſt of a man's ſincerity, he ought now to hold the ſame language of defiance, and with undaunted ſpirit cry out to the elements—"Do your worſt, ye blind tools of "chance! Since there can be neither intelli- "gence nor direction in your rage, I ſet you at "nought. You may indeed ſubject me to ſome "bodily inconvenience, but you can raiſe no "terrors in my mind, for I have ſaid you have "no maſter: There is no hand to point the "lightning, and the ſtroke of its flaſh is di- "rected to no aim: If it ſmites the oak, it pe- "riſhes; if it penetrates my breaſt, it annihi- "lates my exiſtence, and there is no ſoul within "me to reſume it. What have I to fear? The "worſt

" worſt you threaten is a momentary extinction
" without pain or ſtruggle; and as I only wait
" on earth till I am weary of life, the moſt you
" can do is to foreſtall me in the natural rights
" of ſuicide. I have lived in this world as the
" only world I have to live in, and have done all
" things therein as a man, who acts without ac-
" count to an Hereafter. The moral offices, as
" they are called, I have ſometimes regarded as
" a ſyſtem of worldly wiſdom, and where they
" have not croſſed my purpoſes, or thwarted my
" pleaſures, I have occaſionally thought fit to
" comply with them: My proper pride in ſome
" inſtances, and ſelf-intereſt in others, have diſ-
" ſuaded me from the open violation of a truſt,
" for it is inconvenient to be detected; and
" though I acknowledge no remonſtrances from
" within upon the ſcore of infamy, I do not like
" the clamours of the crowd. As for thoſe
" mercenary inducements, which a pretended
" revelation holds forth as lures for patience un-
" der wrongs and tame reſignation to misfor-
" tune, I regard them as derogatory to my na-
" ture; they ſink the very character of virtue by
" meanly tendering a reverſionary happineſs as
" the bribe for practiſing it; the doctrine there-
" fore of a future life, in which the obedient are

" to

" to expect rewards, and the diſobedient are " threatened with puniſhments, confutes itſelf " by its own internal weakneſs, and is a ſyſtem " ſo ſordid in its principle, that it can only be " calculated to dupe us into mental ſlavery, and " frighten us out of that generous privilege, " which is our univerſal birthright, the privilege " of diſmiſſing ourſelves out of exiſtence, when " we are tired with its conditions."

Had I fabricated this language for infidelity with the purpoſe of ſtamping greater deteſtation upon its audacity, I had rather bear the blame of having overcharged the character, than to be able (as I now am) to point out a recent publication, which openly avows this ſhameleſs doctrine: But as I do not wiſh to help any anonymous blaſphemer into notice, let the toleration of the times be his ſhelter, and their contempt his anſwer! In the mean time I will take leave to oppoſe to it a ſhort paſſage from a tract, lately tranſlated into Engliſh, intitled *Philoſophical and Critical Enquiries concerning Chriſtianity, by Mr. Bonnet of Geneva*; a work well deſerving an attentive peruſal.

Here I invite that reader, who can elevate his mind to the contemplation of the ways of Providence, to meditate with me on the admirable methods of divine

divine wiſdom in the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity; a religion, the univerſality of which was to comprehend all ages, all places, nations, ranks and ſituations in life; a religion, which made no diſtinction between the crowned head and that of the loweſt ſubject; formed to diſengage the heart from terreſtrial things, to ennoble, to refine, to ſublime the thoughts and affections of man; to render him conſcious of the dignity of his nature, the importance of his end, to carry his hopes even to eternity, and thus aſſociate him with ſuperior intelligences; a religion, which gave every thing to the ſpirit and nothing to the fleſh; which called its diſciples to the greateſt ſacrifices, becauſe men, who are taught to fear God alone, *can undergo the ſevereſt trials; a religion in ſhort (to conclude my weak conceptions on ſo ſublime a ſubject) which was the perfection or completion of natural law, the ſcience of the truly wiſe, the refuge of the humble, the conſolation of the wretched; ſo majeſtic in its ſimplicity, ſo ſublime in its doctrine, ſo great in its object, ſo aſtoniſhing in its effects.—I have endeavoured* (ſays this excellent author in his concluſion) *to explore the inmoſt receſſes of my heart, and having diſcovered no ſecret motive there, which ſhould induce me to reject a religion ſo well calculated to ſupply the defects of*

my

my reaſon, to comfort me under affliction and to advance the perfection of my nature, I receive this religion as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven in its goodneſs could confer upon mankind; and I ſhould ſtill receive it with gratitude, were I to conſider it only as the very beſt and moſt perfect ſyſtem of practical philoſophy. (BONNET.)

That man, hurried away by the impetuoſity of his paſſions, is capable of ſtrange and monſtrous irregularities I am not to learn; even vanity and the mean ambition of being eccentric may draw out very wild expreſſions from him in his unguarded hours; but that any creature ſhould be deliberately blaſphemous, and reaſon himſelf (if I may ſo expreſs it) into irrationality, ſurpaſſes my conception, and is a ſpecies of deſperation for which I have no name.

If the voice of univerſal nature, the experience of all ages, the light of reaſon and the immediate evidence of my ſenſes cannot awaken me to a dependance upon my God, a reverence for his religion and an humble opinion of myſelf, what a loſt creature am I!

Where can we meet a more touching deſcription of God's omnipreſence and providence than in

in the 139th pſalm? and how can I better conclude this paper than by the following humble attempt at a tranſlation of that moſt beautiful addreſs to the Creator of mankind.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1 O Lord, who by thy mighty power
Haſt ſearch'd me out in every part,
Thou know'ſt each thought at every hour,
Or e'er it riſes to my heart.

2 In whatſoever path I ſtray,
Where'er I make my bed at night,
No maze can ſo conceal my way,
But I ſtand open to thy ſight.

3 Nor can my tongue pronounce a word,
How ſecretly ſoe'er 'twere ſaid,
But in thine ear it ſhall be heard,
And by thy judgment ſhall be weigh'd.

4 In every particle I ſee
The faſhion of thy plaſtic hand:
5 Knowledge too excellent for me,
Me, wretched man, to underſtand.

6 Whither, ah! whither then can I
From thine all-preſent ſpirit go?
7 To Heav'n? 'tis there thou'rt thron'd on high:
To Hell? 'tis there thou rul'ſt below.

8 Lend

8 Lend me, O Morning, lend me wings!
On the firſt beam of op'ning day
To the laſt wave, that ocean flings
On the world's ſhore, I'll flit away.

9 Ah fool! if there I meant to hide,
For thou, my God, ſhalt reach me there;
Ev'n there thy hand ſhall be my guide,
Thy right hand hold me in its care.

10 Again, if calling out for night,
I bid it ſhroud me from thine eyes,
Thy preſence makes a burſt of light,
And darkneſs to the centre hies.

11 Nay, darkneſs cannot intervene
Betwixt the univerſe and Thee;
Light or no light, there's nought, I ween,
God ſelf-illumin'd cannot ſee.

12 Thine is each atom of my frame;
Thy fingers ſtrung my inmoſt reins,
Ev'n in the womb, or e'er I came
To life and caus'd a mother's pains.

13 Oh! what a fearful work is man!
A wonder of creative art!
My God, how marvellous thy plan!
'Tis character'd upon my heart.

14 My very bones, tho' deep conceal'd
And buried in this living clay,
Are to thy ſearching ſight reveal'd
As clear as in the face of day.

15 That

15 That eye, which thro' creation darts,
My ſubſtance, yet imperfect, ſcan'd,
And in thy book my embryo parts
Were written and their uſes plan'd,

16 Ere Time to ſhape and faſhion drew
Theſe ductile members one by one,
Into man's image ere they grew,
Thy great proſpective work was done.

17 O God! how gracious, how divine,
How dear thy counſels to my ſoul!
Myriads to myriads cou'd I join,
They'd fail to number up the whole.

18 I might as well go tell the ſand,
And count it over grain by grain:
No; in thy preſence let me ſtand,
And waking with my God remain.

19 Wilt thou not, Lord, avenge the good?
Shall not blaſphemers be deſtroy'd?
Depart from me, ye men of blood,
Hence, murderers, and my ſight avoid!

20 Loud are their hoſtile voices heard
To take thy ſacred name in vain:
21 Am I not griev'd? Doth not each word
Wring my afflicted heart with pain?

Doth not my zealous ſoul return
Hatred for hatred to thy foes?
22 Yea, Lord! I feel my boſom burn,
As tho' againſt my peace they roſe.

23 Try me, dread Power! and ſearch my heart;
Lay all its movements in thy view;
Explore it to its inmoſt part,
Nor ſpare it, if 'tis found untrue.

24 If devious from thy paths I ſtray,
And wickedneſs be found with me,
Oh! lead me back the better way
To everlaſting life and Thee.

N° CXLVI.

Eſt genus hominum, qui eſſe primos ſe omnium rerum volunt,
Nec ſunt. (TERENT. EUN.)

WHAT a delightful thing it is to find one's ſelf in a company, where tempers harmonize and hearts are open; where wit flows without any checks but what decency and good-nature impoſe, and humour indulges itſelf in thoſe harmleſs freaks and caprices, that raiſe a laugh, by which no man's feelings are offended.

This can only happen to us in a land of freedom; it is in vain to hope for it in thoſe arbitrary

trary countries, where men muſt lock the doors againſt ſpies and informers, and muſt entruſt their lives, whilſt they impart their ſentiments, to each other. In ſuch circumſtances a mind, enlightened by education is no longer a bleſſing: What is the advantage of diſcernment, and how is a man profited by his capacity of ſeparating truth from error, if he dare not exerciſe that faculty? It were ſafer to be the blind dupe of ſuperſtition than the intuitive philoſopher, if born within the juriſdiction of an inquiſitorial tribunal. Can a man felicitate himſelf in the glow of genius and the gayety of wit, when breathing the air of a country, where ſo dire an inſtrument is in force as a *lettre de cachet?* But experience hath ſhewn us, that if arbitrary monarchs cannot keep their people in ignorance, they cannot retain them in ſlavery; if men read, they will meditate; if they travel, they will compare, and their minds muſt be as dark as the dungeons, which impriſon their perſons, if they do not riſe with indignation againſt ſuch monſtrous maxims, as impriſonment at pleaſure for undefined offences, ſelf-accuſations extorted by torments and ſecret trials, where the priſoner hath neither voice nor advocate. Let thoſe princes, whoſe government is ſo adminiſtered, *make darkneſs*

their pavilion, and draw their very mountains down upon them to ſhut out the light, or expect the period of their deſpotiſm: Illuminated minds will not be kept in ſlavery.

With a nation ſo free, ſo highly enlightened and ſo eminent in letters as the Engliſh, we may well expect to find the ſocial qualities in their beſt ſtate; and it is but juſtice to the age we live in to confeſs thoſe expectations may be fully gratified: There are ſome perhaps who will not ſubſcribe to this aſſertion, but probably thoſe very people make the diſappointments they complain of: If a man takes no pains to pleaſe his company, he is little likely to be pleaſed by his company. Liberty, though eſſential to good ſociety, may in ſome of it's effects operate againſt it, for as it makes men independant, independance will occaſionally be found to make them arrogant, and none ſuch can be good companions; yet let me ſay for the contemporaries I am living with, that within the period of my own acquaintance with the world the reform in it's ſocial manners and habits has been gradual and encreaſing. The feudal haughtineſs of our nobility has totally diſappeared, and, in place of a proud diſtant reſerve, a pleaſing ſuavity and companionable eaſe have almoſt univerſally obtained

amongſt the higher orders: The pedantry of office is gone, and even the animoſity of party is ſo far in the wain, that it ſerves rather to whet our wits than our ſwords againſt each other: The agitation of political opinions is no longer a ſubject fatal to the peace of the table, but takes it's turn with other topics without any breach of good-manners or good fellowſhip.

It were too much to ſay that there are no general cauſes ſtill ſubſiſting, which annoy our ſocial comforts, and diſgrace our tempers; they are ſtill too many, and it is amongſt the duties of an *Obſerver* to ſet a mark upon them, though by ſo doing I may run into repetition, for I am not conſcious of having any thing to ſay upon the ſubject, which I have not ſaid before; but if a beggar, who aſks charity, becauſe of his importunity ſhall at length be relieved, an author perhaps, who enforces his advice, ſhall in the end be liſtened to.

I muſt therefore again and again inſiſt upon it, that there are two ſides to every argument, and that it is the natural and unalienable right of man to be heard in ſupport of his opinion, he having firſt lent a patient ear to the ſpeaker, who maintains ſentiments, which oppoſe that opinion: I do humbly apprehend that an overbearing voice

and noiſy volubility of tongue are proofs of a very underbred fellow, and it is with regret I ſee ſociety too frequently diſturbed in it's moſt delectable enjoyments by this odious character: I do not ſee that any man hath a right by obligation or otherwiſe to lay me under a neceſſity of thinking exactly as he thinks: Though I admit that *from the fullneſs of the heart the tongue ſpeaketh*, I do not admit any ſuperior pretenſions it hath to be *Sir Oracle* from the fullneſs of the pocket. In the name of freedom what claim hath any man to be the tyrant of the table? As well he may avail himſelf of the greater force of his fiſts as of his lungs. Doth ſenſe conſiſt in ſound, or is truth only to be meaſured by the noiſe it makes? Can it be a diſgrace to be convinced, or doth any one loſe by the exchange, who reſigns his own opinion for a better? When I reflect upon the advantages of our public ſchools, where puerile tempers are corrected by colliſion; upon the mathematical ſtudies and ſcholaſtic exerciſes of our univerſities, I am no leſs grieved than aſtoniſhed to diſcover ſo few proficients in well-mannered controverſy, ſo very few, who ſeem to make truth the object of their inveſtigation, or will ſpare a few patient moments from the eternal repetition of their

own deafening jargon to the temperate reply of men, probably better qualified to ſpeak than themſelves.

There is another grievance not unfrequent though inferior to this abovementioned, which proceeds jointly from the mixt nature of ſociety and the ebullitions of freedom in this happy country, I mean that roar of mirth and uncontrouled flow of ſpirits, which hath more vulgarity in it than eaſe, more noiſe than gayety: The ſtream of elegant feſtivity will never overflow it's banks; the delicacy of ſex, the dignity of rank and the decorum of certain profeſſions ſhould never be ſo overlooked, as to alarm the feelings of any perſon preſent, intereſted for their preſervation. When the ſofter ſex entruſt themſelves to our ſociety, we ſhould never forget the tender reſpect due to them even in our gayeſt hours: When the higher orders by deſcending, and the lower by aſcending out of their ſphere meet upon the level of good fellowſhip, let not our ſuperiors be revolted by a ruſticity however jovial, nor driven back into their faſtneſſes by our overſtepping the partition line, and making ſaucy inroads into their proper quarters. Who queſtions a miniſter about news or politics? who talks ribaldry before a biſhop?

once in ſeven years is often enough for the levelling familiarity of electioneering manners.

There is another remark, which I cannot excuſe myſelf from making, if it were only for the ſake of thoſe luckleſs beings, who being born with duller faculties, or ſtampt by the hand of nature with oddities either of humour, or of perſon, ſeem to be ſet up in ſociety as butts for the arrows of raillery and ridicule: If the object, thus made the victim of the company, feels the ſhaft, who but muſt ſuffer with him? If he feels it not, we bluſh for human nature, whoſe dignity is ſacrificed in his perſon; and as for the profeſt buffoon, I take him to have as little pretenſions to true humour, as a punſter has to true wit. There is ſcope enough for all the eccentricities of character without turning cruelty into ſport; let ſatire take it's ſhare, but let vice only ſhrink before it; let it ſilence the tongue that wantonly violates truth, or defames reputation; let it batter the inſulting towers of pride, but let the air-built caſtles of vanity, much more the humble roof of the indigent and infirm never provoke it's ſpleen.

It happened to me not long ago to fall into company with ſome very reſpectable perſons, chiefly of the mercantile order, where a country gentleman,

gentleman, who was a ſtranger to moſt of the party, took upon him to entertain the company, with a tedious ſtring of ſtories of no ſort of importance to any ſoul preſent, and all tending to diſplay his own conſequence, fortune and independance. Such converſation was ill calculated for the company preſent, the majority of whom had I dare ſay been the founders of their own fortunes, and I ſhould doubt if there was any quarter of the globe acceſſible to commerce, which had not been reſorted to by ſome one or other then ſitting at the table. This unintereſting egotiſt therefore was the more unpardonable, as he ſhut out every topic of curious and amuſing information, which could no where meet a happier opportunity for diſcuſſion.

He was endured for a conſiderable time with that patience which is natural to men of good manners and experience in the world: This encouragement only rendered him more inſupportable; when at laſt an elderly gentleman ſeized the opportunity of a ſhort pauſe in his diſcourſe to addreſs the following reproof to this eternal talker.

" We have liſtened to you, ſir, a long time " with attention, and it does not appear that " any body preſent is diſpoſed to queſtion either

" your independance, or the comforts that are
" annexed to it; we rejoice that you poſſeſs
" them in ſo full a degree, and we wiſh every
" landed gentleman in the kingdom was in the
" ſame happy predicament with yourſelf; but we
" are traders, ſir, and are beholden to our induſtry
" and fair-dealing for what you inherit from
" your anceſtors and yourſelf never toiled for:
" Might it not be altogether as amuſing to you
" to be told of our adventures in foreign climes
" and countries; of our dangers, difficulties and
" eſcapes; our remarks upon the manners and
" cuſtoms of other nations, as to encloſe the
" whole converſation within the hedge of your
" own eſtate, and ſhut up intelligence, wide as
" the world itſelf, within the narrow limits of
" your pariſh pound? Believe me, ſir, we are glad
" to hear you, and we reſpect your order in the
" ſtate, but we are willing to hear each other alſo
" in our turns; for let me obſerve to you in the
" ſtile of the Compting-houſe, that converſa-
" tion like trade abhors a monopoly, and that
" a man can derive no benefit from ſociety, un-
" leſs he hears others talk as well as himſelf."

N° CXLVII.

Defunctus jam ſum, nihil eſt quod dicat mihi.

(TERENT.)

IN all ages of the world men have been in habits of praiſing the time paſt at the expence of the time preſent. This was done even in the Auguſtan æra, and in that witty and celebrated period the *laudator temporis acti* muſt have been either a very ſplenetic, or a very ſilly character.

Our preſent grumblers may perhaps be better warranted; but, though there may not be the ſame injuſtice in their cavilling complaints, there is more than equal impolicy in them; for if by diſcouraging their contemporaries they mean to mend them, they take a very certain method of counteracting their own deſigns; and if they have any other meaning, it muſt be ſomething worſe than impolitic and they have more to anſwer for than a mere miſtake.

Who but the meaneſt of mankind would wiſh to damp the ſpirit and degrade the genius of the country he belongs to? Is any man lowered by the dignity of his own nation, by the talents

of

of his contemporaries? Who would not prefer to live in an enlightened and a rising age rather than in a dark and declining one? It is natural to take a pride in the excellence of our free conſtitution, in the virtues of our Sovereign; is it not as natural to ſympathize in the proſperity of our arts and ſciences, in the reputation of our countrymen? But theſe ſplenetic *Dampers* are for ever ſighing over the decline of wit, the decline of genius, the decline of literature, when if there is any one thing that has declined rather than another, it is the wretched ſtate of criticiſm, ſo far as they have to do with it.

As I was paſſing from the city the other day I turned into a coffee-houſe, and took my ſeat at a table, next to which ſome gentlemen had aſſembled, and were converſing over their coffee. A diſpute was carried on between a little prattling volatile fellow and an old gentleman of a ſullen, moroſe aſpect, who in a dictatorial tone of voice was declaiming againſt the times, and treating them and their puiſny advocate with more contempt than either one or the other ſeemed to deſerve: Still the little fellow, who had abundance of zeal and no want of words, kept battling with might and main for the world as it goes againſt the world as it had gone by, and I could

could perceive he had an intereſt with the junior part of his hearers, whilſt the ſullen orator was no leſs popular amongſt the elders of the party: The little fellow, who ſeemed to think it no good reaſon why any work ſhould be decried only becauſe the author of it was living, had been deſcanting upon the merit of a recent publication, and had now ſhifted his ground from the ſciences to the fine arts, where he ſeemed to have taken a ſtrong poſt and ſtood reſolutely to it; his opponent, who was not a man to be tickled out of his ſpleen by a few fine daſhes of arts merely elegant, did not reliſh this kind of ſkirmiſhing argument, and tauntingly cried out—"What tell you me of a parcel of gew-gaw ar-"tiſts, fit only to pick the pockets of a diſſipated "trifling age? You talk of your painters and "pourtrait-mongers, what uſe are they of? "Where are the philoſophers and the poets, "whoſe countenances might intereſt poſterity "to ſit to them? Will they paint me a Bacon, "a Newton or a Locke? I defy them: There "are not three heads upon living ſhoulders in "the kingdom worth the oil, that would be "waſted upon them. Will they or you find "me a Shakeſpear, a Milton, a Dryden, a "Pope, an Addiſon? You cannot find a limb, a

"feature,

" feature, or even the ſhadow of the leaſt of " them: Theſe were men worthy to be record- " ed; poets, who reached the very topmoſt ſum- " mits of Parnaſſus; our moderns are but " piſmires crawling at its loweſt root."—This lofty defiance brought our little advocate to a nonplus; the moment was embarraſſing; the champion of time paſt was echoed by his par- ty with a cry of—"No, No! there are no " ſuch men as theſe now living."—"I believe " not," he replied, "I believe not: I could " give you a ſcore of names more, but theſe " are enough: Honeſt Tom Durfey would be " more than a match for any poetaſter now " breathing."

In this ſtile he went on crowing and clapping his wings over a beaten cock, for our poor little champion ſeemed dead upon the pit: He mut- tered ſomething between his teeth, as if ſtrug- gling to pronounce ſome name that ſtuck in his throat; but either there was in fact no contem- porary, whom he thought it ſafe to oppoſe to theſe Goliahs in the liſts, or none were preſent to his mind at this moment.

Alas! thought I, your cauſe, my beloved contemporaries, is deſperate: *Væ Victis!* You are but duſt in the ſcale, while this *Brennus* directs

directs the beam. All that I have admired and applauded in my zeal for thoſe with whom I have lived and ſtill live; all that has hitherto made my heart expand with pride and reverence for the age and nation I belong to, will be immolated to the manes of theſe departed worthies, whom, though I revere, I cannot love and cheriſh with that ſympathy of ſoul, which I feel towards you, my dear but degenerate contemporaries!

There was a young man, ſitting at the elbow of the little creſt-fallen fellow, with a round clerical curl, which tokened him to be a ſon of the church. Having ſilently awaited the full time for a rally, if any ſpirit of reſurrection had been left in the fallen hero, and none ſuch appearing, he addreſſed himſelf to the challenger with an air ſo modeſt, but withal ſo impreſſive, that it was impoſſible not to be prejudiced in his favour, before he opened his cauſe.

"I cannot wonder," ſaid he, "if the gen-
"tleman, who has challenged us to produce a
"parallel to any one of the great names he has
"enumerated, finds us unprepared with any
"living rival to thoſe illuſtrious characters:
"Their fame, though the age in which they
"lived did not always appreciate it as it ought,
"hath yet been riſing day by day in the eſteem

"of

" of poſterity, till time hath ſtampt a kind of
" ſacredneſs upon it, which it would now be a
" literary impiety to blaſpheme. There are
" ſome amongſt thoſe, whom their advocate
" hath named, I cannot ſpeak or think of but
" with a reverence only ſhort of idolatry. Not
" this nation only but all Europe hath been en-
" lightened by their labours: The great princi-
" ple of nature, the very law, upon which the
" whole ſyſtem of the univerſe moves and gra-
" vitates, hath been developed and demon-
" ſtrated by the penetrating, I had almoſt ſaid
" the præternatural, powers of our immortal
" Newton. The preſent race of philoſophers
" can only be conſidered as his diſciples; but they
" are diſciples, who do honour to their maſter:
" If the principle of gravitation be the grand
" *deſideratum* of philoſophy, the diſcovery is
" with him, the application, inferences and ad-
" vantages of that diſcovery are with thoſe,
" who ſucceed him; and can we accuſe the
" preſent age of being idle or unable to avail
" themſelves of the ground he gave them? Let
" me remind you that our preſent ſolar ſyſtem
" is furniſhed with more planets than Newton
" knew; that our late obſervations upon the
" tranſit of the planet Venus were deciſive for
" the proof and confirmation of his ſyſtem; that

" we

" we have circumnavigated the globe again and
" again; that we can boaſt the reſearches and
" diſcoveries of a Captain Cook, who, though
" he did not invent the compaſs, employed it as
" no man ever did, and left a map behind him,
" compared to which Sir Iſaac Newton's was a
" ſheet of nakedneſs and error: It is with gra-
" vitation therefore as with the loadſtone; their
" powers have been diſcovered by our predeceſ-
" ſors, but we have put them to their nobleſt
" uſes.

" The venerable names of Bacon and Locke
" were, if I miſtake not, mentioned in the ſame
" claſs with Newton, and though the learned
" gentleman could no doubt have made his ſe-
" lection more numerous, I doubt if he could
" have made it ſtronger or more to the purpoſe
" of his own aſſertions.

" I have always regarded Bacon as the father
" of philoſophy in this country, yet it is no
" breach of candor to obſerve that the darkneſs
" of the age, which he enlightened, affords a fa-
" vourable contraſt to ſet off the ſplendor of
" his talents: But do we, who applaud him,
" read him? Yet, if ſuch is our veneration for
" times long ſince gone by, why do we not?
" The fact is, intermediate writers have diſ-

" ſeminated

" ſeminated his original matter through more
" pleaſing vehicles, and we concur, whether
" commendably or not, to put his volumes upon
" the ſuperannuated liſt, allowing him however
" an unalienable compenſation upon our praiſe,
" and reſerving to ourſelves a right of taking
" him from the ſhelf, whenever we are diſpoſed
" to ſink the merit of a more recent author by
" a compariſon with him. I will not therefore
" diſturb his venerable duſt, but turn without
" further delay to the author of the Eſſay upon
" the Human Underſtanding.

" This Eſſay, which profeſſes to define every
" thing, as it ariſes or paſſes in the mind, muſt
" ultimately be compiled from obſervations of
" it's author upon himſelf and within himſelf:
" Before I compare the merit of this work
" therefore with the merit of any other man's
" work of our own immediate times, I muſt
" compare what it advances as general to man-
" kind with what I perceive within my parti-
" cular ſelf; and upon this reference, ſpeaking
" only for an humble individual, I muſt own to
" my ſhame, that my underſtanding and the
" author's do by no means coincide either in de-
" finitions or ideas. I may have reaſon to la-
" ment the inaccuracy or the ſluggiſhneſs of my

" own

" own ſenſes and perceptions, but I cannot ſubmit " to any man's doctrine againſt their conviction: " I will only ſay that Mr. Locke's metaphyſics " are not my metaphyſics, and, as it would be " an ill compliment to any one of our contem- " poraries to compare him with a writer, who " to me is unintelligible, ſo will I hope it can " never be conſidered as a reflection upon ſo " great a name as Mr. Locke's, not to be under- " ſtood by ſo inſignificant a man as myſelf.

" Well, ſir," cried the ſullen gentleman with a ſneer, " I think you have contrived to diſpatch " our philoſophers; you have now only a few " obſcure poets to diſmiſs in like manner, and " you will have a clear field for yourſelf and " your friends."

N° CXLVIII.

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
(HORAT.)

THE ſarcaſtic ſpeech of the old Snarler, with which we concluded the laſt paper, being undeſerved on the part of the perſon, to whom it

was applied, was very properly diſregarded; and the clergyman proceeded as follows:—

" The poets you have named will never be " mentioned by me but with a degree of enthu- " ſiaſm, which I ſhould rather expect to be ac- " cuſed of carrying to exceſs than of erring in " the oppoſite extreme, had you not put me on " my guard againſt partiality by charging me " with it beforehand. I ſhall therefore without " further apology or preface begin with Shake- " ſpear, firſt named by you and firſt in fame as " well as time: It would be madneſs in me to " think of bringing any poet now living into " competition with Shakeſpear; but I hope it " will not be thought madneſs, or any thing re- " ſembling it, to obſerve to you, that it is not " in the nature of things poſſible for any poet to " appear in an age ſo poliſhed as this of our's, " who can be brought into any critical compa- " riſon with that extraordinary and eccentric " genius.

" For let us conſider the two great ſtriking " features of his drama, ſublimity and character. " Now ſublimity involves ſentiment and expreſ- " ſion; the firſt of theſe is in the ſoul of the " poet; it is that portion of inſpiration, which " we perſonify when we call it *the Muſe*; ſo

" far I am free to acknowledge there is no im-
" mediate reaſon to be given, why her viſits
" ſhould be confined to any age, nation or per-
" ſon; ſhe may fire the heart of the poet on the
" ſhores of Ionia three thouſand years ago, or
" on the banks of the Cam or Iſis at the preſent
" moment; but ſo far as language is concerned,
" I may venture to ſay that modern diction will
" never ſtrike modern ears with that awful kind
" of magic, which antiquity gives to words and
" phraſes no longer in familiar uſe: In this re-
" ſpect our great dramatic poet hath an advan-
" tage over his diſtant deſcendants, which he
" owes to time, and which of courſe is one
" more than he is indebted for to his own pre-
" eminent genius. As for character, which I
" ſuggeſted as one of the two moſt ſtriking fea-
" tures of Shakeſpear's drama, (or in other
" words the true and perfect delineation of
" nature), in this our poet is indeed a maſter
" unrivalled; yet who will not allow the happy
" coincidence of time for this perfection in a
" writer of the drama? The different orders of
" men, which Shakeſpear ſaw and copied, are
" in many inſtances extinct, and ſuch muſt have
" the charms of novelty at leaſt in our eyes:
" And has the modern dramatiſt the ſame rich

" and various field of character? The level
" manners of a poliſhed age furniſh little choice
" to an author, who now enters on the taſk, in
" which ſuch numbers have gone before him,
" and ſo exhauſted the materials, that it is juſtly
" to be wondered at, when any thing like va-
" riety can be ſtruck out. Dramatic characters
" are pourtraits drawn from nature, and if all
" the ſitters have a family likeneſs, the artiſt
" muſt either depart from the truth, or preſerve
" the reſemblance; in like manner the poet
" muſt either invent characters of which there
" is no counterpart in exiſtence, or expoſe
" himſelf to the danger of an inſipid and tire-
" ſome repetition: To add to his difficulties it
" ſo happens, that the preſent age, whilſt it fur-
" niſhes leſs variety to his choice, requires
" more than ever for it's own amuſement; the
" dignity of the ſtage muſt of courſe be proſti-
" tuted to the unnatural reſources of a wild
" imagination, and it's propriety diſturbed;
" muſic will ſupply thoſe reſources for a time,
" and accordingly we find the French and En-
" gliſh theatres in the dearth of character feeding
" upon the airy diet of ſound; but this, with all the
" ſupport that ſpectacle can give, is but a flimſy

" ſubſtitute, whilſt the public whoſe taſte in " the mean time becomes vitiated——

——media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut Urſum aut Pugiles——

" the latter of which monſtrous proſtitutions " we have lately ſeen our national ſtage moſt " ſhamefully expoſed to.

" By comparing the different ages of poetry " in our own country with thoſe of Greece, we " ſhall find the effects agree in each; for as the " refinement of manners took place, the lan- " guage of poetry became alſo more refined, and " with greater correctneſs had leſs energy and " force; the ſtile of the poet, like the characters " of the people, takes a brighter poliſh, which, " whilſt it ſmooths away it's former aſperities " and protuberances, weakens the ſtaple of it's " fabric, and what it gives to the elegance and " delicacy of it's complexion, takes away from " the ſtrength and ſturdineſs of it's conſtitution. " Whoever will compare Æſchylus with Euri- " pides and Ariſtophanes with Menander, will " need no other illuſtration of this remark.

" Conſider only the inequalities of Shake- " ſpear's dramas; examine not only one with " another, but compare even ſcene with ſcene " in the ſame play: Did ever the imagination

" of man run riot into ſuch wild and oppoſite
" extremes? Could this be done, or, being done,
" would it be ſuffered in the preſent age? How
" many of theſe plays, if acted as they were ori-
" ginally written, would now be permitted to
" paſs? Can we have a ſtronger proof of the
" barbarous taſte of thoſe times, in which Titus
" Andronicus firſt appeared, than the favour,
" which that horrid ſpectacle was received with?
" yet of this we are aſſured by Ben Johnſon. If
" this play was Shakeſpear's, it was his firſt pro-
" duction, and ſome of his beſt commentators
" are of opinion it was actually written by him,
" whilſt he reſided at Stratford upon Avon.
" Had this production been followed by the
" three parts of Henry the Sixth, by Love's
" Labour Loſt, the Two Gentlemen of Verona,
" the Comedy of Errors, or ſome few others,
" which our ſtage does not attempt to reform,
" that critic muſt have had a very ſingular de-
" gree of intuition, who had diſcovered in thoſe
" dramas a genius capable of producing the
" Macbeth. How would a young author be
" received in the preſent time, who was to make
" his firſt eſſay before the public with ſuch a
" piece as Titus Andronicus? Now if we are
" warranted in ſaying there are ſeveral of Shake-

" ſpear's

" ſpear's dramas, which could not live upon our
" preſent ſtage at any rate, and few, if any, that
" would paſs without juſt cenſure in many parts,
" were they repreſented in their original ſtate,
" we muſt acknowledge it is with reaſon that
" our living authors, ſtanding in awe of their
" audiences, dare not aim at thoſe bold and irre-
" gular flights of imagination, which carried our
" bard to ſuch a height of fame; and therefore
" it was that I ventured awhile ago to ſay, there
" can be no poet in a poliſhed and critical age
" like this, who can be brought into any fair
" compariſon with ſo bold and eccentric a
" genius as Shakeſpear, of whom we may ſay
" with Horace—

Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet,
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis metuitque lituram.

" When I bring to my recollection the ſeveral
" periods of our Engliſh drama ſince the age of
" Shakeſpear, I could name many dates, when
" it has been in hands far inferior to the pre-
" ſent, and were it my purpoſe to enter into
" particulars, I ſhould not ſcruple to appeal to
" ſeveral dramatic productions within the com-

" paſs of our own times, but as the taſk of ſepa-
" rating and ſelecting one from another amongſt
" our own contemporaries can never be a
" pleaſant taſk, nor one I would willingly engage
" in, I will content myſelf with referring to our
" ſtock of modern acting plays; many of which
" having paſſed the ordeal of critics, (who ſpeak
" the ſame language with what I have juſt now
" heard, and are continually crying down thoſe
" they live with) may perhaps take their turn
" with poſterity, and be hereafter as partially
" overrated upon a compariſon with the produc-
" tions of the age to come, as they are now un-
" dervalued when compared with thoſe of the
" ages paſt.

" With regard to Milton, if we could not
" name any one epic poet of our nation ſince
" his time, it would be ſaying no more of us
" than may be ſaid of the world in general from
" the æra of Homer to that of Virgil. Greece
" had one ſtandard epic poet; Rome had no
" more; England has her Milton. If Dryden
" pronounced that *the force of nature could no*
" *further go*, he was at once a good authority
" and a ſtrong example of the truth of the aſſer-
" tion: If his genius ſhrunk from the under-
" taking, can we wonder that ſo few have

" taken

" taken it up? Yet we will not forget Leonidas, " nor ſpeak ſlightly of it's merit; and as death " has removed the worthy author where he can- " not hear our praiſes, the world may now, as in " the caſe of Milton heretofore, be ſo much the " more forward to beſtow them. If the Samp- " ſon Agoniſtes is nearer to the ſimplicity of it's " Grecian original than either our own Elfrida " or Caractacus, thoſe dramas have a tender in- " tereſt, a pathetic delicacy, which in that are " wanting; and though Comus has every " charm of language, it has a vein of allegory, " that impoveriſhes the mine.

" The variety of Dryden's genius was ſuch " as to preclude compariſon, were I diſpoſed to " attempt it. Of his dramatic productions he " himſelf declares *that he never wrote any thing* " *in that way to pleaſe himſelf but his All for Love.* " For ever under arms he lived in a continual " ſtate of poetic warfare with his contempora- " ries, galling and galled by turns; he ſubſiſted " alſo by expedients, and neceſſity, which forced " his genius into quicker growth than was na- " tural to it, made a rich harveſt but ſlovenly " huſbandry; it drove him alſo into a duplicity " of character that is painful to reflect upon; it " put him ill at eaſe within himſelf, and verified

" the

" the fable of the nightingale, ſinging with a
" thorn at it's breaſt.

" Pope's verſification gave the laſt and finiſh-
" ing poliſh to our Engliſh poetry: His lyre
" more ſweet than Dryden's was leſs ſonorous;
" his touch more correct, but not ſo bold; his
" ſtrain more muſical in it's tones, but not ſo
" ſtriking in it's effect: Review him as a critic,
" and review him throughout, you will pro-
" nounce him the moſt perfect poet in our lan-
" guage; read him as an enthuſiaſt and exa-
" mine him in detail, you cannot refuſe him
" your approbation, but your rapture you will
" reſerve for Dryden.

" But you will tell me this does not apply to
" the queſtion in diſpute, and that, inſtead of
" ſettling precedency between your poets, it is
" time for me to produce my own: For this I
" ſhall beg your excuſe; my zeal for my con-
" temporaries ſhall not hurry them into compa-
" riſons, which their own modeſty would revolt
" from; it hath prompted me to intrude upon
" your patience, whilſt I ſubmitted a few miti-
" gating conſiderations in their behalf; not as
" an anſwer to your challenge, but as an effort
" to ſoften your contempt. I confeſs to you I
" have ſometimes flattered myſelf I have found

" the

" the ſtrength of Dryden in our late Churchill,
" and the ſweetneſs of Pope in our lamented
" Goldſmith: Enraptured as I am with the lyre
" of Timotheus in the Feaſt of Alexander, I
" contemplate with awful delight Gray's enthu-
" ſiaſtic bard—

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air,)
And with a maſter's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.

" Let the living muſes ſpeak for themſelves; I
" have all the warmth of a friend, but not the
" preſumption of a champion: The poets you
" now ſo loudly praiſe when dead, found the
" world as loud in defamation when living; you
" are now paying the debts of your predeceſſors
" and atoning for their injuſtice; poſterity will
" in like manner atone for your's.

" You mentioned the name of Addiſon in
" your liſt, not altogether as a poet I preſume,
" but rather as the man of morals, the reformer
" of manners and the friend of religion; with

" affection

" affection I ſubſcribe my tribute to his literary " fame, to his amiable character: In ſweetneſs " and ſimplicity of ſtile, in purity and perſpi- " cuity of ſentiment he is a model to all eſſayiſts. " At the ſame time I feel the honeſt pride of a " contemporary in recalling to your memory the " name of Samuel Johnſon, who as a moral and " religious eſſayiſt, as an acute and penetrating " critic, as a nervous and elaborate poet, an " excellent grammarian and a general ſcholar " ranks with the firſt names in literature.

" Not having named an Hiſtorian in your liſt " of illuſtrious men, you have precluded me " from adverting to the hiſtories of Hume, " Robertſon, Lyttelton, Henry, Gibbon and " others, who are a hoſt of writers, which " all antiquity cannot equal."

Here the clergyman concluded: The converſation now grew deſultory and unintereſting, and I returned home.

N° CXLIX.

Quis ſcit an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtina ſummæ
Tempora Dii Superi? (HORAT.)

TO-morrow is the day, which procraſtination always promiſes to employ and never overtakes: My correſpondent *Tom Tortoiſe*, whoſe letter I ſhall now lay before the public, ſeems to have made theſe promiſes and broken them as often as moſt men.

To the OBSERVER.

I have been reſolving to write to thee every morning for theſe two months, but ſomething or other has always come athwart my reſolution to put it by. In the firſt place I ſhould have told thee that aunt Gertrude was taken grievouſly ſick, and had a mighty deſire to ſee thee upon affairs of conſequence; but as I was in daily hopes ſhe would mend and be able to write to thee herſelf, (for every body you know underſtands their own buſineſs beſt) I thought I would wait till ſhe got well enough to tell her own ſtory; but alas! ſhe dwindled and dwindled away till ſhe died; ſo, if ſhe had any ſecrets, they are buried

buried with her, and there's an end of that matter.

Another thing I would fain have written to thee about was to enquire into the character of a fellow, one John Jenkyns, who had ſerved a friend of thine, Sir Theodore Thimble, as his houſe ſteward, and offered himſelf to me in the ſame capacity: But this was only my own affair do you ſee, ſo I put it by from day to day, and in the mean time took the raſcal upon his word without a character: But if he ever had one, he would have loſt it in my ſervice, for he plundered me without mercy, and at laſt made off with a pretty round ſum of my money, which I have never been able to get any wind of, probably becauſe I never took the trouble to make any enquiry.

I now ſit down to let you know ſon Tom is come from Oxford, and a ſtrapping fine fellow he is grown of his age: He has a mighty longing to ſet out upon his travels to foreign parts, which you muſt know ſeems to me a very fooliſh conceit in a young lad, who has only kept his firſt term and not completed his nineteenth year; ſo I oppoſed his whim manfully, which I think you will approve of, for I recollected the opinion you gave upon this ſubject when laſt here, and quoted

it

it againſt him: To do him juſtice he fairly offered to be ruled by your advice, and willed me to write to you on the matter; but one thing or other always ſtood in the way, and in the mean time came lord Ramble in his way to Dover, and being a great crony of Tom's and very eager for his company, and no letter coming from you (which indeed I acquit you of, not having written to you on the ſubject) away the youngſters went together, and probably before this are upon French ground. Pray tell me what you think of this trip, which appears to me but a wild-gooſe kind of a chace, and if I live till to-morrow I intend to write Tom a piece of my mind to that purpoſe, and give him a few wholeſome hints, which I had put together for our parting, but had not time juſt then to communicate to him.

I intend very ſhortly to bruſh up your quarters in town, as my ſolicitor writes me word every thing is at a ſtand for want of my appearance: What dilatory doings muſt we experience, who have to do with the law! putting off from month to month and year to year: I wonder men of buſineſs are not aſhamed of themſelves; as for me, I ſhould have been up and amongſt them long enough ago, if it had not been

been for one thing or another that hampered me about my journey: Horſes are for ever falling lame, and farriers are ſuch lazy raſcals, that before one can be cured, another cries out; and now I am in daily expectation of my favourite brood-mare dropping a foal, which I am in great hopes will prove a colt, and therefore I cannot be abſent at the time, for a maſter's eye you know is every thing in thoſe caſes: Beſides I ſhould be ſorry to come up in this dripping ſeaſon, and as the parſon has begun praying for fair weather, I hope it will ſet in ere long in good earneſt, and that it will pleaſe God to make it pleaſant travelling.

You will be pleaſed to hear that I mean ſoon to make a job of draining the marſh in front of my houſe: Every body allows that as ſoon as there is a channel cut to the river, it will be as dry as a bowling-green and as fine meadow land as any on my eſtate: It will alſo add conſiderably to the health as well as beauty of our ſituation, for at preſent 'tis a grievous eye-ſore, and fills us with fogs and foul air at ſuch a rate, that I have had my whole family down with the ague all this ſpring: Here is a fellow ready to undertake the job at a very eaſy expence and will complete it in a week, ſo that it will ſoon be

done

done when once begun; therefore you ſee I need not hurry myſelf for ſetting about it, but wait till leiſure and opportunity ſuit.

I am ſorry I can ſend you no better news of your old friend the vicar; he is ſadly out of ſorts: You muſt know the incumbent of *Slow-in-the-Wilds* died ſome time ago, and as the living lies ſo handy to my own pariſh I had always intended it for our friend, and had promiſed him again and again: When behold! time ſlipt away unperceived, and in came my lord biſhop of the dioceſe with a parſon of his own, ready cut and dried, and claimed it as a lapſed living, when it has been mine and my anceſtors any time theſe five hundred years for aught I know: If theſe are not nimble doings I know not what are: Egad! a man need have all his eyes about him, that has to do with theſe biſhops. If I had been aware of ſuch a trick being played me, I would have hoiſted the honeſt vicar into the pulpit before the old parſon, who is dead and gone, had been nailed in his coffin; for no man loves leſs to be taken napping (as they call it) than I do; and as for the poor vicar 'tis ſurprizing to ſee how he takes to heart the diſappointment; whereas I tell him he has nothing for it but to outlive the young fellow, who has jumped into

his ſhoes, and then let us ſee if any biſhop ſhall jockey us with the like jade's trick for the future.

I have now only to requeſt you will ſend me down a new almanack, for the year wears out apace, and I am terribly puzzled for want of knowing how it goes, and I love to be regular. If there is any thing I can do for you in theſe parts, pray employ me, for I flatter myſelf you believe no man living would go further, or more readily fly to do you ſervice than your's to command,

THOMAS TORTOISE.

Alas! though the wiſe men in all ages have been calling out as it were with one voice for us *to know ourſelves*, it is a voice that has not yet reached the ears or underſtanding of my correſpondent Tom Tortoiſe. Somebody or other hath left us another good maxim, *never to put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day*.—Whether he was indeed a wiſe man, who firſt broached this maxim, I'll not take on myſelf to pronounce, but I am apt to think he would be no fool, who obſerved it.

If all the reſolutions, promiſes and engagements of To-day, that lie over for To-morrow,

were

were to be ſummed up and poſted by items, what a cumbrous load of procraſtinations would be transferred in the midnight criſis of a moment! Something perhaps like the following might be the outline of the deed, by which To-day might will and deviſe the aforeſaid contingencies to its heir and ſucceſſor,

" Conſcious that my exiſtence is drawing to " its cloſe, I hereby deviſe and make over to my " natural heir and ſucceſſor all my right and " title in thoſe many vows, promiſes and obliga- " tions, which have been ſo liberally made to me " by ſundry perſons in my life time, but which " ſtill remain unfulfilled on their part, and ſtand " out againſt them: But at the ſame time that " I am heartily deſirous all engagements, fair " and lawful in their nature, may be punctually " complied with, I do moſt willingly cancel all " ſuch as are of a contrary deſcription; hereby " releaſing and diſcharging all manner of per- " ſons, who have bound themſelves to me under " raſh and inconſiderate reſolutions, from the " performance of which evil might enſue to " themſelves, and wrong or violence be done to " ſociety.

" In the firſt place I deſire my ſaid heir and " ſucceſſor will call in all thoſe debts of con-

" ſcience, which have been incurred by, and are
" due from, certain defaulters, who ſtand pledged
" to repentance and atonement, of all which im-
" mediate payment ought in juſtice and diſcre-
" tion to be rigorouſly exacted from the ſeveral
" parties, foraſmuch as every hour, by which
" they outrun their debt, weakens their ſecu-
" rity.

" It is my further will and deſire, that all thoſe
" free livers and profeſt voluptuaries, who have
" waſted the hours of my exiſtence in riot and
" debauchery, may be made to pay down their
" lawful quota of ſick ſtomachs and aching
" heads, to be levied upon them ſeverally by
" poll at the diſcretion of my heir and ſuc-
" ceſſor.

" Whereas I am apprized of many dark deal-
" ings and malicious deſigns now in actual exe-
" cution to the great annoyance of ſociety and
" good-fellowſhip, I earneſtly recommend the
" detection of all ſuch evil-minded perſons with
" To-morrow's light, heartily hoping they will
" meet their due ſhame, puniſhment and diſap-
" pointment: And I ſincerely wiſh that every
" honeſt man, who hath this night gone to reſt
" with a good reputation, may not be deprived
" of To-morrow's repoſe by any baſe efforts,

" which

" which Slander, who works in the dark, may
" conjure up to take it from him.

" It is with ſingular ſatisfaction I have been
" made privy to ſundry kind and charitable be-
" nevolences, that have been privately beſtowed
" upon the indigent and diſtreſt, without any
" oſtentation or parade on the part of the givers,
" and I do thereupon ſtrictly enjoin and require
" a fair and impartial account to be taken of
" the ſame by my lawful heir and ſucceſſor, (be
" the amount what it may) that intereſt for the
" ſame may be put into immediate courſe of
" payment; whereby the parties ſo intitled may
" enjoy, as in juſtice they ought to do, all thoſe
" comforts, bleſſings and rewards, which talents
" ſo employed are calculated to produce.

" All promiſes made by men of power to their
" dependants, and all verbal engagements to
" tradeſmen on the ſcore of bills, that lie over
" for To-morrow, I hereby cancel and acquit;
" well aſſured they were not meant by thoſe, who
" made them, nor expected by any, who received
" them, then to be made good and fulfilled.

" To all gameſters, rakes and revellers, who
" ſhall be found out of bed at my deceaſe, I be-
" queath rotten conſtitutions, reſtleſs thoughts
" and ſqualid complexions; but to all ſuch re-

" gular and induſtrious people, who riſe with the
" ſun and carefully reſume their honeſt occupa-
" tions, I give the greateſt of all human bleſ-
" ſings—health of body, peace of mind and
" length of days.

" Given under my hand, &c. &c.

" To-Day."

N° CL.

Homo extra eſt corpus ſuum cum iraſcitur.

(P. SYRUS.)

IT is wonderful to me that any man will ſurrender himſelf to be the ſlave of peeviſh and iraſcible humours, that annoy his peace, impair his health and hurt his reputation. Who does not love to be greeted in ſociety with a ſmile? Who lives that is inſenſible to the frowns, the ſneers, the curſes of his neighbours? What can be more delightful than to enter our own doors amidſt the congratulations of a whole family, and to bring a chearful heart into a chearful houſe? Fooliſh, contemptible ſelf-tormentors ye are, whom every little accident irritates, every ſlight

ſlight omiſſion piques! Surely we ſhould guard our paſſions as we would any other combuſtibles, and not ſpread open the inflammable magazine to catch the firſt ſpark, that may blow it and ourſelves into the air.

Tom Tinder is one of theſe touchy blockheads, whom no body can endure: The fellow has not a ſingle plea in life for his ill temper; he does not want money, is not married, has a great deal of health to ſpare and never once felt the ſlighteſt twinge of the gout. His eyes no ſooner open to the morning light than he begins to quarrel with the weather; it rains, and he wanted to ride; it is ſunſhine, and he meant to go a fiſhing; he would hunt only when it is a froſt, and never thinks of ſkaiting but in open weather; in ſhort the wind is never in the right quarter with this teſty fellow; and though I could excuſe a man for being a little out of humour with an eaſterly wind, Tom Tinder ſhall box the whole compaſs, and never ſet his needle to a ſingle point of good humour upon the face of it.

He now rings his bell for his ſervant to begin the operation of dreſſing him, a taſk more tickliſh than to wait upon the toilette of a monkey: As Tom ſhifts his ſervants about as regularly as he does his ſhirt, 'tis all the world to nothing if

the poor devil does not ſtumble at ſtarting; or if by happy inſpiration he ſhould begin with the right foot foremoſt, Tom has another inſpiration ready at command to quarrel with him for not ſetting forward with the left: To a certainty then the razor wants ſtrapping, the ſhaving water is ſmoaked, and the devil's in the fellow for a dunce, booby and blockhead.

Tom now comes down to breakfaſt, and though the ſavage has the ſtomach of an oſtrich, there is not a morſel paſſes down his blaſpheming throat without a damn to digeſt it; 'twould be a leſs dangerous taſk to ſerve in the morning meſs to a faſting bear. He then walks forth into his garden; there he does not meet a plant, which his ill-humour does not engraft with the bitter fruit of curſing; the waſps have pierced his nectarines; the caterpillárs have raiſed contributions upon his cabbages, and the infernal blackbirds have eaten up all his cherries: Tom's ſoul is not large enough to allow the denizens of creation a taſte of Nature's gifts, though he ſurfeits with the ſuperabundance of her bounty.

He next takes a turn about his farm; there vexation upon vexation croſſes him at every corner: The fly, a plague upon't, has got amongſt his

his turnips; the ſmut has ſeized his wheat and his ſheep are falling down with the rot: All this is the fault of his bailiff, and at his door the blame lies with a proportionable quantity of bleſſings to recommend it. He finds a few dry ſticks pickt out of his hedges, and he blaſts all the poor in his neighbourhood for a ſet of thieves, pilferers and vagabonds. He meets one of his tenants by the way, and he has a petition for a new gate to his farm-yard, or ſome repairs to his dove-houſe, or it may be a new threſhing-floor to his barn.—Hell and fury! there is no end to the demands of theſe curſed farmers—His ſtomach riſes at the requeſt, and he turns aſide ſpeechleſs with rage, and in this humour pays a viſit to his maſons and carpenters, who are at work upon a building he is adding to his offices: Here his choler inſtead of ſubſiding only flames more furiouſly, for the idle raſcals have done nothing; ſome have been making holiday, others have gone to the fair at the next town, and the maſter workman has fallen from the ſcaffold, and keeps his bed with the bruiſes: Every devil is conjured up from the bottomleſs pit to come on earth and confound theſe dilatory miſcreants; and now let him go to his dinner with what ſtomach he may. If an humble parſon or dependant

dant couſin expects a peaceful meal at his table, he may as well ſit down to feed with Thyeſtes or the Centaurs. After a meal of miſery and a glaſs of wine, which ten to one but the infernal butler has clouded in the decanting, he is ſummoned to a game at back-gammon: The parſon throws ſize-ace, and in a few more caſts covers all his points; the devil's in the dice! Tom makes a blot, and the parſon hits it; he takes up man after man, all his points are full and Tom is gammoned paſt redemption—Can fleſh and blood bear this? Was ever ſuch a run of luck? The dice-box is ſlapt down with a vengeance; the tables ring with the deafening craſh, the parſon ſtands aghaſt, and Tom ſtamps the floor in the phrenzy of paſſion—Deſpicable paſſion! miſerable dependant!—

Where is his next reſource? the parſon has fled the pit; the back-gammon table is cloſed; no chearful neighbour knocks at his unſocial gate; ſilence and night and ſolitude are his melancholy inmates; his boiling boſom labours like a turbid ſea after the winds are lulled; ſhame ſtares him in the face; conſcience plucks at his heart, and to divert his own tormenting thoughts, he calls in thoſe of another perſon, no matter whom—the firſt idle author that ſtands next to his hand;

hand: he takes up a book; 'tis a volume of comedies; he opens it at random; 'tis all alike to him where he begins; all our poets put together are not worth a halter; he ſtumbles by mere chance upon *The Choleric Man*; 'twas one to a thouſand he ſhould ſtrike upon that blaſted play—What an infernal title! What execrable nonſenſe! What a canting, preaching puppy of an author!—Away goes the poet with his play and half a dozen better poets than himſelf bound up in the ſame luckleſs volume, the innocent ſufferers for his offence.

Tom now ſits forlorn, diſguſted, without a friend living or dead to chear him, gnawing his own heart for want of other diet to feed his ſpleen upon: At length he ſlinks into a comfortleſs bed; damns his ſervant as he draws the curtains round him, drops aſleep and dreams of the devil.

Major Manlove is a near neighbour, but no intimate of Tom Tinder's: With the enjoyments, that reſult from health, the major is but rarely bleſt, for a body-wound, which he received in battle, is apt upon certain changes of the climate to viſit him with acute pains. He is married to one of the beſt of women; but ſhe too has impaired her health by nurſing him when

when he was wounded, and is ſubject to ſevere rheumatic attacks. Love however has an opiate for all her pains, and domeſtic peace pours a balſam into the huſband's wound. It is only by the ſcrutinizing eye of affection, that either can diſcover when the other ſuffers, for religion has endued both hearts with patience, and neither will permit a complaint to eſcape, which might invite the ſympathizing friend to ſhare it's anguiſh. Diſabled for ſervice, major Manlove has retired upon half-pay, and as he plundered neither the enemy's country nor his own during the war, he is not burthened with the ſuperfluities of fortune; happily for him theſe are not amongſt his regrets, and a prudent œconomy keeps him ſtrait with the world and independant.

One brave youth, trained under his own eye in the ſame regiment with himſelf, is all the offſpring Heaven hath beſtowed upon this worthy father, and in him the hearts of the fond parents are centered; yet not ſo centered, as to ſhut them againſt the general calls of philanthropy, for in the village where they live they are beloved and bleſſed by every creature. The garden furniſhes amuſement to Mrs. Manlove, and when the ſharp north eaſt does not blow pain into

into the major's wound, he is occupied with his farm: His trees, his crop, his cattle are his nurſelings, and the poor that labour in his ſervice are his children and friends. To his ſuperiors major Manlove deports himſelf with that graceful reſpect, that puts them in mind of their own dignity without diminiſhing his; to his inferiors he is ever kind and condeſcending: To all men he maintains a natural ſincerity with a countenance ſo expreſſive of the benevolence, glowing in his heart, that he is beloved as ſoon as known, and known as ſoon as ſeen. With a ſoul formed for ſociety, and a lively flow of ſpirits, this amiable man no ſooner enters into company, than his preſence diffuſes joy and gladneſs over the whole circle: Every voice bids him welcome; every hand is reached out to greet him with a cordial ſhake. He ſits down with a complacent ſmile; chimes in with the converſation as it is going, hears all, overbears none, damps nobody's jeſt, if it is harmleſs; cuts no man's ſtory, if it is only tedious, and is the very life and ſoul of the table.

According to annual cuſtom I paſſed ſome days with him laſt autumn: There is a tranquillity, which tranſpires from the maſter and miſtreſs of this family through every member belonging

longing to it; the ſervants are few, but ſo aſſiduous in their reſpective ſtations, that you can no where be better waited on: The table is plain, but elegant, and though the major himſelf is no ſportſman, and has done carrying a gun, the kindneſs of his neighbours keeps him well ſupplied with game, and every ſort of rural luxury, that their farms and gardens can furniſh. Nothing can be more delightful than the face of the country about him, and I was charmed with his little ornamented farm in particular: The diſpoſition of the garden, and the abundance of it's fruits and flowers beſpeak Mrs. Manlove no common adept in that ſweet and captivating ſcience.

One day as my friend and I were riding through his fields to enjoy the weſtern breeze of a fine September morning, our ears were ſaluted with the full chorus of the hounds from a neighbouring copſe, and as we were croſſing one of the paſtures towards them, we heard two men at high words behind a thick hedge, that concealed them from our ſight, and ſoon after the ſound of blows, which ſeemed to be heavily laid on, accompanied with oaths and cries, that made us puſh to the next gate with all the ſpeed we could muſter. One of the

combatants was lying on the ground, roaring for mercy under the cudgel of his conqueror, who was belaboring him at a furious rate: The perſon of the victor was unknown to major Manlove; the vanquiſht ſoon made him recognize the rueful features of Tom Tinder, who called upon the major by name to interpoſe and ſave him from being murdered.

This was no ſooner done than the cudgeller, who was a ſturdy clown, gave us to underſtand, that he had been doing no more than every Engliſhman has a right to do, returning the loan of a blow with proper intereſt to the lender: This the proſtrate hero did not deny, but aſſerted that the raſcal had headed the hare as ſhe was breaking cover, and turned her into the wood again, by which means he had ſpoilt the day's ſport.—And did you this deſignedly? ſaid the major.—Not I, maſter, replied the countryman, as Heaven ſhall judge me! I love the ſport too well to ſpoil it wilfully: But if I was travelling along the road juſt as puſs was popping through the hedge, could I help it? am I in the fault? And ſhould this gentleman, if he be a gentleman, ride up to me as if he would have trampled me like a dog under his horſe's feet, and lay the butt of his whip upon my ſcull? I think no man can

bear that; ſo I pulled him out of the ſaddle, and banged him well, and I think no good man, as you appear to be, will ſay otherwiſe than that he well deſerved it.—If this be ſo, anſwered the major, I can ſay nothing to the contrary.—How, ſir, exclaimed the ſquire, who was now upon his legs, is a raſcal like this to return blow for blow, and does major Manlove abet him in ſuch inſolence?—I am ſorry, ſir, replied the major calmly, you ſhould put ſuch a queſtion to me; but when gentlemen loſe their temper—Sir, quoth Tom, interrupting him, I have loſt my horſe, and that's the worſe loſs of the two—'Tis what you are leaſt uſed to, replied the major, and without more words quietly trotted homewards.

As we jogged along my friend began to comment with much pleaſantry upon this ridiculous incident, interlarding his diſcourſe every now and then with remarks of a more ſerious ſort upon the ill effects of a haſty temper, and giving me ſome traits of his neighbour's habits of life, which, though not ſo uncommon as I could wiſh, were nevertheleſs ſuch, as, when contraſted with his benevolent character, may perhaps ſerve to furniſh out no very unedifying topic for an Eſſay in *The Obſerver*.

N° CLI.

Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.
(HORAT.)

IN times of very remote antiquity, when men were not ſo laviſh of their wit as they have ſince been, Poetry could not furniſh employment for more than *Three Muſes*; but as buſineſs grew upon their hands and departments multiplied, it became neceſſary to enlarge the commiſſion and a board was conſtituted conſiſting of *Nine* in number, who had their ſeveral preſidencies allotted to them, and every branch of the art poetic thenceforth had its peculiar patroneſs and ſuperintendant.

As to the preciſe time when theſe three ſenior goddeſſes called in their ſix new aſſeſſors it is matter of conjecture only; but if the poet *Heſiod* was, as we are told, the firſt, who had the honour of announcing their names and characters to the world, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe this was done upon the immediate opening of their new commiſſion, as they would hardly en-

ter upon their offices without appriſing all thoſe, whom it might concern, of their acceſſion.

Before this period the three eldeſt ſiſters condeſcended to be *maids of all work*; and if the work became more than they could turn their hands to, they have nobody but themſelves and their fellow deities to complain of; for had they been content to have let the world go on in its natural courſe, mere mortal poets would not probably have overburthened either it or them; but when Apollo himſelf (who being their preſident ſhould have had more conſideration for their eaſe) begot the poet *Linus* in one of his terreſtrial frolics, and endowed him with hereditary genius, he took a certain method to make work for the muſes: Accordingly we find the chaſte Calliope herſelf, the eldeſt of the ſiſterhood, and who ſhould have ſet a better example to the family, could not hold out againſt this heavenly baſtard, but in an unguarded moment yielded her virgin honours to *Linus*, and produced the poet *Orpheus*: Such an inſtance of celeſtial incontinence could not fail to ſhake the morals of the moſt demure; and even the cold goddeſs Luna caught the flame, and ſmuggled a bantling into the world, whom maliciouſly enough ſhe named *Muſæus*, with a ſly deſign no doubt of laying her

her child at the door of the Parnaſſian nunnery.

Three ſuch high-blooded bards as *Linus*, *Orpheus* and *Muſæus*, ſo fathered and ſo mothered, were enough to people all Greece with poets and muſicians; and in truth they were not idle in their generation, but like true patriarchs ſpread their families over all the ſhores of Ionia and the iſlands of the Archipelago: It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the three ſiſter muſes, who had enough to do to nurſe their own children and deſcendants, were diſpoſed to call in other helpmates to the taſk, and whilſt Greece was in its glory, it may well be ſuppoſed that all the nine ſiſters were fully employed in beſtowing upon every votary a portion of their attention, and anſwering every call made upon them for aid and inſpiration: Much gratitude is due to them from their favoured poets, and much hath been paid, for even to the preſent hour they are invoked and worſhipped by the ſons of verſe, whilſt all the other deities of Olympus have either abdicated their thrones, or been diſmiſſed from them with contempt; even Milton himſelf in his ſacred epic invokes the *heavenly muſe*, who inſpired Moſes *on the top of Horeb or of Sinai*; by which

he aſcribes great antiquity as well as dignity to the charact. he addreſſes.

The powers aſcribed to *Orpheus* were under the veil of fable emblems of his influence over ſavage minds, and of his wiſdom and eloquence in reclaiming them from that barbarous ſtate: Upon theſe impreſſions civilization and ſociety took place: The patriarch, who founded a family or tribe, the legiſlator, who eſtabliſhed a ſtate, the prieſt, prophet, judge or king, are characters, which, if traced to their firſt ſources, will be found to branch from that of poet: The firſt prayers, the firſt laws and the earlieſt prophecies were metrical; proſe hath a later origin, and before the art of writing was in exiſtence, poetry had reached a very high degree of excellence and ſome of it's nobleſt productions were no otherwiſe preſerved than by tradition. As to the ſacred quality of their firſt poetry the Greeks are agreed, and to give their early bards the better title to inſpiration they feign them to be deſcended from the Gods; *Orpheus* muſt have profited by his mother's partiality, and *Linus* may well be ſuppoſed to have had ſome intereſt with his father Apollo. But to dwell no longer on theſe fabulous legends of the Greeks, we may refer to the books of Moſes for the earlieſt

and

and moſt authentic examples of ſacred poetry: Every thing that was the immediate effuſion of the prophetic ſpirit ſeems to have been chaunted forth in dithyrambic meaſure; the valedictory bleſſings of the Patriarchs, when dying, the ſongs of triumph and thankſgiving after victory are metrical, and high as the antiquity of the ſacred poem of Job undoubtedly is, ſuch nevertheleſs is its character and conſtruction as to carry ſtrong internal marks of its being written in an advanced ſtate of the art.

The poet therefore, whether Hebrew or Greek, was in the earlieſt ages a ſacred character, and his talent a divine gift, a celeſtial inſpiration: Men regarded him as the ambaſſador of Heaven and the interpreter of it's will. It is perfectly in nature and no leſs agreeable to God's providence to ſuppoſe that even in the darkeſt times ſome minds of a more enlightened ſort ſhould break forth, and be engaged in the contemplation of the univerſe and its author: From meditating upon the works of the Creator the tranſition to the act of praiſe and adoration follows as it were of courſe: Theſe are operations of the mind, which naturally inſpire it with a certain portion of rapture and enthuſiaſm, ruſhing upon the lips in warm and glowing language, and diſ-

daining to be expreſſed in ordinary and vulgar phraſe; the thoughts become inflated, the breaſt labours with a paſſionate deſire to ſay ſomething worthy of the ear of Heaven, ſomething in a more elevated tone and cadence, ſomething more harmonious and muſical; this can only be effected by meaſured periods, by ſome chaunt, that can be repeated in the ſtrain again and again, grateful at once to the ear and impreſſive on the memory; and what is this but poetry? Poetry then is the language of prayer, an addreſs becoming of the Deity; it may be remembered; it may be repeated in the ears of the people called together for the purpoſes of worſhip; this is a form that may be fixt upon their minds and in this they may be taught to join.

The next ſtep in the progreſs of poetry from the praiſe of God is to the praiſe of men: Illuſtrious characters, heroic actions are ſingled out for celebration; the inventors of uſeful arts, the reformers of ſavage countries, the benefactors of mankind are extolled in verſe, they are raiſed to the ſkies, and the poet, having praiſed them as the firſt of men, whilſt on earth, deifies them after death, and, conſcious that they merit immortality, boldly beſtows it, and aſſigns to them a rank and office in heaven appropriate to the character

character they maintained in life; hence it is that the merits of a Bacchus, a Hercules and numbers more are amplified by the poet, till they become the attributes of their divinity, altars are raiſed and victims immolated to their worſhip. Theſe are the fanciful effects of poetry in its ſecond ſtage: Religion over-heated turns into enthuſiaſm; enthuſiaſm forces the imagination into all the viſionary regions of fable, and idolatry takes poſſeſſion of the whole Gentile world. The Egyptians, a myſterious dogmatizing race, begin the work with ſymbol and hieroglyphic; the Greeks, a vain ingenious people, invent a ſet of tales and fables for what they do not underſtand, embelliſh them with all the glittering ornaments of poetry, and ſpread the captivating deluſion over all the world.

In the ſucceeding period we review the poet in full poſſeſſion of this brilliant machinery and with all Olympus at his command: Surrounded by Apollo and the muſes he commences every poem with an addreſs to them for protection: He has a deity at his call for every operation of nature; if he would roll the thunder, Jupiter ſhakes Mount Ida to dignify his deſcription; Neptune attends him in his car, if he would allay the ocean; if he would let looſe the winds to

raiſe it Æolus unbars his cave; the ſpear of Mars and the ægis of Minerva arm him for the battle; the arrows of Apollo ſcatter peſtilence through the air; Mercury flies upon the meſſages of Jupiter; Juno raves with jealouſy and Venus leads the Loves and Graces in her train. In this claſs we contemplate *Homer* and his inferior brethren of the epic order; it is their province to form the warrior, inſtruct the politician, animate the patriot; they delineate the characters and manners; they charm us with their deſcriptions, ſurprize us with their incidents, intereſt us with their dialogue; they engage every paſſion in its turn, melt us to pity, rouſe us to glory, ſtrike us with terror, fire us with indignation; in a word they prepare us for the drama, and the drama for us.

A new poet now comes upon the ſtage; he ſtands in perſon before us: He no longer appears as a blind and wandering bard chaunting his rhapſodies to a throng of villagers collected in a group about him, but erects a ſplendid theatre, gathers together a whole city as his audience, prepares a ſtriking ſpectacle, provides a chorus of actors, brings muſic, dance and dreſs to his aid, realizes the thunder, burſts open the tombs of the dead, calls forth their apparitions,

deſcends

deſcends to the very regions of the damned and drags the Furies from their flames to preſent themſelves perſonally to the terrified ſpectators: Such are the powers of the drama; here the poet reigns and triumphs in his higheſt glory.

The fifth denomination gives us the lyric poet chaunting his ode at the public games and feſtivals, crowned with olive and encompaſſed by all the wits and nobles of his age and country: Here we contemplate *Steſichorus*, *Alcæus*, *Pindar*, *Calliſtratus*; ſublime, abrupt, impetuous they ſtrike us with the ſhock of their electric genius; they dart from earth to heaven; there is no following them in their flights; we ſtand gazing with ſurprize, their boldneſs awes us, their brevity confounds us; their ſudden tranſitions and ellipſes eſcape our apprehenſion; we are charmed we know not why, we are pleaſed with being puzzled and applaud although we cannot comprehend. In the lighter lyric we meet *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, and the votaries of Bacchus and Venus; in the grave, didactic, ſolemn claſs we have the venerable names of a *Solon*, a *Tyrtæus* and thoſe, who may be ſtiled the demagogues in poetry: Is liberty to be aſſerted, licentiouſneſs to be repreſſed? Is the ſpirit of a nation to be rouſed? It is the poet not the orator muſt give

the ſoul its energy and ſpring: Is Salamis to be recovered? It is the elegy of *Solon* muſt ſound the march to it's attack. Are the Lacedæmonians to be awakened from their lethargy? It is *Tyrtæus*, who muſt ſing the war-ſong and revive their languid courage.

Poetry next appears in its paſtoral character; it affects the garb of ſhepherds and the language of the ruſtic: It repreſents to our view the rural landſcape and the peaceful cottage; it records the labours, the amuſements, the loves of the village nymphs and ſwains, and exhibits nature in its ſimpleſt ſtate: It is no longer the harp or the lyre, but the pipe of the poet, which now invites our attention: *Theocritus*, leaning on his crook in his ruſſet mantle and *clouted brogues*, appears more perfectly in character than the courtly *Maro*, who ſeems more the ſhepherd of the theatre than of the field. I have yet one other claſs in reſerve for the epigrammatiſt, but I will ſhut up my liſt without him, not being willing that poetry, which commences with a prayer, ſhould conclude with a pun.

N°

N° CLII.

Neque lex eſt juſtior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

WE have heard ſo much of the tragical effects of jealouſy, that I was not a little pleaſed with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealouſy without any of thoſe melancholy circumſtances, which too frequently reſult from that fatal paſſion, even when it is groundleſs: As this gentleman's jealouſy was of that deſcription, I am the rather tempted to relate the ſtory (under proper caution as to names and perſons) becauſe there is a moral juſtice in its cataſtrophe, which is pleaſing even in fiction, but more particularly ſo when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Teſty in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louiſa in her eighteenth; there are ſome parents, who ſeem to think a good ſettlement can atone for any diſparity of age, and Louiſa's were of this ſort. Sir Paul had a maiden ſiſter ſeveral years younger than himſelf, who had kept his houſe for ſome time before his marriage with Louiſa, and as this lady was in

fact

fact an admirable œconomiſt and alſo in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable independent fortune, the prudent baronet took his meaſures for her continuance in his family, where under pretence of aſſiſting the inexperience of his young bride ſhe ſtill maintained her government in as abſolute authority as ever: As Miſs Rachel would have been better pleaſed with her brother, had he choſen a wife with leſs beauty and more fortune than Louiſa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if ſhe would have remained with him after his marriage, had ſhe not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whoſe attentions, though in fact directed to her purſe, ſhe was willing to believe had been honourably addreſſed to her perſon: This young gentleman, whom I ſhall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deſerving the regards of any lady in Miſs Rachel's predicament; with a fine perſon and engaging addreſs he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger ſon of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old peer, who reſided at his family manſion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the moſt friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourſe of viſits: Lionel had given this worthy father great uneaſineſs from his early

diſſipation

diſſipation and extravagance; conſiderable ſums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old lord's eſtate being a moderate one and entailed upon his eldeſt ſon, Lionel had been obliged to ſell out of the army, and was now living at home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and ſlender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embaraſſments too ſenſibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, ſhould be willing to repair his ſhattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miſs Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have choſen, yet he very juſtly conſidered that his circumſtances did not entitle him to chuſe for himſelf; he was alſo ſtrongly urged to the meaſure by his father, to whoſe wiſhes he held himſelf bound to conform not only on the ſcore of duty but of atonement likewiſe: At this time the affair was in ſo promiſing a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a concluſion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miſs Rachel for reaſons, which are ſufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourſe between the lovers was renewed, as ſoon as Sir Peter had brought home his

his bride, and was ſufficiently ſettled to receive the viſits of his friends and neighbours on the occaſion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the moſt tormenting of all human paſſions: her ſiſter-in-law had a thouſand charms, and ſhe ſoon diſcovered, or fancied ſhe diſcovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed towards a fairer object than herſelf: She had now the ſtrongeſt of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louiſa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealouſy to magnify and diſcolour every thing it looks upon; for ſome time however ſhe kept herſelf under prudent reſtraint; a hint now and then, cautiouſly introduced in the way of advice, was all ſhe ventured upon; but theſe hints were ſo little attended to by Louiſa, whoſe innocent gayety lent no ear to ſuch remonſtrances, that they were occaſionally repeated in a graver tone; as theſe grew more and more peeviſh, Louiſa began to take a little miſchievous pleaſure in teazing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably ſhe would never have indulged herſelf in towards Lionel, had not Rachel's jealouſy provoked her to it; ſtill it was innocent, but ſo far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to

ſow the ſeeds of diſcontent in her brother's irritable boſom.

In one of thoſe ſparring dialogues, which now frequently paſſed between the ſiſters, Rachel, after deſcanting upon the old topic with ſome degree of aſperity, concluded her lecture with many profeſſions of zeal for Louiſa's happineſs, and obſerved to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that ſhe had a right to ſome little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louiſa replied with ſome tartneſs—"True! for "you have lived more years in it than I have."—"A few perhaps," anſwered Rachel.—"As "few, or as many as you chuſe to acknow-"ledge," added Louiſa: "It is one amongſt a "variety of advantages over me, which you are "too generous to boaſt of, and I too humble to "repine at."—"Be that as it may," ſaid the elder damſel, "you will give me leave to obſerve "that you have a double call upon you for diſ-"cretion; you are a married woman."

"Perhaps that very circumſtance may be a "proof of my indiſcretion."

"How ſo, madam! I may venture to ſay "my brother Sir Paul was no unſeaſonable "match for your ladyſhip; at leaſt I can wit-

"neſs

" neſs ſome pains were employed on your part " to obtain him."

" Well, my dear ſiſter," replied Louiſa with an affected nonchalance, " after ſo much pains " is it not natural I ſhould wiſh to repoſe myſelf " a little ?"—" Indiſcretion admits of no repoſe ; " health, honour, happineſs are ſacrificed by it's " effects ; it ſaps the reputation of a wife ; it " ſhakes the affections of a huſband."

" Be content !" cried Louiſa, " if you will " give no cauſe for diſturbing the affections of " the huſband, I will take care none ſhall be " given for attainting the reputation of the " wife."

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good-humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louiſa why ſhe looked ſo grave.

" I would look grave, if I could," ſhe replied, " out of compliment to my company ; but I " have ſo light a conſcience and ſo gay a heart, " that I cannot look gravity in the face without " laughing at it."

This was delivered with ſo pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not poſſible to miſtake the application, and ſhe had no ſooner left the room, than

than an explanation took place between the brother and ſiſter, in the courſe of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuſe ſuch a copious portion of her own poiſonous jealouſy into the boſom of ſir Paul, that upon the arrival of lord Mortimer, which was at this criſis announced to him, he took a ſudden determination to give him to underſtand how neceſſary it was become to his domeſtic happineſs, that Lionel ſhould be induced to diſcontinue his viſits in his family.

Under theſe impreſſions and in a very awkward ſtate of mind Sir Paul repaired to his library, where lord Mortimer was expecting him in a ſituation of no leſs embaraſſment, having conned over a ſpeech for the purpoſe of introducing a propoſal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to ſound how Sir Paul might ſtand affected towards a match between his ſon Lionel and Miſs Rachel.

As ſoon as the firſt ceremonies were over, which were not very ſpeedily diſmiſſed, as both parties were ſtrict obſervers of the old rules of breeding, his lordſhip began after his manner to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having compoſed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honourable trenches as follows—"In very truth, Sir Paul, I

" proteſt to you there are few things in life can " give me more pleaſure than to find my ſon " Lionel ſo aſſiduous in his viſits to this fa- " mily."—The baronet, whoſe mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealouſy, ſtared with amazement at this unexpected addreſs and was ſtaggered how to reply to it; at laſt with much heſitation in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery he replied that he truly believed there was one perſon in his family, to whom Mr. Lionel's viſits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a ſubject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honour and happineſs of him and his family depended, he aſſured his lordſhip that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his lordſhip's part, as it ſhould be on his own. There was ſomething in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the ſpeech itſelf, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old peer, who drawing himſelf up with great dignity obſerved to Sir Paul, that for his ſon Lionel he had this to ſay, that want of honour was never amongſt his failings; nay it was never to be charged with impunity againſt

any

any member of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this ſort from being grounded upon his ſon's aſſiduities to a certain lady, he had now ſought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was ſo kind a lift in Sir Paul's conception towards his favourite point, that he immediately exclaimed—"I ſee your lordſhip is not "unapprized of what is too conſpicuous to be "overlooked by any body, who is familiar in "this houſe; but as I know your lordſhip is a "man of the niceſt honour in your own perſon, "I ſhould hold myſelf eſſentially bound to you, "if you would prevail upon your ſon to adopt "the like principles towards a certain lady un-"der this roof, and caution him to deſiſt from "thoſe aſſiduities, which you yourſelf have "noticed, and which to confeſs the truth to you "I cannot be a witneſs to without very great "uneaſineſs and diſcontent."

Upon theſe words the peer ſtarted from his ſeat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmneſs replied—"Sir Paul Teſty, "if this be your wiſh and deſire, let me aſſure "you, it ſhall be mine alſo; my ſon's viſits in "this family will never be repeated; ſet your

" heart at reſt; Lionel Mortimer will give you
" and your's no further diſturbance."

" My lord," anſwered the baronet, " I am
" penetrated with the ſenſe of your very honour-
" able proceedings, and the warmth with which
" you have expreſſed yourſelf on a ſubject ſo
" cloſely interwoven with my peace of mind;
" you have eaſed my heart of it's burthen and I
" ſhall ever be moſt grateful to you for it."

" Sir," replied the peer, " there is more
" than enough ſaid on the ſubject; I dare ſay
" my ſon will ſurvive his diſappointment."—" I
" dare ſay he will," ſaid Sir Paul, " I cannot
" doubt the ſucceſs of Mr. Lionel's attentions;
" I have only to hope he will direct them to
" ſome other object."

Lord Mortimer now muttered ſomething, which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a haſty leave. When it is explained to the reader that Miſs Rachel had never, even in the moſt diſtant manner, hinted the ſituation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had induſtriouſly concealed it from him, this *mal-entendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel, whoſe little gallantries with Louiſa had not gone far enough ſeriouſly to en-

gage

gage his heart, was ſufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miſs Rachel; ſo that he patiently ſubmitted to his diſmiſſion and readily obeyed his father's commands by a total diſcontinuance of his viſits to Sir Paul: To the ladies of the family this behaviour appeared altogether myſterious; Sir Paul kept the ſecret to himſelf, and watched Louiſa very narrowly; when he found ſhe took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by ſlightly remarking that ſhe ſuppoſed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to diſmiſs his jealouſy and regain his ſpirits.

It was far otherwiſe with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack, for though ſhe naturally ſuſpected her brother's jealouſy of being the cauſe of Lionel's abſence, yet ſhe could not account for his ſilence towards herſelf in any other way than by ſuppoſing that Louiſa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be ſupported; day after day paſſed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of lord Mortimer was at a ſtop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all ſuch enquiries as ſhe ventured to try upon her brother,

he anſwered ſo drily, that ſhe could gather nothing from him: In the mean time as he became hourly better reconciled to Louiſa, ſo he grew more and more cool to the miſerable Rachel, who now too late diſcovered the fatal conſequences of interfering between huſband and wife, and heartily reproached herſelf for her officiouſneſs in aggravating his jealouſy.

Whilſt ſhe was torrienting herſelf with theſe reflections, and when Louiſa ſeemed to have forgotten that ever ſuch a perſon as Lionel exiſted, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great rank and fortune, and that he had gone up with lord Mortimer to town for that purpoſe. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies compleat; in a ſtate of mind little ſhort of phrenſy ſhe betook herſelf to her chamber, and there ſhutting herſelf up ſhe gave vent to her paſſion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which ſhe committed to a truſty meſſenger with ſtrict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his anſwer: This commiſſion was faithfully performed, and the following is the anſwer ſhe received in return.—

" Madam,

"Madam,

"I am no leſs aſtoniſhed than affected by "your letter: If your brother has not long ſince "informed you of his conference with my fa- "ther and the reſult of it, he has acted as un- "juſtly by you as he has by lord Mortimer "and myſelf: When my father waited upon "Sir Paul for the expreſs purpoſe of making "known to him the hopes I had the ambition "to entertain of rendering myſelf acceptable to "you upon a propoſal of marriage, he received "at once ſo ſhort and peremptory a diſmiſſion "on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my "feelings, I had no part to act but ſilently to "ſubmit and withdraw myſelf from a family, "where I was ſo unacceptable an intruder.

"When I confirm the truth of the report "you have heard, and inform you that my mar- "riage took place this very morning, you will "pardon me if I add no more than that I have "the honour to be,

"Madam, your moſt obedient
"and moſt humble ſervant,
"LIONEL MORTIMER."

Every hope being extinguiſhed by the receipt of this letter, the diſconſolate Rachel became

henceforth one of the moſt miſerable of human beings: After venting a torrent of rage againſt her brother, ſhe turned her back upon his houſe for ever, and undetermined where to fix, whilſt at intervals ſhe can ſcarce be ſaid to be in poſſeſſion of her ſenſes, ſhe is ſtill wandering from place to place in ſearch of that repoſe, which is not to be found, and wherever ſhe goes exhibits a melancholy ſpectacle of diſappointed envy and ſelf-tormenting ſpleen.

N° CLIII.

ADeliſa poſſeſt of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accompliſhment, that genius and education could beſtow, was withal ſo unſupportably capricious, that ſhe ſeemed born to be the torment of every heart, which ſuffered itſelf to be attracted by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, ſuch were her allurements, that very few, upon whom ſhe thought fit to practiſe them, had ever found reſolution to reſiſt their power. Of all the victims of her vanity Leander ſeemed to be that

over

over whom ſhe threw her chains with the greateſt air of triumph; he was indeed a conqueſt to boaſt of, for he had long and obſtinately defended his heart, and for a time made as many repriſals upon the tender paſſions of her ſex as ſhe raiſed contributions upon his: Her better ſtar at length prevailed; ſhe beheld Leander at her feet, and though her victory was accompliſhed at the expence of more tender glances, than ſhe had ever beſtowed upon the whole ſex collectively, yet it was a victory, which only piqued Adeliſa to render his ſlavery the more intolerable for the trouble it had coſt her to reduce him to it. After ſhe had trifled with him and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could deviſe, and made ſuch public diſplay of her tyranny, as ſubjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men, who had envied his ſucceſs, and every woman, who reſented his neglect, Adeliſa avowedly diſmiſſed him as an object which could no longer furniſh ſport to her cruelty, and turned to other purſuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them, which ſeemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himſelf in the efforts he now made to free himſelf from her

chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too cloſely about his heart, and love had rivetted them too ſecurely, for reaſon, pride or even the ſtrongeſt ſtruggles of reſentment to throw them off; he continued to love, to hate, to execrate and adore her. His firſt reſolution was to exile himſelf from her ſight; this was a meaſure of abſolute neceſſity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither ſpirits nor inclination to ſtart a freſh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealouſy. Fortune however befriended him in the very moment of deſpair, for no ſooner was he out of her ſight, than the coquettiſh Adeliſa found ſomething wanting, which had been ſo familiar to her, that Leander, though deſpiſed when poſſeſt, when loſt was regretted. In vain ſhe culled her numerous admirers for ſome one to replace him; continually peeviſh and diſcontented Adeliſa became ſo intolerable to her lovers, that there ſeemed to be a ſpirit conjuring up amongſt them, which threatened her with a general deſertion. What was to be done? Her danger was alarming, it was imminent: She determined to recall Leander: She informed herſelf of his haunts, and threw herſelf in the way of a rencontre; but he avoided her:

Chance brought them to an interview, and ſhe began by rallying him for his apoſtacy: There was an anxiety under all this affected pleaſantry, that ſhe could not thoroughly conceal, and he did not fail to diſcover: He inſtantly determined upon the very wiſeſt meaſure, which deliberation could have formed; he combated her with her own weapons; he put himſelf apparently ſo much at his eaſe and counterfeited his part ſo well, as effectually to deceive her: ſhe had now a new taſk upon her hands and the hardeſt as well as the moſt hazardous ſhe had ever undertaken: She attempted to throw him off his guard by a pretended pity for his paſt ſufferings and a promiſe of kinder uſage for the future: He denied that he had ſuffered any thing, and aſſured her that he never failed to be amuſed by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times.—"Then it is plain," replied ſhe, "that you never thought of me as a wife; "for ſuch humours muſt be inſupportable to a "huſband."—"Pardon me," cried Leander, "if ever I ſhould be betrayed into the idle act "of marriage, I muſt be in one of thoſe very "humours myſelf: Defend me from the dull "uniformity of domeſtic life! What can be "ſo inſipid as the tame ſtrain of nuptial har-

"mony

" mony everlaſtingly repeated? Whatever other " varieties I may then debar myſelf of, let me at " leaſt find a variety of whim in the woman I " am to be fettered to."—" Upon my word," exclaimed Adeliſa, " you would almoſt perſuade " me that we were deſtined for each other."—This ſhe accompanied with one of thoſe looks, in which ſhe was moſt expert, and which was calculated at once to inſpire and to betray ſenſibility: Leander, not yet ſo certain of his obſervations as to confide in them, ſeemed to receive this ouverture as a raillery and affecting a laugh, replied—" I do not think it is in the power of " deſtiny herſelf to determine either of us; for " if you was for one moment in the humour to " promiſe yourſelf to me, I am certain in the " next you would retract it; and if I was fool " enough to believe you, I ſhould well deſerve " to be puniſhed for my credulity: Hymen will " never yoak us to each other, nor to any body " elſe; but if you are in the mind to make a " very harmleſs experiment of the little faith I " put in all ſuch promiſes, here is my hand; 'tis " fit the propoſal ſhould ſpring from my quarter " and not your's; cloſe with it as ſoon as you " pleaſe, and laugh at me as much as you pleaſe, " if I vent one murmur when you break the " bargain."

"bargain."—"Well then," ſaid Adeliſa, "to "puniſh you for the ſaucineſs of your provok- "ing challenge, and to convince you that I do "not credit you for this pretended indifference "to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and "with it my promiſe; and now I give you warn- "ing, that if ever I do keep it, 'twill be only "from the conviction that I ſhall torment you "more by fulfilling it than by flying from it."— "Fairly declared," cried Leander, "and ſince "my word is paſſed, I'll ſtand to it; but take "notice, if I was not perfectly ſecure of being "jilted, I ſhould think myſelf in a fair way to be "the moſt egregious dupe in nature."

In this ſtrain of mutual raillery they proceeded to ſettle the moſt ſerious buſineſs of their lives, and whilſt neither would venture upon a confeſſion of their paſſion, each ſeemed to rely upon the other for a diſcovery of it. They now broke up their conference in the gayeſt ſpirits imaginable, and Leander upon parting offered to make a bett of half his fortune with Adeliſa that ſhe did not ſtand to her engagement, at the ſame time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place.—"And what ſhall I gain," ſaid ſhe, "in that caſe by half your fortune, when I "ſhall have a joint ſhare in poſſeſſion of the "whole?"

" whole?"—" Talk not of fortune," cried Leander, giving looſe to the rapture which he could no longer reſtrain, " my heart, my happi-" neſs, my life itſelf is your's."—So ſaying he caught her in his arms, preſſed her eagerly in his embrace, and haſtily departed.

No ſooner was he out of her ſight than he began to expoſtulate with himſelf upon his indiſcretion: In the ecſtacy of one unguarded moment he had blaſted all his ſchemes, and by expoſing his weakneſs armed her with freſh engines to torment him. In theſe reflections he paſſed the remainder of the night; in vain he ſtrove to find ſome juſtification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks ſhe had beſtowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart to throw him from his guard and reeſtabliſh her tyranny. With theſe impreſſions he preſented himſelf at her door next morning and was immediately admitted; Adeliſa was alone, and Leander immediately began by ſaying to her—" I am now " come to receive at your hands the puniſhment, " which a man who cannot keep his own ſecret " richly deſerves; I ſurrender myſelf to you, " and I expect you will exert your utmoſt in-" genuity in tormenting me; only remember

" that

" that you cannot give a ſtab to my heart with-
" out wounding your own image, which enve-
" lopes every part, and is too deeply impreſt for
" even your cruelty totally to extirpate."—At the concluſion of this ſpeech, Adeliſa's countenance became ſerious; ſhe fixt her eyes upon the floor and after a pauſe without taking any notice of Leander, and as if ſhe had been talking to herſelf in ſoliloquy repeated in a murmuring tone—" Well, well, 'tis all over; but no mat-
" ter."—" For the love of Heaven," cried Leander in alarm, " what is all over?"—" All
" that is moſt delightful to woman," ſhe replied;
" all the luxury, which the vanity of my ſex
" enjoys in tormenting your's: Oh Leander!
" what charming projects of revenge had I con-
" trived to puniſh your pretended indifference,
" and depend upon it I would have executed
" them to the utmoſt rigour of the law of reta-
" liation, had you not in one moment diſarmed
" me of my malice by a fair confeſſion of your
" love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a
" coquette but in ſelf-deſence; ſincerity is my
" natural character; but how ſhould a woman
" of any attractions be ſafe in ſuch a character,
" when the whole circle of faſhion abounds with
" artificial coxcombs, pretenders to ſentiment

" and

" and profeſſors of ſeduction? When the whole
" world is in arms againſt innocence, what is
" to become of the naked children of nature, if
" experience does not teach them the art of de-
" fence? If I have employed this art more par-
" ticularly againſt you than others, why have I
" ſo done, but becauſe I had more to apprehend
" from your inſincerity than any other perſon's,
" and proportioned my defences to my danger?
" Between you and me, Leander, it has been
" more a conteſt of cunning than an affair of
" honour, and if you will call your own conduct
" into fair review, truſt me you will find little
" reaſon to complain of mine. Naturally diſ-
" poſed to favour your attentions more than any
" other man's, it particularly behoved me to
" guard myſelf againſt propenſities at once ſo
" pleaſing and ſo ſuſpicious. Let this ſuffice in
" juſtification of what is paſt; it now remains
" that I ſhould explain to you the ſyſtem I have
" laid down for the time to come: If ever I
" aſſume the character of a wife, I devote myſelf
" to all it's duties; I bid farewell at once to all
" the vanities, the petulancies, the coquetries
" of what is falſely called a life of pleaſure; the
" whole ſyſtem muſt undergo a revolution and
" be adminiſtered upon other principles and to

" other

" other purpoſes: I know the world too well to
" commit myſelf to it, when I have more than
" my own conſcience to account to, when I have
" not only truths but the ſimilitudes of truths to
" ſtudy; ſuſpicions, jealouſies, appearances to
" provide againſt; when I am no longer ſingly
" reſponſible on the ſcore of error, but of example
" alſo: It is not therefore in the public diſplay
" of an affluent fortune, in dreſs, equipage, en-
" tertainments, nor even in the fame of ſplendid
" charities my pleaſures will be found; they will
" center in domeſtic occupations; in cultivating
" nature and the ſons of nature, in benefiting the
" tenants and labourers of the ſoil that ſupplies us
" with the means of being uſeful; in living hap-
" pily with my neighbours, in availing myſelf of
" thoſe numberleſs opportunities, which a reſi-
" dence in the country affords of relieving the un-
" told diſtreſſes of thoſe, who ſuffer in ſecret, and
" are too humble or perhaps too proud to aſk."—
Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep ſilence, but breaking forth into tranſports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the converſation, which it is no otherwiſe intereſting to relate than as it proved the prelude to an union which ſpeedily took place and has made Leander and Adeliſa the fondeſt and the worthieſt couple in England.

From Adeliſa's example I would willingly eſtabliſh this concluſion, that the characters of young unmarried women, who are objects of admiration, are not to be decided upon by the appearances, which they are oftentimes tempted to aſſume upon the plea of ſelf-defence: I would not be underſtood by this to recommend diſguiſe in any ſhape, or to juſtify thoſe who reſort to artifice upon the pretended neceſſity of the meaſure; but I am thoroughly diſpoſed to believe that the trifflings and diſſemblings of the young and fair do not ſo often flow from the real levity of their natures, as they are thought to do: Thoſe in particular, whoſe ſituation throws them into the vortex of the faſhion, have much that might be ſaid in palliation of appearances. Many coquettes beſides Adeliſa have become admirable wives and mothers, and how very many more might have approved themſelves ſuch, had they fallen into the hands of men of worth and good ſenſe, is a conjecture, which leads to the moſt melancholy reflections. There is ſo little honorable love in the men of high life before marriage, and ſo much infidelity after it, that the huſband is almoſt in every inſtance the corrupter of his wife. A woman (as ſhe is called) of the world is in many people's notions a proſcribed

ſcribed animal; a ſilly idea prevails that ſhe is to lead a huſband into certain ruin and diſgrace: Parents in general ſeem agreed in exerting all their influence and authority for keeping her out of their families; in place of whom they frequently obtrude upon their ſons ſome raw and inexperienced thing, whom they figure to themſelves as a creature of perfect innocence and ſimplicity, a wife who may be modelled to the wiſhes of her huſband, whoſe manners are untainted by the vices of the age, and on whoſe purity, fidelity and affection he may repoſe his happineſs for the reſt of his days. Alas! how groſsly they misjudge their own true intereſts in the caſe: How dangerous is the ſituation of theſe children of the nurſery at their firſt introduction into the world! Thoſe only who are unacquainted with the deceitfulneſs of pleaſure can be thoroughly intoxicated by it; it is the novelty which makes the danger; and ſurely it requires infinitely more judgment, ſtronger reſolutions and cloſer attentions to ſteer the conduct of a young wife without experience, than would ſerve to detach the woman of the world from frivolities ſhe is ſurfeited with, and by fixing her to your intereſts convert what you have thought a diſſipated character into a domeſtic one.

The ſame remark applies to young men of private education: you keep them in abſolute ſubjection till they marry, and then in a moment make them their own maſters; from mere infancy you expect them to ſtep at once into perfect manhood: The motives for the experiment may be virtuous, but the effects of it will be fatal.

I am now approaching to the concluſion of this my fifth volume, and according to my preſent purpoſe ſhall diſmiſs the *Obſervers* from any further duty: The reader and I are here to part. A few words therefore on ſuch an occaſion I may be permitted to ſubjoin; I have done my beſt to merit his protection, and as I have been favorably heard whilſt yet talking with him, I hope I ſhall not be unkindly remembered when I can ſpeak no more: I have paſſed a life of many labours, and now being near it's end have little to boaſt but of an inherent good-will towards mankind, which diſappointments, injuries and age itſelf have not been able to diminiſh. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man: I love my

country and contemporaries to a degree of enthuſiaſm that I am not ſure is perfectly defenſible; though to do them juſtice, each in their turns have taken ſome pains to cure me of my partiality. It is however one of thoſe ſtubborn habits, which people are apt to excuſe in themſelves by calling it a *ſecond nature*. There is a certain amiable lady in the world, in whoſe intereſts I have the tendereſt concern and whoſe virtues I contemplate with paternal pride; to her I have always wiſhed to dedicate theſe volumes; but when I conſider that ſuch a tribute cannot add an atom to her reputation, and that no form of words, which I can invent for the occaſion, would do juſtice to what paſſes in my heart, I drop the undertaking and am ſilent.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM